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The Laud Troy

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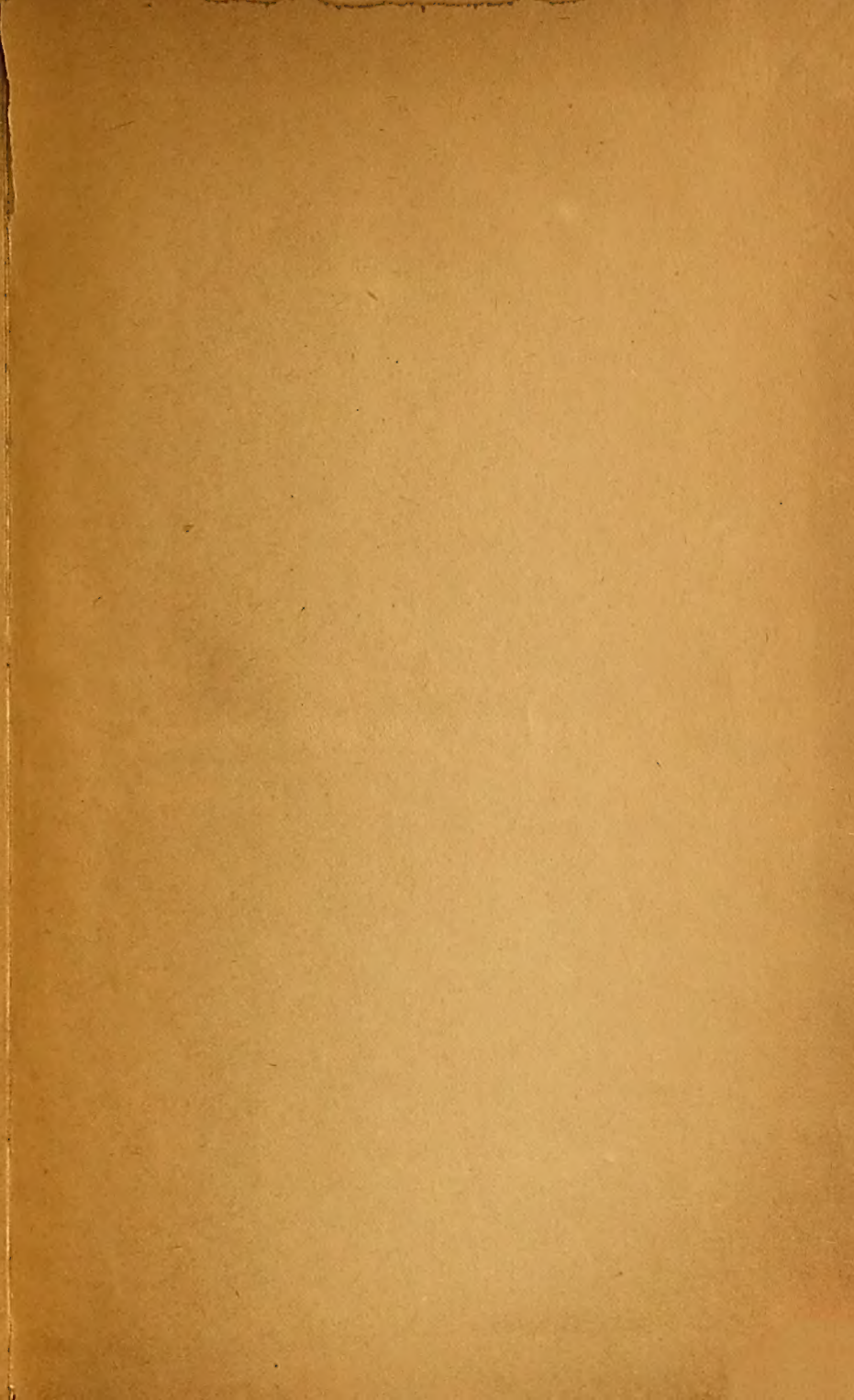
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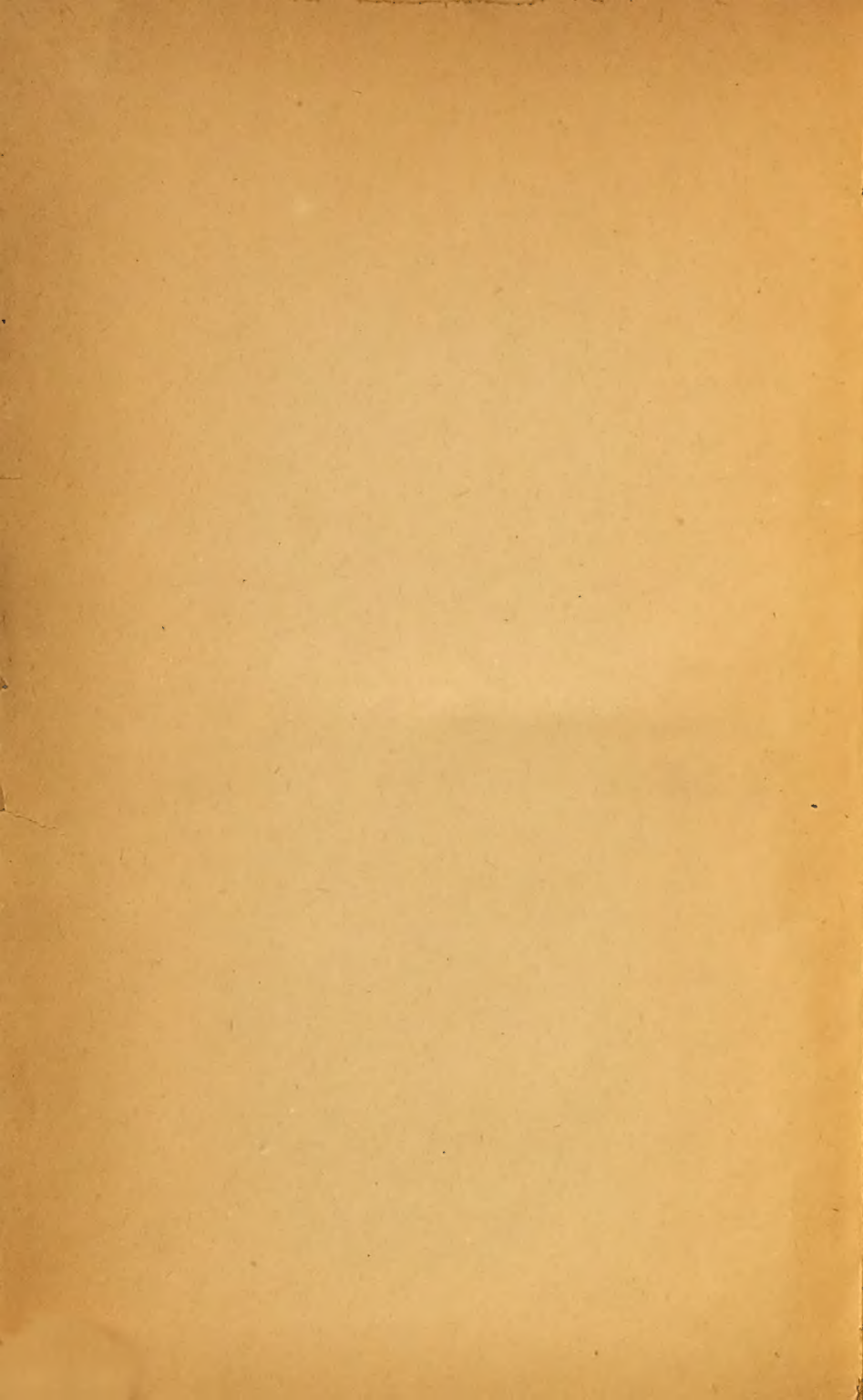
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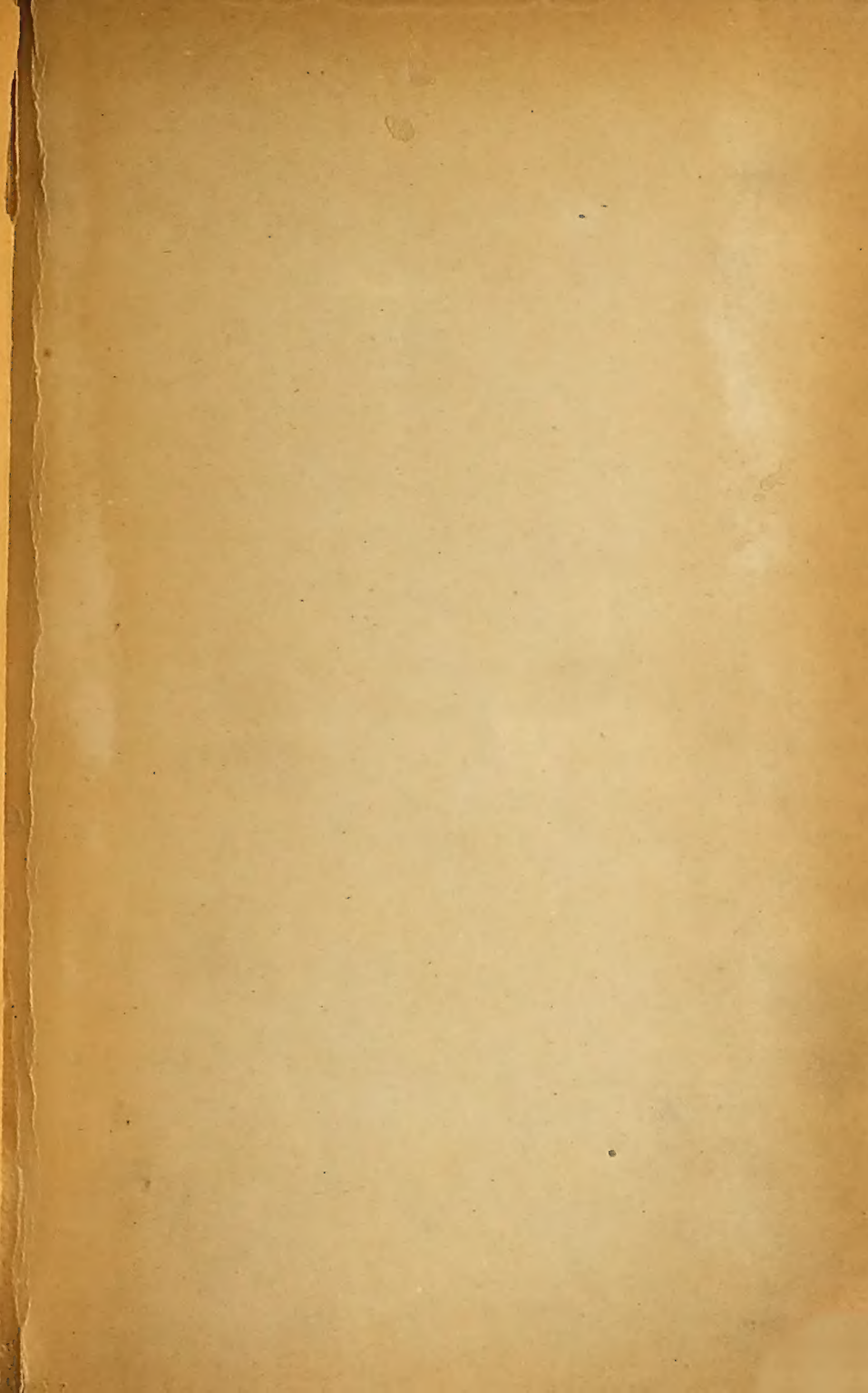
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h 96
Alle myghty god in trinite
Softhaste god in psones thre
Fadir sone and holi gost
In Whom is Wite and myghtes most
Be at this tale begynnyng
And also at the endyng

So ende our tale and so bygyne
The roye of heuene al for to bygyne
Aftur our huff at our laste ende
To roye of heuene alle for to vende
Many speken of men that iomannys red
That were sumtyme doughti in dede
The while that god hem huff leute
That now ben dede and heuines vende
Off Bedis Wy. and of Gausbayn
Off kyng Richard 3 of Mayn
Off Bristram and of Permyale.
Off Fouland his and aglaualle
Off Artherona and of Ottoman
Of Charles 4 of Crassibaldan
Off hauclok horne 4 of Valt
In romances that of hem ben maist
That gestouyes often dos of hem gestes
At wangeyes and at giete ffestes
Here dedis ben in remembraunce
In many fay. romances
But of the worthiest wyght in dede
That eue by fiod any fiede
Spekes no man ne in iomannys yedis
Off his batayle ne of his dedis
Off that batayle spekes no man
The hee alle pdes of Emshires began

Liber Guilielmi Laud Archiepi Cantuar.
et Cancellarij Vniuersitatis Oxon.
1633.

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1119

.A2

no. 121-122

18454

liter. Vol II

The
Laud Troy Book,

A ROMANCE OF ABOUT 1400 A.D.

NOW FIRST EDITED FROM THE UNIQUE MS. (LAUD
MISC. 595) IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD,

WITH

INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY

BY

J. ERNST WÜLFING, M.A., PH.D.,

AUTHOR OF 'DIE SYNTAX IN DEN WERKEN ALFREDS DES GROSSEN.'

PART I (LINES 1-10,876).

Part II (LINES 10,877-18,664).

WITH A PHOTOTYPE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE MS.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY,

BY KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LTD.

PATERNOSTER HOUSE, CHANCING CROSS ROAD.

1902

121-122

Oxford

HORACE HART, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

Though the Editor hoped to have issued his Notes and Glossary with this Part II for 1903, his many duties have not allowed him to prepare them yet. They will therefore appear in Part III; and if the Introduction is not ready in time for that, it will form Part IV.—F. J. F., Jan. 22, 1904.

TEMPORARY PREFACE.

THE Laud Troy Book, of which I herewith offer the first part, was formerly thought to be a copy of the renowned poem of the monk of Bury; but it is another paraphrase of the Trojan war of about the year 1400. The Bodleian MS. containing it (Laud Misc. 595) is beautifully and distinctly written in one hand of about the beginning of the fifteenth century. No other copy of this poem has been found hitherto, but the Bodleian copy cannot be the original. The romance has 18,664 lines; it gives a description of the passage of the Argonauts, and of the first as well as of the second expedition of the Greeks against Troy; it is complete, as the end-lines show, though the return of the Greeks to their country is mentioned in only a few words. This part contains lines 1—10,876; the rest of the text is in active preparation for the press, and will, together with the 'Notes,' fill the second part; the third part will contain the Introduction and full Glossary.

J. E. W.

BONN, October 7, 1902.

CORRECTIONS.

- P. 56, note 3. *Read 7647, 7650 for 7645, 7648.*
P. 63, l. 2126. *Read With-oute instead of Wtih-oute.*
P. 115, l. 3892. *Read . instead of ,*
P. 119, l. 4008. *Read thre instead of thré.*
4009. *Read meyne instead of meyné.*

LIST OF WORDS

FOR THE EXPLANATION OF, OR OTHER QUOTATIONS FOR, WHICH
THE EDITOR WILL BE THANKFUL TO ANY SCHOLAR.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>19 Archeroun.</p> <p>203 off (= <i>though, thoff</i>), 922,
1996, 2558, 4696, 6001,
6386, 6423, 6727, 7175,
7276, 7304, 7308, 9060,
9661, and oftener.</p> <p>370 vmbre, cf. 4319.</p> <p>1353 feute (= <i>army, men, people</i>).</p> <p>2184 coldful (= <i>dolful</i>?).</p> <p>2225 herues.</p> <p>3077 reuerted.</p> <p>3112 ouerslake.</p> <p>3598 prop.</p> <p>4319 vmbre, cf. 370.</p> <p>4504 with bond and fes (<i>heraldic terms</i>?).</p> <p>4718 wouerle (<i>heraldic</i>).</p> <p>4770 aloute.</p> <p>5177 stale (= <i>company</i>).</p> <p>5698 vale, 7796.</p> <p>5699 flot.</p> <p>5740 toptyre.</p> <p>5754 soille.</p> <p>5930 ladde.</p> <p>5939 Real & Rok.</p> <p>6500 horettes.</p> | <p>6547 Lorynge (= <i>Lotharingia</i>?).</p> <p>6600 wrene.</p> <p>6754 plastre.</p> <p>6794 ble.</p> <p>6850 donne.</p> <p>7261 lade.</p> <p>7670 rebelnes.</p> <p>8043 champes (<i>heraldic</i>?).</p> <p>8058 erbe-de-bothe ; 9474
erbe-debois.</p> <p>8060 orfoyle-suand.</p> <p>8062 horrible.</p> <p>8194 tacte.</p> <p>8216 synfan (<i>musical instrument, συμφωνία</i>).</p> <p>8597 lotes.</p> <p>8628 bribours.</p> <p>8641 bire.</p> <p>8813 werei.</p> <p>8917 trayse.</p> <p>9316 blank.</p> <p>9496 fauntelage (= <i>Fr. fantillage</i>).</p> <p>10096 aut.</p> <p>10206 purful.</p> <p>10717 3eled.</p> |
|---|--|

TROY BOOK ;

LAUD MS. MISC. 595, BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

'A	lle-myghty god in trinite,	[lf. 1.]	1	Invocation.
	Sothfaste god in persones thre,			
	Fadir, sone, and holi gost,			Triune God,
	In whom is witte and myghtes most,		4	
	Be at this tale begynny[n]g			be with me
	And also at the endyng!			when I begin
	So ende oure tale and so bygynne,			and end this
	The ioye of heuene al for to wyne,		8	tales!
	Aftir oure lyff at oure laste ende,			
	To ioye of heuene alle for to wende!			
	Many speken of men that romaunces rede ²			There are a
	That were sumtyme doughti in dede,		12	great many
	The while that god hem lyff lente,			romances of
	That now ben dede and hennes wente :			the doughty
	Off Bevis, Gy, and of Gauwayn,			deeds of many
	Off kyng Richard, & of Owayn,		16	kings and
	Off Tristram, and of Percyuale,			heroes,
	Off Rouland Ris, and Aglaualle,			
	Off Archeroun, and of Octouian,			
	Off Charles, & of Cassibaldan,		20	
	Off Hauelok, Horne, & of Wade;—			
	In Romaunces that of hem ben made			
	That gestoures often dos of hem gestes			sung at great
	At Mangeres and at grete ffestes.		24	festivals;
	Here dedis ben in remembraunce			
	In many fair Romaunce;			
	But of the worthiest wyght in wede			
	That enere by-strod any stede,		28	but of the most
	Spekes no man, ne in romaunce redes			worthy hero,
	Off his batayle ne of his dedis.			and of his
	Off that batayle spekes no man,			deeds and
	There alle prowes of knyghtes be-gan;		32	battles,
				nobody has yet
				sung.

¹ The tail of the A runs down to the last line of this page; this letter is in red and blue paint, and is six lines high (see photo). ² Erasure of two or three letters between *that* and *romaunces*, and of one letter after *rede*.

What was the forme enchesoun,	[lf. 2.] 67	what first an-
The formest skyl and resoun,	68	noyed the Greeks
That alle the kynges of Grecis formast Inued		and made
And the Troyens so longe pursued ;		them pursue
And how the batayle was first be-guznen,		the Trojans
And how Troye was sithen y-wonnen ;	72	so long ;
And—as the storie here beris recorde—		the beginning
Alle the dedis of euery lorde,		and the end of
And alle the dayes that thei faught there,		the war ;
And alle the dedis as thei were	76	
Of alle the lordes that ther faught,		and all the
And whiche of hem here dethe <i>per</i> laught ;		deeds of every
¶ And how fele termes and trewes		lord ;
Where take be-twene Troyens and Gruwes,	80	and which of
And how longe euery trewe laste,		them died ;
And how thai spedde when thei were paste ;		and about the
And alle here wo and al here breste ;		truces between
And how many tymes that thei reste	84	the Trojans
With-Inne ten ȝere that thei were thore,		and Greeks,
Er that the toun distroyed wore.		and how long
¶ Dares, the heraud of Troye, sais,		they lasted,
And Dites that was of the Gregeis,—		
For thei were euery day in the feld		in the ten
And alle here dedis thay be-held,—		years before
And as thei were thei wreten hem bothe ;		the destruc-
Thei nolde not lette, for leef ne lothe,		tion of the
The sothe to say with-oute les		city.
Of gode Ector and Achilles,		¶ Dares ¹ .
And of alle the gode lordes echon ;	88	Dares tells it,
And of alle here dedis schal lakke non.		the herald of
¶ And afftir hem come <u>Maister Gy</u> ,		Troy, and
That was of Rome a Notary,		Dites the
And fond here bokes In Athenes		Greek : they
Afftirwardes when it was pes,	92	were every day
		in the field,
		and saw all
		their deeds ;
		they told the
		sooth about
		Hector and
		Achilles and
		the others ;
		and none of
	96	all their deeds
		will lack here.
		Afterwards,
		Master Gy, a
		notary of
		Rome, found
		their books in
	100	Athens.

¹ The sign in blue, the name in red paint.

4 *K. Pollens and Q. Tetes, parents of Achilles. Eson's son, Jason.*

	¶ Polleus. ¶ Thesalie ¹ .	[lf. 2, bk.]
and translated them into Latin.	And turned it of Grew into Latyn, And wrot it faire in parchemyn In the manere as I schal telle.	101
Hearken, gentlemen! In Thessaly was a rich king,	Hende, now herken to my spelle! IN the lond of Thesalye— As telles vs the right storie—	104
named Pollens.	Was sumtyme a noble kyng, Riche of kyn and other thyng, That het Polleus, whil he hadde lyff, And Tetes het the qwene his wyff.	108
His queen, Tetes, was the mother of his renowned son Achilles, who afterwards worked wonders in the Trojan war.	On here gat he that doughti knyght In wedlac, that Achilles hight, That wondir wrought and gret meruayle Aftirward in Troye batayle.	¶ Rex Polleus ¹ . 112
	¶ This Polleus hadde an eldur brother, That higthe Eson, he het non other.	116
The only and elder brother of Polleus, Eson, had grown blind and had given his rule to Pollens.	Eson was so lad with elde, That he ne myght his hondes welde: He toke Polleus al Thesaly With alle the Rentes and seynory For to gouerne and for to ȝeme, And bad alle him serue to queme, For thei schulde be in his pouste; For he was blynd and myȝt nouȝt se.	¶ Rex Eson ¹ . 120
But he, Eson, had a son, called Jason.	That blynde kynge, that het Eson, Hadde a sone, that het Iason, Strong, sturne, stalworthe & stoute, Off speche curtails, of contenance deuoute, Large of ȝiftes and [ryght] ffre, Wondur fair and ryght tempere.	¶ Jason ffilius Eson ¹ . 124
All the lords of Thessaly served this child;	Alle the lordes of that lond Seruede that child to fote & hond For his prowes and his noblay, And loued him wel and quemed ay;	128 132

¹ The signs in blue, the names in red paint; and so always. Here the last three stand in the *left* margin in MS.

¶ *Insula Colkos.*

- | | | |
|--|------------------------|---|
| Thai dede him as gret reuerence | [lf. 3] 135 | they honoured him as much as King Polleus himself. |
| As Polleus kyng in his presence ; | 136 | |
| The lordis and alle the comunalte | | |
| Held that [child] ¹ In gret cherte. | | |
| ¶ Polleus hadde wel gret envye | | So Polleus grew envious, and feared that Jason, when grown up, might expel him. |
| That men dede him suche seruagery ; | 140 | |
| He was aferd in his herte : | | |
| If that child ȝede forth In querte, | | |
| And afftirward myzt falle gret toyle, | | |
| And of that lond he wolde him spoyle ; | 144 | |
| For he was gret of wasselage | | |
| And loued with alle his baronage. | | |
| Night and day the kyng then thought, | | He planned day and night, how to make away with Jason privily. |
| How he myzt brynge that child to nought | 148 | |
| With sum sleȝte priuily, | | |
| That he were not schent ther-by, | | |
| ¶ So longe he that a-boute sought ² , | | |
| That it come thus in his thought, | 152 | He resolves on |
| Off a wondur selcouthe gile | | |
| To him by-traye that ilke while : | | |
| He thought sende that ilke childe | | sending him to Colkos—to win the 'sheep'— |
| To Colkas,—that perilous Ilde, | 156 | from whence nobody has yet returned unslain. |
| That was so fer out in the est,— | | |
| To wyne that schepe, that wondur best, | | |
| That neuere man In come and ȝede a-gayn | | |
| Out of that Ile for-sothe vn-slayn. | 160 | |
| Therefore ther-at I most dwelle, | | I must dwell on this. |
| The manere of that Ile to telle. | | |
| B E-ȝonde the lond of Troye, gode men,— | | Beyond Troy, was an island Colkos, from which arose all the fight about Troy. |
| I trowe: of Iorneys more than ten— | 164 | |
| Ther was an Ile that het Colkos, | | |
| That alle the fyght of Troye by ros ; | | |
| As I schal schewe by what skylle, | | |
| When my matere comes ther-tille. | a iij ³ 168 | |

¹ *child* is not in the MS., but there is no blank either. ² MS. that *caste a-boute sought* ; perhaps *caste aboute* was the original, and our copyist tried to amend the rhyme *aboute : thought* by inserting *sought*, but forgot to cancel the *caste* ; *sechen about* occurs again l. 1687.

³ These 'signatures' are all by a later hand.

With the god
Mars was a
sheep with a
golden fleece,
which no man
might win.

The comune sawe was thorow alle Grece : [lf. 3, bk.] 169

Ther was a schepe that bar a flece

With-In that Ile, that was of gold,

That neuere man that was on mold 172

With strengthe, myȝte, ne with gynne

That ilke schepe myght not wyne;

That schepe was y-kepid¹ day & nyȝt

With Marcȝ, a² god of mykel myȝt. 176

To get that
sheep, a man
had first to
fight with
hideous great
oxen, which
cast fire out of
their mouths.

Who-so wolde that schepe come to,

Many thinges he most do :

He most ferst fyghte with strong nete

That were hidous & wondir grete, 180

And out of here mouth thei keste fir

And brende men [&] here atir ;

And whan he hadde the nete ouercomen,

That thei were mate and alle be-nomen, 184

Ther lay a plow³ with alle þe gere,—

And make hem drawe and that lond ere,

He moste ȝoke hem in that plow,

The bestes bolde—if that he mow— 188

And make hem drawe and ere that lond

And holde that plow faste with his hond,

Til it were ered thorow and thorow.

Whan he hadde turned eche⁴ a forow, 192

Then he must
fight with, and
slay a fire-
breathing
dragon,

¶ He most fyght with a dragoun

And slec him, if he may or kun ;

The dragoun was gret and meruelous,

Off ȝight & body ful hidous ; 196

No man wiste non suche by north ne be southe,

He keste brondes of fir out of his mouthe,—

Ther was none suche In no land—

whose hot
breath nobody
was able to
stand.

Ther myȝt no man his hete with-stand. 200

The brennyng brondes þat from him wente

Brende men In here garnement ;

¹ The *k* altered from *l*; cp. l. 743.

² MS. *as*.

³ MS. *aplow*.

⁴ *eche* partly erased in MS.

Off thei were armed neuere so wel,	[lf. 4.]	203	
He brend hem thorow Iren & stel.		204	
Whan he hadde sclayn that dragoun,			When he had slain this dragon, he had to pull out all its teeth and sow them ;
Out of his hede he most takoun			
Alle his tethe with his owne hond			
And sowe hem in that ered lond ;		208	
Whan that thei were In that lond,			
Quiklyche ther wold ther-of stond			therefrom would spring knights fighting with one another, till all were slain.
Stalworthe men, clene armed knyztis,		212	
Lyuand men at alle mennes sightis,			
And fight to-gidre with brondes bryzt,			
Til echon hadde sclayn other with her myzt.			
By these periles and other mo			Other dangers he had to undergo unaided.
Sicurly by-houes him to go,		216	
That wolde that schepe wyne or haue ;			
Ther was neuere non that myzt him saue			
From these bestes and fro here hete,			
That he ne ¹ scholde sone his lyf lete.		220	
¶ When Pelleus was be-thought of this,			Pelleus thinks he will incite Jason to go there of his own free will, and leave the king guiltless of his death.
He was Ioyful and glad y-wys,			
He thouzt egge Iasoun ther-tille			
Thedur to go on his fre wille ;		224	
And so myzt he be most blameles			
And of his deth be holden giltles ;			
For were he ¹ went bidur fro home,			
He hoped neuere of his gayn-come.		228	
P elleus kyng send fer & ner			Pelleus invites all his grantees to a great festival.
Bothe Corour and Messanger			
Thorow his lond and bad hem crie			
That he wolde a Mangerie,		232	
A riche feste and a riale,			
And thedur schulde come gret & smale ;			
He sente his lettres and his sond			
Afftir alle the grete of the lond,—	a iiij	236	

¹ Inserted by a later hand over the line.

8 *King Pelleus tempts his nephew Jason to win the Golden Fleece.*

	To Erle, lord, and bold baroun,—	[lf. 4, bk.]	237
	And bad hem come to his toun,		
	For ther wolde he his feste holde		
	With ladies bryzt and knyzt bolde.		240
This festival lasts three days.	Whan thei were comyn, thei were alle glad		
	With moche merthe that thei mad,		
	Til thre dayes were fulli paast,		
	This Mangeri then so longe ¹ laast.		244
King Pelleus then says hy- poeritically to his nephew Jason:	Pelleus kyng then—soth to say—		
	Be-fore the lordes of that contray		
	Spak to Iason, ther he stode		
	Barehed with-uten hode,—		248
	He spak to him with fair semblaund,		
	With louely chere and speche smyland;		
	But it was fals and foule disseite,		
	For he him be-thouzte thanne wel streite.		252
'Jason, thou art my best knight;	¶ He seide: 'Iason, my dere Cosyn,		
	Thow art the beste knyzt of al my kyn,		
	The worthiest man, the beste knyzt;		
I love thee well,	I loue the wel—and that is ryzt—		256
	For I am douted and eke dred		
	Off kyng & knyzt and less ² mys-bed		
	Be the alone and thi prowes		
	Then by my lond and my riches.		260
even more than Thessaly.	I haue more Ioye of thi body		
Thou art un- equalled, save by Hercules.	Then of alle the lond of Thesaly,		
I think, thou canst do any feat except win the Golden Fleece.	For thow art knyzt with-uten pere—		
	Saue Ercules, that is thi fere.—		264
	I trowe that thow myzt fulfille		
	Alle thyng that thow 3af the tillle;		
	But if it were schepe felle!		
	That I haue-herd men of telle		268
	That is so hard for to wyne		
	In that Ile ther he is Inne!		

¹ so longe substituted for, and written (by the later hand) above
atte; atte is crossed out. ² MS. lest.

- And ȝit I hope—so haue I roo,— [lf. 5.] 271 And yet I hope
If thow woldest ȝeue the ther-too 272 you might
And put ther-to thi bysynes, succeed in
Thow scholde it haue with-oute distresse. winning it.'
- Then were thow knyȝt of worschepe most
Off alle that wones in any cost, 276 Rewards are
If pow that flees with prowesse hadde; promised to
Then were I, Cosyn, of the gladde, him if he
For gret honour then dedest thow to me, be successful.
- And ther-by schuldest honoured be; 280
And my lond afftir my day
Schulde be thyn—as I say,—
And also in my lyff treuly
Thow schulde be lord as wel as I, 284
And haue thi wille and thi comandement
Off alle that euere to me apent.'
- I**ason stode In his emys halle
By-fore his Eme and lordes alle, 288 Jason is well
He herkened alle that he euere¹ sayd, pleased with
With his wordes he was wel payd; his uncle's
The wordes riȝt wel to him liked, words, having
He wist nouȝt that he was beswiked, 292 no suspicion
He wende not the wordes that were spoken of their false-
Of him so to be a-wroken, ness.
But for he scholde wyne gret loos
And be þe more drad of his foos, 296
He wiste wel if he seide 'nay'
By-fore the lordes, that he schulde ay
Holde him for a coward²
And neuere-more of him take reward, 300
But hope it were for cowardise
That he durst not take a prise³.
- ¶ Iason seide: 'so mote I thriue,
This feste schal neuere be don so blyue, 304

¹ MS. *he euere he*.

² MS. *acoward*.

³ MS. *aprise*.

Jason is ready
to undertake
the enterprise,
if a good vessel
be prepared for
him.

That I ne schal be redi to go [lf. 5, bk.] 305

In-to that Ile, for wele or wo,

What-so-euere schal be-tyde;

I schal not longe thenne abyde, 308

If it be so 3e wil me fynde

That nedeful is to mannes kynde :

¶ A strong schippe¹, and vitayles good,

And other thynges that me by-hood, 312

And worthi knyghtes In my companye,

That proued ben In chyualrie.

And I, my lord, to the schal brynge

That golden flece, that worthi thyng, 316

If I may wynne it with doughtinesse,

Or any man with hardinesse.'

When King
Pelleus hears
his nephew
consent, he
is very glad,
orders a ship
to be built for
him and
promises to
fulfil all his
wishes.

¶ When Pelleus herde his Cosyn speke,

He wiste wel his othe he wolde not breke; 320

He was Ioyful in his mod,

He sais : 'Cosyn and al my blod !

As thow art, my Cosyn, thi-self alone,

Is non so strong of body ne bone; 324

I schal fulfille al thy lykyng

That thow hast nede In any thyng

And nedeful is in that viage;

The worthiest of my baronage 328

For-sothe, Cosyn, schal wende with the;

A strong schip schal ordeyned be,

It schal be mad that 3ow may bere,

That the see do 3ow no dere, 332

That in the water 3e ben not spilt;

Al thyng schal be as thow wilt.'

A strong ship
is built.

Pelleus kyng was wonder blythe.

A strong schip was mad swythe, 336

Strong & wyde and wondir large,

With his boot and his barge;

¹ MS. *schiff*.

The schippe that he made to Iason	[lf. 6.]	339	The ship is called 'Argo';
Afftir the wright was cleped 'Argon.'		340	it is filled with meat and drink.
Whan it was mad with seyl and mast,			
Thei hyed hem to fille it fast,—			
With Mete and drynke it is wel frau3t,—			
And worthi kny3tes with him be-tau3t;		344	
To wende with him in his fere,			Many worthy knights go on board; among them is Hercules.
Many a dou3ti kny3t was there.			
¶ Among whiche was Ercules,			
The strongest kny3t that euere wes,		348	
That in that world was panne levand;			
No man my3t his strok with-stand.			
This was he that men of speke,			
In erthe was non so my3ti freke,		352	
Kyng, ne kny3t, ne Champioun,			
In Ile, ne in regioun,			
That my3t with-stande that kny3tes strengthe			
The mountans of a dayes lengthe.		356	
¶ This was he that strong man			All the world speaks of him.
That al the world speke of can;			
He caste alle men that he wraستهd with,			
Were thei neuere so strong of lith.		360	
And Atthenes, the gode kny3t,			
He wraستهd with him with al his my3t,			
And Hercules him so hard thrist,			
That alle his ribbes al to-brast.		364	
This was he that in his dayes			
In batayles hard and gret affrayes			
He sclow geauntes with-uten tale,			He slew innumerable giants.
He wroght amonges hem gret bale;		368	
He sclow champiouns with-uten nombre,			
So manye that no man my3t hem vmbre.			
This was he that ilke kny3t,			
That was so strong & of so moche my3t.		372	

¶ De Iasone.

	What schulde I speke more of his dedis ? [lf. 6, bk.]	373
	Eche man that of him redis	
	Wot wele he was with-ouTEN pere,	
	Whil that he was lyuande here ;	376
	I leue per-fore and turne eft	
	A-gayn to Iason ther-as I left.	
The ship is ready ;	T His schippe was redi and set on-flote	
	With his barge & his bote ;	380
Jason takes leave.	Iason takis his leue to wende	
	At Pelleus & at other frende ;	
	Hercules schal with him go.	
From this voyage will rise all the woe, that Troy will be fordone, as I shall tell you soon.	Ther-of schal rise al this wo,	384
	That Troie schal so foule be for-don,	
	As I schal telle 3ow sone.	
	Thei are schepped now eche a wyght,	
	The schip is 3are & redi dight,	388
	Ther sail is drawe, the[i] wende forth faste,	
	In-to the see thei ben forth paste.	
They sail many a day and night, and at last, tired of the sea,	Thei sailen many a day and ny3t	
	With many stormes lyght,	392
	Til thei were veri of the see ;	
	Thei wolde fayn at reste be :	
	Vpon a day the mariner	
	Saw a lond that was hem ner ;	396
	Ther schip thei turned thedir prest,	
	For on that lond to take here rest.	
	Vpon that lond thei lepe vp alle,	
	An[d] of ther teld thei made an halle,	400
	And ete & drank & made hem glad ;	
	Thei were fayn that thei lond had.	
land on the coast of Troy.	The lond that thei were on lyght,	
	The lond of Troie that tyme hight ;	404
	Troie was not that tyme so strong,	
	Ne so moche, ne so long,	

¶ **De Rege Lamedonie Troiani.**

- Wyde, ne large, ne no-thing toward, [lf. 7.] 407
 As it was sethen afftirward 408
 When Priamus hit made a-zeyn,
 When Lamedon, his fadir, was sclayn.
- ¶ The Gregeys hade seten but a stounde
 And made hem merie on the grounde, 412
 Or hit were told to Lamedon
 That men were lyght his lond vpon,
 Stout, & fers, and full gay,
 That wel be-semed of gret noblay; 416
 Thei wende thay wold hem robbe in hast,
 Or brenne that lond and leue it wast;
 Thei sayde: "it were good to wete here wille,
 Whether thei were comen for good or ille;" — 420
 'And bidde hem go and rise
 And voyde this lond, if thei be wyse;
 Or 3e schal hem honge and drawe,
 If thei dwelle til the day dawe.' 424
- ¶ Lamedon called a gret lordyng,
 Wyse of speche & of beryng,
 And bed him go to hem anon,
 And take with him men gret won 428
 And bidde hem wende out of his lond,
 Or he wol reue hem foot and hond.
- ¶ This riche lord his hors hath hent
 And to the Gregeys he is went, 432
 And seyde: 'lordynges, so god me mende,
 Lamedon me to 3ow sende,
 Oure kyng, and seys: him meruayles
 What 3e thenken and what 3ow ayles, 436
 Vpon his lond that 3e aryue;
 And biddes 3ow hye hennes blyue,
 That 3e be not founden here to-morwen;
 For 3if 3e ben, 3e be for-lorn. 440
- Lamedon is
 told that
 strangers have
 come on his
 land;
- they might be
 asked, if they
 came for good
 or ill.
- Lamedon
 sends a great
 lord to the
 Greeks,
- telling
 them the
 king's sur-
 prise, asking
 them to depart
 the next day,
 and threaten-
 ing them.

	He wil 3ow hewe lym and lythe,	[lf. 7, bk.]	441
	3if he to-morwe may mete 3ow withe.		
	Voydes this lond and dos be my red,—		
	Or sekirly 3e ben alle ded !'		444
Jason, much astonished, addresses his fellows :	¶ Iason was al a-stonaid		
	Off that þe kny3t thus to him said,		
	He turned to his felawes ward :		
'This king is not courteous to us, who do no harm,	'This kyng sais vs an ille forward		448
	To voyde his lond with-outen gilt,		
	Or we schal elles alle be spilt ;		
	For-sothe he nys not curtays		
	To vncouthen men that resten in pes		452
	In his lond vpon a brynke ¹ ,—		
	That non ille do, ne non harm thenke,		
but rest on his shore.	But reste vs here on this ryuage,—		
	To sende vs suche a message ² .		456
	But I se wel he loues vs litel		
	That hates vs by suche a titel ³ ,		
	For we vpon his lond reste ⁴ ;		
He loves us little.'	He loues litel an vncouthen geste.'		460
	I ason thenne with heuy chere		
	Turned him to the messangere ;		
Then Jason says to the messenger :	He sayde : 'lordying, I herde wel		
	Al thi message euery del.		464
	God I drawe to oure wittenesse :		
'We'll only take rest here for weariness ;	We reste here for no wickednesse,		
	But for to reste vs here a while ⁵ ;		
	For we haue sayled many a myle ⁶		468
	And weri ben bothe more & lesse		
	And resten vs here for werinesse.		
	But say thi lord, my leue frende,		
tell your lord, that we shall leave his land, as he does not like our rest- ing here.	Out of his lond that we schal wende ;		472
	Say : "I se wel be his sonde,		
	He wil we reste not on his londe."		

¹ MS. *abrynke*. ² MS. *amessage*. ³ MS. *atitel*. ⁴ *r* corrected from *l*.
⁵ MS. *archile*. ⁶ MS. *amyle*.

Belli inter Troianum & Grecos¹.

And say him : " ȝit may this wel be qwyte [lf. 8.]	475	But tell him too, that this
By some that thow seest here sit."	476	may well be paid for by some sitting here.'
H ercules, that douȝti knyȝt,		But Hercules answers the messenger in a more angry manner :
At Lamedon hadde gret dispite,		
He was Angered and alle a-rage		
Off this kyng and his message ;	480	
Him thoughte for tene his herte to-brake		
That Iason then so mekely spak,		
He was not payed with his sawe		
' Here now,' he says, ' felawe,	484	
What in erthe so thow art,		
Or he that sente the hidirward,		
Say thi kyng : " this day thre ȝer		' Say to your king : he will see me here again before long ;
Or ere he schal se me her	488	
Vpon this place and other mo.		
Out of his lond wil I not go		
For his biddynge, but lye here stille		
Maugre his tethe, agayn his wille ;	492	
For he schal be so ouer-sette,		
That we for him wol not lette		
To do oure wille and oure lykyng."		
Go and say thus to the kyng !	496	
Say him : " he has be-gunnen a strif,		and that he will repent of this strife he has now be-gun, all his life.'
That he and his schal rewe his lyf" ;		
And bidde him be sekir her-of & bold,		
And say that I him thus told !'	500	
¶ Hercules his lippes gnawe		Hercules regrets that he has not folk enough to fight with Lamedon.
For tene he hadde not folk y-nowe,		
That he als-tide and sir Iason		
Might not flyght with Lamedon.	504	
But a-mong hem was no merie gale		
Off alle that ther were, grete & smale,		
Ther was not a schip ful of men,		
And thei were mo then thousandes ten	508	

¹ This—and before it : '*Curet rubrica*'—written in a very fine hand.

16 *Jason and his Greeks reach Colchis. Its city Reconitas and King Cetes.*

De Rege Cete in Ciuitate Ieconite.

	Off bold knyghtes hardi & kene ;	[lf. 8, bk.] 509
	What wolde thei alle to hem be sene !	
	Thei gadered vp alle that ther lay	
They take their way and sail to the island Colkos.	And to thair schip thei toke the way	512
	And sailed forth vpon the see,	
	Til thei wolde comyn ther thei wolde be	
	In-to that Ile that hight Colkos.	
	Eche a man on londe than gos,	516
	And leyde here sail thanne by the mast	
	And lefft here schip teyghte fast.—	
This was the first cause for the destruc- tion of Troy.	And this þe forme skyl to schewe was,	
	That Troie was lorn so foule a-cas,	520
	Driuen down and foule destroyed ;	
	Ther-with were Troiens foule anyed,	
	For thei of Grece reste on here land	
	Fer fro the cete opon þat sand ;	524
	For sir Iason and his nauue	
	Sette & reste vpon the see,	
	When thei wente out of Grece	
	To wyne the schepis goldyn flece.	528
In the island Colkos is a town, called Reconitas, large and strong.	I N Colkos Ile a Cite was,	
	That men called thanne Reconitas ¹ ,	
	Fair and mekel, large and long,	
	With walles heye and wondir strong,	532
	Ful of toures and heye paleis	
	Off riche knyghtes and burgeis.	
The king of this land is called Cetes.	A kyng that tyme, that hete Cetes,	
	Gouerned than that lond In pes ;	536
	With his baronage and his meyne,	
	Dwelleden thanne in that Cyte.	
About the town are woods and parkes.	For al aboute that riche toun	
	Stode wodes and parkis enviroun,	540
	That were replenysched wondirful	
	Off herte and hynde, bore and bul,	

{ And other }

¹ MS. *reconitas* ; the *r* quite distinct, though the rubric has *Ieconite*.

And other many sauage bestis ;	[lf. 9.] 543	Therein are
Be-twix that wode and that forestis	544	many beasts,
Ther was large contray & playn,		and springs,
Faire wodes & fair Champayn,		and birds.
Ful of semely rennyng welles—		
As the romaunce the sothe telles—	548	
With-oute the cete that ther sprong ;		
Ther was of briddes michel sang		
Thorow alle the 3er, and mykel cry,		
Off alle Ioyes gret melody.	552	
¶ To that Cite & kyng Cetes		Jason and
3ode Iason and Hercules		Hercules go to
And alle the felawes that he hadde,		this town with
In clothes of gold as kynges be-cladde.	556	all their
When kyng Cetes his men herde say		fellows.
That Gregeys come in that aray,		
In his paleis he spak hem with,		
Alle in pees and loue & gryth ;	560	
He ros him vp out of his se		
As curtais kyng and knyzt so fre,		
Out of his halle with mykel spede		King Cetes
With his men agayn hem 3ede ¹ ,	564	goes to meet
And welcomed hem with louely chere		them and
And ledde hem bothe to-gedir in-fere		
And ther other felawes alle		leads them
With gret worschepe In-to his halle.	568	into his hall.
He dede hem sitte opon the benk,		
And bad his men bryng a drynk ;		
When thei hadden dronken what her wille is,		
Sir Iason, the knyzt of pris,	572	Jason tells
Tolde the cause of his comyng		King Cetes
On fair manere to Cetes the kyng,		why he has
And seyde “that he was comen to wynne,—		come,
If he myght spede,—of ² the golden skyinne.	576	

¹ MS. 3ode.

² of is added above the line and ought to be deleted.

and asks his
consent to his
undertaking.

He prayed him ther of his gode wille, [lf. 9, bk.] 577
That he scholde graunte loude and stille
Holly his landes ordenaunce¹,
If him myzt happen suche chaunce." 580

The king
grants his
wish. They
go to supper.

¶ The kyng graunted to fulfille
His desir and alle his wille ;
The kyng bad with mylde wordes :
"Anon thei scholde sette the bordes ; 584

A knight is
sent for the
king's
daughter
Medea.

• Tyme hit was to sopere go," he sayde ;—
The bordes were set, the clothes layde.

He called to him a knyzt² wel hende
And him afftir his douzter sende³, 588

And seide, sche scholde comen a-doun
To glade his gestes of gret renoun.

¶ The knyzt⁴ dede to the mayden ffre,
The kynges douzter, dame Mede, 592

And bad here come with-outen dwellyng
With here Maydenes to the kyng.

Sche dwelled not longe—I vndirstonde :—
Whan sche hadde herd here fadir sonde, 596

She comes
down, greets
the knights
and her father,
and on his
bidding sits
down beside
Jason.

Sche come doun vnto the table
With contenaunce good and stable,
And grette here fadir sikurly
And other knyktes that sete him by. 600

He bede here go and sitte that tyde
His vncouthe gest Iason be-syde ;
And Mede dede as here fadir bad,
And of his biddynge was wel glad. 604

Medea knew
necromancy ;

Off this Mede, this worthi may,
Sumwhat of here wol I say,
Off here wisdom and of here beryng,
Off here science & of here kunnyng : 608
Sche coude the science of clergy
And mochel of Nigramauney ;

¹ MS. *ordenanaunce.*

² MS. *aknyzt.*

³ MS. *wende.*

⁴ Originally *knyktes* in MS. ; *es* erased.

De Medee Filia Regis Ceti.

In alle that lond [ne] was here pere	[lf. 10.]	611	none was
As wide as men gos fer or nere,		612	cleverer than she.
Ne that was to here half so scley			
Of cours of planetes and of the sky,			
Ne couthe so many enchauntement			
As coude Medee, that may gent.		616	
¶ Sche coude with coniurisouns,			She knew how
With here scleyghte & oresouns,			to make the
The day that was most fair & lyght			light day dark
Make as derk as any nyght;		620	as night,
Sche coude also In selcouth wyse			
Make the wynde bothe blowe & ryse			the wind blow
And make him so lowde blowe			and overthrow
As it scholde houses ouerthrowe;		624	houses,
Sche ¹ couthe turne verement			
Alle wederes and the firmament,			
And here liked make it reyne			rain come,
And if here liked make it schyne.		628	the sun shine,
Sche coude do many selcouthe thyng :			
In somer when the leues spryng			
Make stormes hem to driue a-way			
And make trees drye as clay;		632	
Sche wolde also the trees that ware			and trees
In wynter-tyde naked & bare			bear leaf in
Make hem florische aȝeyn & bere,			winter.
That wynter hem myȝt not dere.		636	
In al the world was no man			
So kunnyng of wit and wisdam—			
As seyn these autours and these clerkes—			
As was Medee In here werkes.		640	
M Edee sette here doun to mete			She sits down
By-twene her lord and Iason to etc,			by the side of
Sche cast here eye wel ofte vnfold			Jason and
That Ioyful knyȝt to be-hold;		644	looks at this
			joyful knight.

¹ MS. *He*.

So fair a
knight she
has never
seen;

So fair a knyzt at here likyng

[lf. 10, bk.] 645

Sche saw neuere old ne 3yng ;

Here hadde leuere than al Assye

That he hadde ben in here baylye,

648

Might sche brynge to that acord

That he wolde be here lord ;

she desires
that Jason
may be hers.

Gode in erthe ! that ¹ sche desires,

But that Iason were one of heres.

652

Sche hadde here herte so on him set,

Here eye myzt sche not fro him let ;

Sche loued him so wondirly tho,

That sche wiste neuere what to do,

656

She takes her
leave and goes
to her cham-
ber.

But toke here leue and be-gan to go

To the chambur that sche come fro.

¶ Vnto the chambur sche is comyn,

Loue hath here so vndir-nomyn,

660

That trauayles here wondir strong

With thought and sykyng euere among ;

She thinks
both day and
night, how she
can carry
out her love
without
shame.

Sche thenkith bothe day & nyzt

How sche that loue performe myzt

664

With-oute schame and vylonye,

That sche were not reproued ther-by ;

Fayn sche wolde haue here wille,

But sche myzt not come ther-tille.

668

After a fort-
night, Cetes
and Jason
sitting to-
gether, send
for Medea.

¶ And thus leued sche fourtene nyzth

In gret wo as any wyzth :

Til hit be-fel vpon a day

That kyng Cetes—soth to say—

672

And Iason were to-gedur set

And bad here men Medee doun fet

In-to the halle of his paleis,

To talke with the knyzt's curteis.

676

She, very
glad, comes
quickly.

Off the tydynges was Medee blithe :

To hem doun sche come swythe ;

¹ Perhaps *naught* was in the original.

¶ *De Iasone.*

And he bad here sitte be Iason,—	[lf. 1 r.]	679	The king bids
That al here loue was vpon,—		680	her sit down
And speke with him In fair manere,			beside Jason,
As Mayden schulde to bachelere.			
Medee did his comaundement ;			
But Cetes was ther-with ablent :		684	
He wist not of Medee wille			not knowing
That sche loued Iason stille.			that she is in
			love with him.
¶ When Iason saw that worthi wyght			
So sitte on benche by him right,		688	
He was wel glad, as him gon thenk ;			
Ercules ros vp of the benk,			
And he sat be that worthi wenche			
To wete what that mayden dede thenke.		692	
¶ Kyng Cetes with-oute doute			The king talks
Spak to the knyghtes him aboute,			to Hercules
Of Ercules asked tydynges,			and the other
At other knyghtes of other thynges ;		696	knightes, so
So to him 3af no man gome,			that no one
Knygt ne sqwyer, lord ne grome.			pays attention
Medee say that sche was brougt			to Jason and
To telle Iason of here thougt		700	Medea.
¶ With-oute heryng of any wyght :			
‘ Sir Iason,’ sche seide, ‘ thow art a knygt ¹			Medea says to
Off whiche I haue mochel rewthe			Jason : ‘ I pity
And gret compassioun, be my trewthe !		704	you, as I see
For I se wel and haue in mynde			well that your
That thow art comen of gentil kynde,			hardiness has
And art a louely ² creature,			brought you
And art hardy with-oute mesure ;		708	hither to win
For I se wel—and sothe hit is—			the Golden
That thyn heye herte and thi hardines			Fleece,
Hath brougt the fro the lond of Grece			
For to wyne the golden flece,		712	

¹ MS. *aknygt*.

² MS. *alouely*.

¶ De Medee.

through which
you will lose
your life.

Thorow whiche—is a sothe thyng—

[lf. 11, bk.] 713

Thow schalt go to thyn endyng.

And I haue gret pyte

Off thi manhede and beute,

716

That thow thus foule schalt be spilt

For a schepis¹ skyn that is ouer-gilt.

I counsel you
to return
home.'

Ther-fore I ȝeue the consayle—

The beste that the may a-vayle—

720

That thow wende hom hole and sound,

A-ȝeyn to thi lond with-oute any wound.'

Jason an-
swers :

¶ Iason thanne with chere deuout

Vnto that lady gan lout

724

And seyde louely, curtays & fre :

'I thank you a
thousand times
and submit to
your bidding.'

'A thousand tymes-I thanke it the

Of thi goodnes and thi curtasye,

That thow hast reuthe of my folie ;

728

For ȝoure bidding outely

I put for-sothe al my body.'

'S Wete Iason, my louely frend,—

Saide Medee, that mayden hend,—

732

'Haven't you
heard the
truth about
the fleece and
the peril of it?'
says Medea.

'Has thow not the sothe herd telle

Off that flece and the gret perille ?

Or thow knowest not the sothe

That makes the so bold of othe,

736

Thow may ther-to make assay

And lese thi myȝt and thi noblay.

'You may lose
your might
and nobility.
There was
never a knight
strong enough
to win the
fleece, for
it is kept by
our god Mars.

For sekurly ther was neuere knyȝt

That hadde that strengthe and that myȝt,

740

That myȝt with his hardinesse

That flece wynne with douȝhtinesse :

For it is keped bothe nyght and day

With oure god Mars, that alle thyng may ;

744

For ther is no man on lyue,

Agayn oure god that may stryue.

¹ MS. *aschepis*.

Ther-fore I praye ȝow for loue or awe: [lf. 12.] 747 I pray you to
 Fro that perile ȝow with-drawe, 748 withdraw from
 That thow deye not thus sodenly this peril'
 For a lytel folý !'

¶ Iason seyde: 'my lady dere,
 Of this kepe I no more to here! 752 Jason: 'Do
 Wene ȝe my hert so to stere, you think
 Or with ȝoure wordes me to dere, to stir my
 That I schulde this thing for-sake heart, and
 That I gan ferst vndirtake? 756 make me
 Me were leuere certes to deye forsake the
 Than to do that vylonie! thing I under-
 For now I haue it be-gonne, took?'

And I ȝede hom, or it were wonne— 760
 Me were leuere I were vnbores
 Then suche a schame were me before!
 For my deth schal I not lette,—
 If that I may,—that flece to fette!' 764

MEdee seide: 'my derlyng,
 Is it thi wil for any thyng
 To putte thi deth be-fore thi lyff
 And to putte the to that stryff? 768
 I haue pite of thi ded,
 But I schal ȝeue the suche a red¹,
 That thow schalt come a-ȝeyn ful rathe
 And wyne that schepe with-uten skathe— 772
 If it be so thow wilt fulfille
 Mi desire and my wille.'

'Lady,' Iason thanne sayde,
 'Of that ȝe sayn I holde me payde: 776
 What ȝe schul in erthe ordeyne,
 I schal holde it for prow or payne
 The while that I am leuyng—
 I drawe to witnes god, oure kyng!' 780

Medea: 'I pity
 you, but I
 shall give you
 good advice,
 to win the
 sheep without
 any harm, if
 you will fulfil
 my desire.'

Jason: 'I am
 much pleased
 with what you
 say, and I
 shall do what-
 ever you
 order.'

¹ MS. *ared*.

24 *Jason promises to marry Medea, and she will help him win the Fleece.*

Medea: 'If
you promise
to marry me
and take me
with you to
Greece,

¶ Medee sayde to Iason than:

[lf. 12, bk.] 781

'If thow wilt be so trewe a man¹,
That thow wilt hete me to wedde,
And as thi spouse to brynge me to bedde,

784

And leue me neuere for wele ne wo,

And graunt me home with the to go

Out of this lond that is fair,—

Off whiche I schal be qwene and ayr,—

788

Vnto thi lond, to thi hous,

And wedde me there to thi spous:

I wolde make the that schepe-fel

Wynne to-morwe with-outen perel.'

792

I'll make you
win the fleece.'

Jason: 'What
you promise
me is much.

I Ason sayde to Medee:

'Riche bene that thow proferest to me:

3oure-self to be in my bandoun

And al in my subieccioun,

796

That art the fairest that lyf beres

Or any clothe on erthe weres;

And also to saue me

Off alle perile that ther-Inne be,

800

And do me wynne that flece of golde,

That no man may do that leues on molde

With-oute 3oure help, my derlyng!

That is to me a fair proferyng!

804

Body and herte to 3ow I profre,

And alle my-self to 3ow I offre:

I take 3ow here my trowthe I-ply3t²,

That I schal neuere by day ne ny3t

808

Do not a-3eyn 3oure lykyng

Ne forthermore neuere of 3oure byddyng!

And I schal with me 3oure-self lede

In-to my lond—so god me rede!—

812

And wedde 3ow there vnto my wyff

And leue 3ow neuere whil me last lyff!'

Body and
heart I offer
you, and
promise never
to act against
your bidding.

I will take you
with me as
my wife, and
never leave
you all my
life.'

¹ MS. *aman.*

² MS. *I. ply3t.*

Off that behest was Medee fayn,	[lf. 13.]	815	
But ȝit sche wolde be more certayn		816	Medea, to be more certain that he may not beguile her, asks him
That he schulde here no-ways be-gile			
Ne holde here affir for no vile.			
Sche sayde : ' Iason, be thow not wroth !			
I wole that thow me make an oth,		820	
That thow schalt trewly & trusly holde			
Of alle that thow hast sayde & tolde ;			
For no-ways we may not now			
Do this thyng be-twene vs two.		824	
I wol that thow when day is gon			to swear to her in the evening, when she sends for him.
Come to my chambre sone anon,			
When I schal sende aff[t]ir the,			
That thow alway come to me ;		828	
And than schaltow make thi surment			
Opon my god with sacrament,			
And swere me ther by that god			
Alle this to holde for euen or od.		832	
And when thow hast thus wrouȝth & don,			
Al thi wil schal I graunte son.'			
¶ Iason seyde : ' my ladi fre,			Jason assents.
As ȝe haue seyde, so schal it be !		836	
When ȝe haue affir me send,			
Wightlyche schal I to ȝow wend.'			
And thus were thei bothe at one			
Vpon the benche hem-self alone		840	
And toke leue thenne and ros ;			
Vnto here Chambre faste sche gos.			
M edee is vnto here chambre gone,			Medea goes to her room with her maidens.
And here maydenes euerychone.		844	
Here thought longe vnto nyght,			
That sche myȝt speke with that knyȝt.			
When nyȝt was comyn and day past,			
And alle in bedde vpon sclepe fast,		848	

26 *Jason swears, in Jove's name, to marry Medea, and never leave her.*

At night she sends a girl, called Ane, for Jason.	Sche cleped a mayden ¹ that het Ane,— [lf. 13, bk.] 849 So trewe a mayden ¹ hath sche nane,— And bad here pryuli to go And ² say: "Jason schuld come here to." 852 And Ane ȝede wel priyuli And bad him come to here lady; And he ros bothe blythe and glad And dede as the mayden bad. 856 And whan thei were to-gedur met, Ane that him thedur fet ȝede here way with-oute more And lefft hem to-gedur thore. 860
Medea bolts the doors, and makes Jason swear an oath	¶ Whan Medee saw Iason ther-In, Sche sperid the doris with a pyn And bad him sitte down vpon here bed,— With riche clothes hit was spred. 864 That faire lady, that lousesom brid, A Craffty cofre sche vn-did And toke out an ymage, frely dyght With fele torches and mochel lyght, 868 That ³ sacrid was In Iouis name. 'Iason,' seide that faire dame, 'Thow schalt thin hond on this god lay And thow schalt holde that I schal say: 872 On this ymage thow schalt swere, Faith & treuthe thow schalt me bere, And wedde me to thy wyff, And leue me neuere whil I haue lyff.' 876
on an image sacred 'in Iouis name.'	¶ Iason sayde: 'my trewthe I layd, To do al as thow hast sayd.' And layde his treuthe on that ymage To ⁴ take here the terme of his age. 880 When sche hadde take of him that oth, Thei caste of hem euery cloth
Jason swears to marry Medea, and never to leave her.	
Then they cast off their clothes	

¹ MS. *amayden.*

² MS. *A^d.*

³ MS. *Ther.*

⁴ MS. *And.*

¶ *Iason concubuit cum Medee.*

And ȝede bothe in-to a bed,—	[lf. 14.]	883	and go to bed.
With riche clothes hit was spread.		884	
A lle that nyȝt to-gedur thei lay,			In the morn-
Til it was nere a-gayn the day.			ing Jason says :
Iason sayde : ‘ my derlyng dere,			
It is not good to dwelle here ;		888	
But say me now, my derlyng,			‘ Tell me now,
Wolt thou ordeyne for me o thyng,			darling, how
That I myȝt thorow thi techyng			to bring my
My purpos wele to ende bryng ?		892	purpose to end ;
For al the haste that I haue			for I long to
Is, swetyng,—so god me saue—			lead you away.’
Out of this Ile the to lede			
In-to my lond with-outen drede.’		896	
¶ Sche seyde : ‘ Iason, I am al ȝare,			
When thou art redi, With the to fare !			Medea : ‘ Let
Rise we now vp ! I schal the kenne			us rise first !’
With the neet that the ne brenne.		900	
For-ȝete thou not my kennyng			
For no ferdnesse of brennyng !’			
¶ Iason thenne and sche vp ros ;			When they
And Medee to here forsure gos,		904	are risen,
And drow out relikes manye & gode,			Medea takes
And toke Iason ther he stode			relics from her
And tauȝt him how he scholde do,			chest, and tells
When he that Ile come to,		908	Jason how to
That he were not with nete ybrend,			behave, when
Ne with the dragounȝ y-schend.			he comes to
¶ ȝit of the forsure the lady rauȝte			the island.
A fair ymage and him by-tauȝte,		912	
And bad him scely with him bere,—			She moreover
For sorcery schuld him not dere :			gives him an
For it was alle with sorcery wrought,			image against
Alle sorcery it brouȝte to nought.		916	sorcery,

	And afftir that Medee out hente	[lf. 14, bk.]	917
an ointment against fire,	A wel riche oynemente And an-oynted alle his body, Visage and alle witterly :		920
	For hit for-did al brennyng of ffire, Off hit brende neuere so schire.		
	¶ And afftirward that fair swetyng		
a ring against venom,	By-taucht Iason a riche ¹ ryng,		924
	That alle venym for-dede & strued,— That he schul not be venym-nyoyed That bar that riche ryng on him :		
	For it fordede alle venym.		928
a writing	M Edee tok with him thanne a writ, And him bad he schuld bere it ; And when he come with-Inne that Ile, That he schulde with herte mylde		932
	On his knees him doun sette, Er he that flece ȝede to fette ; And thries he scholde hit ouer-rede ;		
(which he must read thrice before going to fetch the fleece), and a liquor to stick the oxen's lips together.	That he ne lefft for no drede.		936
	¶ Sche toke him thenne a riche ¹ licour,— A viole ful of gode sauour,— And bad he schulde that lycour poure, When he come In-to the stoure,		940
	In the mouthes of the neete, For hit was wondur cleuand wete ; Then scholde thei holde here mouth to-gedur .		
	And make no more so foule a wedur :—		944
	‘ For if thow konne this in here mouthe throwe, Thei schal no more no fir blowe !’		
Jason says : ‘ I thank you ; I hope to bring you the fleece before even- ing.’	¶ Iason seide : ‘ I think it the, That thow hast thus ordeyned for me ! I hope, or it be euenyng, That golden flece to the bryng.’		948

¹ MS. *ariche*.

- He toke his leue at that may, [lf. 15.] 951 He takes leave,
In-to his Chambre he tok the way, 952 goes to his
Ther-In he lay and Hercules; room and
Wel stille he lay down in pes, sleeps there.
Til'it was cler day and lyght,
That the suzne schon wel bryght : 956
He ros vp and come him down,
And alle his felawes environ.
O Vt of his bed is Iason rysen,
To wende his way he is not gryslen, 960
To wynne the schepe,—if he haue grace,—
Now he these thinges of Medee has.
He is comyn in-to the halle
With Hercules and his men alle; 964
To Cetes the kyng he is forth went.
He asked anon, what it be-ment,
He asked at him and at hisen,
Whi he was so erly rysen. 968
'Sir,' he saide, 'be godis ore!
That I thus dwelle me rewes sore;
I wol ther-fore make asay
To wynne the flece—if I may :— 972
ȝeue me leue and lete me go,
That I no lenger be ther-fro.'
- ¶ Cetes saide : 'I haue gret drede,
That thow be dede and not wel spede;
I schal therfore haue harm and schame,
For men wol rette on me the blame;
But that thow art of wil so bold,
That I may not at home the hold— 980
God, that this world made round,
Brynge the aȝeyn hol and sound !'
- ¶ Then was Iason wondir blythe,
He toke his armure and tyred him swythe, 984
- Cetes asks him,
why he has
risen so early.
'Sir,' he
answers, 'I'll
try to win the
fleece now;
give me leave
to do so.'
- Cetes :
'Though
fearing you'll
die, I can't hold
you back.
God bring you
home whole
and sound !'

¶ *Qualiter Iason fecit bellum.*

Jason goes to
the island of
Colchis where
the sheep is.

And ȝede forth the schepe to wynne [lf. 15, bk.] 985
To that Ile that he was Inne.

In a boat he
rows over the
water;

When he was comen ther it was,
Ther he schulde ouer the water pas 988

then he arms
himself well in
iron and steel,

In-to that Ile In-to a bote¹,
He kest his armes In fote hote
And rowed ouer with an ore.

with helmet,
shield and
spear.

When he was ouer that watur thore, 99 2
He armed him—as he coude wele—
Bothe in Iren and in stele,
And on his hed thanne sette

His trewe and trusti basenette, 996
And kest his scheld a-boute his hals,

And bere his spere with him als;
And ȝaf aboute him ful good kepe,
If he myȝt be war of the schepe. 1000

And thedirward Iason him drow,
To wynne the flece—if he mow.

Iason is now on londe lyght,
Armed wel and nobly dyght. 1004

When he sees
where the
sheep is, he
first becomes
aware of the
fire-breathing
oxen.

When he was comen to that stede,
Ther he saw the schepes trede,
On the first thenne was he ware,
Where the nete were standyng thare, 1008
Kestyng fir with-oute sese

Of her mouthe with-oute relesse,
That alle the sky with-oute doute
Was on fire alle a-boute. 1012

He thinks of
Medea and her
gifts, and
anooints him-
self.

But he thought then on his swetyng,
Of dame Medee and her kennyng:
Ful radly thenne the boyste he hent
That was with the oynement;
Al his visage and his face 1016
Anoynted ther-with sone he hase.

¹ MS. *abote*.

He toke also that ymage bryzt	[lf. 16.]	1019	He hangs the silver image
That was of siluer made & dylt,		1020	round his neck;
And hanged it aboute his hals a-boue,—			
As Medee him bad do so for here loue,—			
And turned it to the fir anon,			
And the nete stood and loked ther-on;		1024	the oxen look on it.
And sette him doun meke & wyse			
And redde his writ thanne thryse,			Then he reads thrice Medea's writing,
And when it was thries red,			
To go to hem was not dred.		1028	
His perel thanne a-wey was rauzt,			
And with this nete faste he fauzt:			and fights with the oxen.
The flaume of fir thenne on him caste			Their fire burns his
And brende his gode scheld on haste,		1032	shield and spear.
And his spere to his hond			
To coles hit fel vpon the sond.			
H E toke thenne that licour wete			When he pours the liquor into the beasts,
And poured qwyk into the nete;		1036	
And when it was with-Inne ther ¹ lippes,			
Faste to-gedur hit hem grippes,			
That thei myzt not her mouth vn-spere,			they can no longer open
With hete Iason no more to fere.		1040	their mouths.
When Iason hem thus discomfit			
Thorow dame Medee that was perfit,			
And saw a-boute that the aire			
Was good and clene and ful fair,		1044	
And the nete myght fyght no more			
Thorow here kennyng and here lore,			
He toke hem be the hornes long			Then he yokes them into the
And here hedes a-boute wrong,		1048	plough, and ploughs with them without any fear.
And loked, if thei were tame ynow,			
And ladde hem thanne vnto the plow,			
And yoked hem and dede hem drawe,			
And turned that lond with-ouen awe.		1052	

¹ r by a later hand.

32 *Jason, by Medea's charm, slays the Dragon, and sows its Teeth.*

When he
comes to the
dragon,

When he hadde don, he toke his way [lf. 16, bk.] 1053

To the dragoun ther he lay ;

And the dragoun sey him ney,

He made thanne an ¹ hidous cry, 1056

And hissed loude, and brondes blew,

Fyr faste on Iason he threw,

And spitte venym and keste aboute ;

But Iason ther-of hadde no doute : 1060

Whan he herde that how loude he hissed,

Iason dede as he was wissed,

He toke the ryng that sche toke him

For drede of fir & of venym,— 1064

That bare a stone ², was fair and grene,—

And held hit sone hem be-twene,

And keste it doun be-fore his syght.

And whan the dragoun saw that lyght ³, 1068

He lefte the fir and his brennyng

And al foule venym of his spittyng,

And loked stabli on that ston,

And he beheld euere ther-on. 1072

And whil the dragoun ther-to ȝaff tent,

His swerd Iason out hent

And smot the hed fro the bouke,

And the ryng with him toke ⁴ 1076

And in hold he gan hit do.

And when he hadde slayn him so,

He wente—and so he myȝt wele—

And drow his tethe out of his chavele, 1080

And sewe hem thanne vpon the land

That he hadde ered on that sand.

Armed men of hem ther sprong,

And echon on other faste dong, 1084

Til alle were slayn that were thore ;

On lyue lefte there none wore.

{ When Iason }

Jason takes
the ring, as
Medea told
him.

When the
beast sees this,
it leaves its
burning and
spitting, and
looks on the
stone.

Then Jason
smites off its
head ;

and takes its
teeth out ; and
sows them ;

armed men
spring from
them, and slay
one another.

¹ MS. *and*.

² MS. *astone*.

³ MS. *lyght*, altered from *syght*.

⁴ MS. *toke*, altered from *boke*.

- ¶ When Iason saw that ther was an ende [lf. 17.] 1087 Jason then
 Off alle that wondir enchauntemende, 1088
 Toward the schepe be-gan he go
 With-oute drede him to slo:
 With bothe his handes the schepe he sclow, slays the sheep
 And fro the body the skyn he drow, 1092 and pulls off
 And bare with him that schepes skyn its skin.
 With mochel Ioye & mochel wyn,
 Til he come to his bote;
 And lepe In with a merie¹ note, 1096 With the skin
 And ouer to his felawes rode, he rows over
 Ther Hercules him a-bode,— to his fellows.
 Wondir blythe, Ioyful, and glad
 That thei on lyue him had. 1100
- ¶ Iason thenne and his Gregeis Jason and his
 Rode to Cetes & to his paleis; Greeks ride
 When Cetes saw that Ioyful kyng to the palace
 Iason that schepes skyn bryng, of Cetes.
 He hadde ther gret envy Cetes is
 That he raff him that drury; envious, when
 But euel semblant my3t he non make he sees Jason
 For Hercules and Iason sake, bring the skin,
 But dede hem sitte by his side but he does
 And fair semblaunt made him that tyde. not show his
 Then come 3ong and old evil mood,
 The schepes skyn to be-hold, Young and old
 Thei hadde of Iason gret meruayle, come to behold
 How he it wan in batayle the skin and
 A3ens thair goddis wil and my3t; to wonder at
 Thei hadde meruayle of suche a kny3t. Jason, who
 won it against
 their gods'
 will.
- I**ason now the flece hath wonne,
 The tydynges thorow the Cete is ronne,
 Many a man come him to see,
 Ther he was set by dame Medee. c j 1120

¹ MS. *amerie*.

34 *Jason carries off Medea to Thessaly, which Pelleus gives him.*

Jason and Hercules dwell another month with Cetes.	He dwelld ther a ful mon[i]the ¹ , And Hercules kyng Cetes withe,— And til a tyme that he & sche, And Hercules and his meyne,	[lf. 17, bk.] 1121
One night they and Medea steal away and sail to Thessaly.	Stale away with-Inne a nyzt And ȝede to schepe by sterre lyzt; And drow vp sail, and scheped sone, And wente hom forth by the mone. The wynd be-gan to rise & to blowe And brouzt hem home in a throwe To the lond of Thesalye, Iason and his companye.	1124 1128 1132
When Pelleus hears that Jason has come back alive, he is angry;	¶ The word was told to Pelleus blyue ² “That Iason was comen hom alyue, And how he hadde brouzt in-to Grece”— ‘For-sothe’ thei seyden—“the golden flece.” Wo was him of tho tythandis: He wrong to-gedir bothe his handes For sorwe and wo and care of herte, That he was comen home in qwerte. But when he saw him comande, He wente a-ȝeyn him with fair semblande, And welcometh him wel home, And was glad of his come, And thonked god that he ferd wele, And ȝaf him the lond, eche a dele Off Thesalye that lond aboute, So he be-het him, or he wente oute. ¶ With this lond was he not payd; He wolde be venged algate—he sayd— Off Lamedone, the kyng of Troyene, For he him dede reproue and tene. To Hercules wel offte he spake: “That he that charge wolde take;	1136 1140 1144 1148 1152
but he wel- comes him,		
and gives him Thessaly, as he promised before he set off.		
But Jason is not content; he wants to be revenged on Lamedon,		

¹ Cf. ll. 1686 and 9407.

² b perhaps altered from v.

¶ **Hic Incipit Bellum.**

For elles myȝt it not come to ende;— [lf. 18.] 1155 and bids Hercules carry this out.
 'For thou hast many a noble frende, . 1156

Many a knyȝt¹, and many a kyng,
 And wil be fayn at thi byddying.'

Hercules seyde: 'ne drede the nouȝt!
 Ful wel to ende it schal be brouȝt 1160 Hercules undertakes the task.

To my worschepe, if my lyf last,
 Or this ȝere be ful past.

Haue thou no care, ne make no mone!

But let me here with-al alone! 1164

I schal so venge oure vilonye,
 That thay schal ful sore abye.'

Hercules the charge hath tane;
 He thenkes to be that kynges bane, 1168

He thenkes him scle with his hond,
 If he may come to his lond.

At hom is he no lenger² abiden,
 To Sportes is that knyȝt reden,— 1172 He goes to Sparta, and asks Castor and Pollux to partake in the expedition.
 That was a lond of Romanye³,—

Ther two bretheren were⁴ of chiualrye
 Regned Inne by ther dayes.

Hercules ther the bretheren prayes 1176

To wende with him ouer the see,

With armed folk a gret meyne,

To venge him on kyng Lamedon,

That kest him out and sir Iason 1180

Off his lond, whan thai hem reste,

That dede him nother noye ne breste.

The bretheren bothe as knyȝtes hende

Thai were redi with him to wende,— 1184 They are ready whenever he likes.

What day that he wolde assygne,—

With many worthi knyȝtes and digne.

Castor hete that on brother,

And Pollus called men that other. c ij 1188

¹ MS. *aknyȝt*. ² *wol he* erased after *lenger*. ³ altered from *Romayne*. ⁴ were ought to be struck out.

- Hercules toke leue at hom [lf. 18, bk.] 1189
 Hercules rides And rode hym to Salom,
 to Salom A lond that was to Grece longand,
 That Thelaman thenne held¹ in his hand 1192
 That was kyng of gret renoun,
 An hardy knyzt, a bold² baroun.
 He prayed him that he wolde go
 With him and other kynges mo, 1196
 That were of Grece, ouer the see,
 Troye to brenne, that hye cete,
 And venge him of that foule dispite
 That Lamedon dede with gret vnrizte— 1200
 Not long tyme sithen past,—
 That he him of his lond cast.
- and gains ¶ Thelaman seide: “hit schuld be doū,
 Thelaman for He was al redi at his boū 1204
 the expedition. To wende with him, as good and hende,
 Whan he aftir him wol sende.”
- Hercules rides ¶ Hercules thanne rode a-zeyn—
 back to Off his be-heste he was ful fayn— 1208
 Polleus, and To Polleus kyng and bad that he
 bids him Schuld gader faste alle his meyne,
 gather all his And alle that he myzt³ purchase⁴,
 troops. By loue, or awe, or any manace⁵. 1212
- Then he goes ¶ He tok him thanne the nexte way
 to Pilon, and To Pilon lond—right as I say;—
 gains Nestor. Pylon was a lond also
 That longed that tyme Grece to, 1216
 And duk Nestor was lord and sire Dux Nestor⁶.
 Ouer al that lond and that Empire;—
 And prayed him of his ffraunchesse⁷
 That he wolde wende with him and hesse⁸, 1220
 To venge him on that kyng vilayn,
 And helpe that he were ded and slayn;

¹ held inserted by a later hand above the line.² MS. *abold*.³ with written by a later hand over line between *myzt* and *purchase(s)*.⁴ MS. *purchases*.⁵ MS. *manaces*.⁶ On the left side in MS.⁷ ss perhaps written by the later hand.⁸ The first s added by

the later hand.

And reue al his bothe lyff and lym, [lf. 19.] 1223
That wolde not soffre Iason ne hym 1224
On day reste to take;

Nother for prayer ne for sake.

¶ Duk Nestor seide to Hercules :

'I am al ȝare with-uten les 1228

To wende with the at thy biddying,

And knyȝtes fele with me to bryng,

To venge the of that vilonye

And do him knowe his folye. 1232

I schal make me and myne ȝare

With-uten dwellyng with the to fare.'

¶ Hercules was thanne wel blythe,

Aȝayn to Pelleus ȝode he swythe. 1236

A[nd] whan he come to Thesalye,

He fonde a louely¹ companye

Of kynges and knyȝtes to-gedur thore,

That for his help comen wore : 1240

For thanne was comen Thelaman,

That douȝti kyng, that noble man ;

And the bretheren bothe two,

Castor kyng and Pollus also, 1244

With alle here men and here nauee

Stondying redi on the see ;

And Pelleus was al redi dyȝt

With many a bold baroun and knyȝt ; 1248

And here schippes were vitayled,

Ther mete and drynke schal non be fayled.

*Consilium Grecorum contra Troianos*².

Alle the kynges bene now to-gedur,

And hit was ful meri wedur : 1252

That Marche was passed and Feuerer,

Hit was that tyme of the ȝere,

It was in-myddis of Averille ; c iij

Nestor says
that he at once
will be ready
for the expedi-
tion.

Hercules
returns to
Pelleus. In
Thessaly are

Thelaman,

Castor and
Pollux,

and Pelleus,
with their
troops and
ships.

It is in the
month of
April.

¹ MS. *alouely*.

² This line is in red paint.

- T[h]e wedir was clere, the wynd was stille. [lf. 19, bk.] 1256
 And alle these kynges to schip ȝede ¹
 To taken the see with-oute drede ;
 Thei sayled forth day and nyȝt,
 Til thei hadde of Troye a syȝt ². 1260
 The sunne was set and al away doune,
 Thanne thei hadde syght ferst of the toune.
 Thei toke the hauen, whan it was derk,
 With-uten wetyng of prest or clerk, 1264
 And kest here ankyr on that sond
 And ȝede alle vpon the lond,
 For ther was non that euere hem lette ;
 Hit was longe afftir the sonne sette, 1268
 That no man wiste of thair comyng,
 Knyȝt ne sqwier, ne the kyng.
 Eche man thanne his hors oute hentes,
 And drow out Armure & here tentes, 1272
 Speres, dartes, helmys, and scheldes ;
 Thei sette here paulyons & here teldes,
 And sette here wacche ouer-al abowte,
 That thei myȝt reste with-oute dowte. 1276
THe Gregeis ben londit and prouȝd y-pyght
 With gay tentis arayed aryght.
 Longe ar the day be-gan to sprynge,
 Pelleus sent aboute tythyng 1280
 To eche a kyng that there he lay
 To come to him, or it were day.
 Thei come echone to wete his wille ;
 When thei were comen and set doun stille, 1284
 Pelleus seide : ' my bretheren dere,
 Now we ben to-gedur here,
 Me thenketh it were good to speke,
 How we myȝt sonest vs wreke 1288
 Off oure fomen and oure enemyes,

The Greeks
sail to Troy.

After sunset
they land,
unseen by the
Trojans.

They pitch
tents.

Before day-
break Pelleus
gathers the
kings around
him,

and says :
' Now we must
see, how to
take vengeance
soonest,

¹ First *e* indistinct in MS., might be *o*.

² MS. *asyȝt*.

To oure worschepe and to oure pris;	[lf. 20.]	1290	
And saue vs fro perele,			
How so it euere it be-fele,		1292	
And take the toun with myzt and wyn,			and how to capture the town.'
And alle that euere is ther-In.'			
H ercules, that douyti man,			Hercules speaks first, and counsels
Be-fore alle other to speke he gan:		1296	
'Seres'—he sayde—'3oure skylles is good,			
As 3e haue seide, so vs be-hood.			
This is myn avisement,			
How thei schal sonest be schent:		1300	
3iff 3e wole alle that it be so,			
That we parte oure men atwo—			the division of the army into two:
Er it be day and sonne vp-rise,—			
That we be seuered in alle wise:		1304	
And 3e, sir kyng, and Thelaman,			'The king, Thelaman, I and Jason will go towards the town and hide ourselves in the vineyards.
And I also, and sir Iason,			
Schal be to-gedre In that on ende;			
To the toun and we schal wende,		1308	
Er it be day or any lyght,			
That no man of vs haue a syght:			
For we schal hide vs In the vynes,			
And when the sonne is vppe and rises,		1312	
We schal holde vs stille and coy			
By-side the 3atis with-oute Troy.			
And kyng Pollus, and duke Nestor,			Castor and Pollux and Nestor will remain on the shore.
And his brother kyng Castor,		1316	
Schal beleue here on the see			
With alle here folk and here naue.			
And Nestor schal ferst with hem dele			
With alle his men and his eschele,		1320	
And Castor schal be my red haue			
The secunde warde—so god me saue!—			
And kyng Pollus schal haue the thridde			

40 *Preparations for battle by the Greeks. Trojans march against them.*

	With alle the men that are him myd.	[lf. 20, bk.]	1324
When King Lamedon hears of our landing, he will come to fight with you on the shore, whilst we shall enter the town and slay all therein.'	¶ And when the kyng hath tydandes, That we are restid on his landes, And he comes out with his baronage To fyght with hem on this ryuage, We schal entre in-to the touz And breke the walles & throwe hem down, And scle that we ther-Inne fynde, Honge, and brenne, and faste bynde, And do dye that vs dos ¹ dere. Then schal we turne to were And scle hem alle for vs & ȝow. And thus thynketh me most for oure prow, When thei may not fro vs fle On no syde to no contre.'		1328
King Pelleus assents to this advice.	¶ The kyng sayde: 'as haue I roo!'— "That hit was good his rede to do, Better red schuld thei haue non To confounden sone here fon." Thei parted here men In two parties; And Hercules with his he hies Vndir the touz In the greues And hides him there in the leues; And duk Nestor lefft stille thore With alle that with him wore.		1340
Hercules hides himself with his soldiers near Troy.			1344
	H It is lyzt day, the sonne is hye, And Hercules the touz is nye With-Inne the greues, ther leues sprynge; And Lamedon has herd tydynge That thay of Grece with gret feute Bene in his hauene with gret naue. He armed him with-uten any bode With alle his men and to hem rode, With scheld and spere an[d] swerd in hande;		1348
Lamedon hears of the landing of the Greeks, and marches against them.			1352
			1356

¹ MS. *do dos*.

¶ *Hic veniunt ad pugnandum.*

And whan Nestor saw hem comande,	[lf. 21.]	1358	Nestor sees them coming, and prepares battle.
He ordeyned him with-oute drede			
With alle his men, and to hem ȝede ;		1360	
And ther be-gan a strong cuntre,			
Lamedon his dethe ther hent he ;			
He and his were wood opriȝt,			
Or endit were that fyȝt.		1364	
L amedon is armed wel,			Lamedon, well armed, rides out of the town with his men.
His stede is trapped In iren & stel ;			
Out of the toun is he now ryden,			
And his men, that he hath bydden		1368	
To go with him that ought were worthe,			
Now are thei alle to-gedur forthe,			
In-myddes the feld out of the toun			
Ridyng ouer dale and down,		1372	
Toward the see to the Gregeis			
That he sei stonde in here harneis,			
Redi dight with hem to ffyght			
With scheldes brode and swerdes bryght.		1376	
¶ The Gregeis were not of hem dred ;			The Greeks are not afraid ; Nestor leads the vanguard.
Nestor that the vanwarde led,			
Whan he saw hem come to him ward,			
He busked to hem as hard		1380	
And toke the feld brod and large			The fight begins :
With Many a scheld ¹ , target, and targe ;			
And kepe him euene in the berd,			
For he was nouȝt of him aferd.		1384	
A dredful dyn myȝt men thenne here,			there is a dreadful noise ;
A carful noyse, a dredful ² bere :			
When thei were met to-gedur on hepis,			
Euery man on other lepes,		1388	the foes strike one another.
And beris him doun, & throwys him vndur,			
And leues him ³ dede stryken asondur ;			
A fel batayle was ther by-gonnen,			

¹ MS. *ascheld.* ² MS. *adredful.* ³ *him* written by a later hand over line.

42 *The battle between the Greeks and Trojans: Castor helps Nestor.*

Description of the battle.	When thei were alle to-gedur ronnen. [lf. 21, bk.]	1392
	The noyse was gret, the speres brake,	
	Whan eche man mette with his make;	
	Some were ded and thorow born,	
	And some hondes or legges lorn,	1396
	Some were wounded to the dethe,	
	Some myȝt not drawe her brethe;	
	Helmes were holed, and scheldes cloven,	
	With grete strokes here hedes houen.	1400
	Knyȝtes were feld, stedis strayed;	
The Trojans drive Nestor's men back.	Wel bolde barons bledde and brayed,	
	To ther deth then were thei dyȝth	
	With swerdes scharpe and brondis bryȝth.	1404
	Gret schauȝter was be-twene hem there,	
	When Troye and Grece to-gedur were.	
Castor sees this, and goes to help them.	But Troiens with gret multitude	
	At the laste hadde strokes rude,	1408
	But ȝit a-bak thei droff alle Nestor men	
	Ouer mose and ouer ffen.	
	¶ But when that noble kyng Castor	
He slays the Trojans, and sheds their blood.	Saw how thei ferde with the duke Nestor,	1412
	And saw how he a-bak was dreuen,	
	And his scheld with strokes reuen,—	
	With alle his men thedur he hyed	
	And hertely the Troiens defied.	1416
	Castor kyng, that douȝti knyȝt,	
	Is comen down to that fyȝt,	
	To helpe Nestor, that worthi duk,	
	That he se Troyens so rebuk.	1420
	He slow Troyens—as he were wode,—	
	He bare hem down and schedde her blode;	
	So bitterly ferd he with:	
	Agayn hem hadde thei no gryth,	1424
	Thay myȝt no more with-stande his myght,	

- So he was fers, stalworthe, and wyght. [lf. 22.] 1426
And so thei fouȝten and were wery,
Off his strokes thei were sory. 1428
- ¶ But Lamedon, that douȝti kyng,
When he saw his men fleyng,
With alle the men In his warde
He ran thedur as a lyparde, 1432
And sclow Gregeis here and there
As a lyon fers and fere.
He felde doun some, and some fflow,
And of here hors doun hem drow, 1436
And lete hem lye, and some storuen,
Sore woundid and al for-koruen,
Many he greued and al to-hewed ;
That he was knyȝt, ful wel he schewed : 1440
He ferd with hem so sorily,
That thay discomfith were wel ny.
- B**Vt when Pollux saw that syght,
The Gregeis were so discomfyght : 1444
With alle his men he thedur ran
And sclow of the Troyens many a man.
Many men was be-twene hem sclayn,
When thei were alle on the playn 1448
To-gedur mette with thaire batayles ;
Eche man other ther assayles.
- ¶ But Lamedon saw, his men fauȝt
Ouer myȝt and out of mauȝt,— 1452
What with loue and what with awe,—
A litel a-bak he made hem drawe
And gedered hem alle on an hepe
As a witti kyng, myȝti, and ȝepe. 1456
- ¶ Duke Nestor aboue his scheld
Lamedon that tyme be-held :
He saw alle men do his byddyng,
- When Lamedon sees his men flying, he runs against the Greeks, and slays many of them.
- Then Pollux, with all his men, comes to help the Greeks.
- Lamedon draws his men a little back, and gathers them all together.
- Nestor sees that all obey Lamedon.

- He hoped therfore, he was here kyng. [lf. 22, bk.] 1460
 Alle thynges lefft—to him he ȝede,
 To sle him, if he myȝt spede.
- Lamedon
breaks his
spear on
Nestor,
¶ But Lamedon saw him comande
 Towardes him with spere In hande, 1464
 He smytes his stede and slakes his rayne,
 And rod to him as faste a-gayne
 An[d] brak his spere in many a splent¹
 On duk Nestor In that dynt; 1468
- and does not
wound him;
He harmed him nouȝt worth a thong²,
 For his Armes were so strong,
 And elles hadde he ben slayn
 With Lamedon on the playn. 1472
- but Nestor
grounds
Lamedon
and wounds
him.
¶ But Nestor on an-other wyse
 Smot Lamedon by-fore al hyse:
 He smot him on his scheld so
 That he cleue hit euen In-two, 1476
 And bare him doun to the grounde
 And ȝaf him there an hidous wounde;
 But he lepe vp with gret spede,
 When he was born thus fro his stede, 1480
 And drow his swerd iaply & smert—
 As hardi man and bold of hert—
 And made him romme aboute and way
 To duke Nestor—the sothe to say. 1484
- Lamedon
leaps up; they
fight again;
A Newe-made knyȝt, that hyȝte Cedar,
 Off Lamedon, his lord, was war
 Among that prese faught on fote;
 He thouȝthe to do ther-of gode bote³: 1488
 He smot Nestor on his gold plate,
 That he ȝede doun in-myddes the gate;
 He bar him fro his hors in fyght
 By-fore his lord, in the kynges syght. 1492
 Whan Lamedon saw Nestor felde,
- Cedar comes
to his help
and smites
Nestor from
his horse.

¹ MS. *asplent*.² MS. *athong*.³ b altered out of u.

- He thocht his strok scholde be ȝelde [lf. 23.] 1494
 That he ȝaf him at her Iustying :
 Lamedon, that worthi kyng, 1496 Lamedon
 He hyed him faste to Nestor tho attacks Nestor
 And ȝaf strokes y-nowe and mo, again, and
 He brak his coyfe and his ketil-hat, would have
 That to his hed sore it sat. 1500 beaten him,
 He smot him so ryght in the face,
 That he hath lorn his solace ;
 For he was ther so for-bled
 And with that kyng so ouerled, 1504
 That he hadde dyed and ben for-don,
 Ne hadde him come socour son.
- ¶ But then come to that stour
 Many a Grek¹ to his socour 1508 had not many
 And fro the kyng of Troye him reffte, Greeks
 And elles had he his lyff ther leffte ; rescued him.
 Out of the pres [thei] him ladde,
 For of his lyff were thei adradde. 1512
 And Lamedon, that douȝti man, Lamedon leaps
 A noble stede the whiles wan on another
 And lep vp qwyk with-oute fayle horse and
 And strok forth in that batayle. 1516 begins fight-
 ing anew.
- ¶ Pollus brother, kyng Castor,
 Saw Cedar, that felde duke Nestor ;
 Wo was him for that fallyng,
 He thouȝth to make of him vengying : 1520 Castor, seeing
 He rode to him, as he were wode, Cedar strike
 Vpon a stede² worth mechel gode. Nestor, tries
 to hit him
 sideways.
- ¶ But ther be-fel another knyȝt,
 That was of Troye, Secundam hyȝt,— 1524
 He was of Cedar blod and kyn,
 He was seker his ney cosyn,—
 He saw, how Castor wolde haue him smetyn

¹ MS. *agrek*.

² MS. *astede*.

	Sydlyng, or he hadde weten,	[lf. 23, bk.]	1528
	That wold he for non awȝt :		
Secundam, Cedar's cousin, attacks Castor,	Be-twene hem the strok he cawȝt And brast on kyng Castor his spere ; But he myȝt not him doun bere,		1532
	Castor spere was tow and strong,— Ther was non strengre in al that throng ;—		
but is sorely wounded,	He smot Secundam in the syde A gret wounde and a wyde ¹ .		1536
	W Hen Cedar saw his Cosyn woundid, He was for del al confounded :		
Cedar attacks Castor,	With drawn sword—as a wode man— Cedar thanne to Castor ran ; Cedar than in that wode brayd On Castor so wonderly layd, That his helm al to-roffe, And his basenet to his hed droffe.		1540
wounds him in the face,	He wounded him in his visage For his ffoly and his outrage, That hit in alle his lyff was sene,— And feld him doun vpon the grene ;		1544
	And his stede from him cauȝt And his sqwyer him by-tauȝt.		1548
and takes away his horse.	¶ Now Castor is from his hors born, His stede was taken and fro him lorn ; Opon his fete he stode and fauȝt, Many a-strok ² Cedar him rauȝt, And other mo that ther dede stande.		1552
Pollux, seeing his brother fighting on foot with Cedar and many others,	But kyng Pollus was ner-hande And saw, how Cedar & many other Ferd with kyng Castor, his ³ brother ; Kyng Pollus then come him ney Thedur with al his company,		1556
comes near with	He hadde with him In his eschele		1560

¹ MS. *awyde*.MS. *astrok*.³ MS. *Castoris*.

Seuen hundrid knyȝtes gode and lele.	[lf. 24.]	1562	seven hundred knights.
He ferde as he hadde y-raued,			
So fayn he wolde his brother haue saued.		1564	
He rod thanne al aboute			
To his fomen with gret route,			
And amonges hem [made] ful gret pay;			
To his brother he made him way,		1568	Pollux delivers his brother,
And halp him fro his foos hondes,			and helps him to a new horse.
And felde Troyens on the sondes,			
And brouȝt to Castor the Troyes stede,			
And halp him vp at his gret nede.		1572	
P olleus kyng brende as the fyr			
For gret wratthe, onde & ir ¹ ,			
That he had so his brother dyght			
And warisched him of his myght.		1576	
He saw a knyȝt agayn him—			Pollux then kills Eliachim,
His name was Eliachim,			the king of Carthage's son
The kynges sone Sartaginis,			and Lamedon's cousin.
And Lamedon Cosyn also y-wys—		1580	
He smot the knyȝt with al his myȝt			
Ryght be-fore the kynges syȝt,			
That he died be-fore his eyen			
With mechel wo and mechel pyn.		1584	
¶ Kyng Lamedon that be-held			Lamedon weeps, and
His cosyn dyed In the feld,			blows thrice to gather his
ȝeld the gost be-fore him there,			knights around him.
He wepte for him ful many a tere ² .		1588	
He sette his horn to his mouthe			
And blew thries, as he wel couthe;			
When he hadde blowen the thridde blast,			
The knyȝtes come aboute him fast,		1592	
Thei asked him, what him was;			
Lamedon saide to hem: 'alas!			Lamedon bids his knights
Se ȝe not my cosyn dere			

¹ MS. *hir*.

² MS. *atere*.

48 *The Greeks are driven back. Troy is taken, and its Trojans slain.*

avenge Eliachim's death.	Lye be-fore me ded here, The kynges sone of Artage? Pollus sclow him In his rage. Now with alle the myght that ȝe konne Venge now my sistir sone!'	[lf. 24, bk.] 1596
	¶ When Lamedon hadde thus spoken Off his fomen to be wroken, Among the Grues then he presed And sclow many, or he sesed :	1600 1604
He slays many of the Greeks.	He bare kynges and lordes doun Off gret prise and gret renoun ; The Troyens then sclow the Grues, That thei for wo chaunged thaire hewes ; Thei were wounded and sore ybete, For thei were so ouersetete, Thei fledde a-way and lefft here place ; The Troyens thanne hem gon chace And droff hem to the sees bank, And hewes of hem armes & schank.	1608 1612
The Greeks are driven back to the shore.	The Gruwes for-sothe hadde deye[d] alle— So wo that tyme hem was by-falle With gret wo and encomber ¹ — Ne hadde ther come a messanger ² Out of Troye and brouȝt tydynges To hem of Troye and to here kynges :	1616 1620
All of them would have died,	"That proude Griffons hath taken his toun And robbed hit and caste it doun, And sclayn alle that thei ther founde Stark ded vpon the grounde." And he him-self that brouȝth tythand Might not wel on his feet stande Ne on his hors wel ride, For he was smetyn thorow the syde, He myȝt not wel sitte in pese ;	1624 1628
had not news come from Troy that the town was taken by the Greeks and all the inhabi- tants killed.		

Troyens

¹ MS. *encombrer*.

² MS. *amessanger*.

- Trojens clepid that man Dotes, [lf. 25.] 1630
 That Lamedon tho tydynges brouzt;
 Ther lyues alle thei set at nouzt. 1632
- W**Han Lamedon these tydynges herde,
 With Mechel del thenne he ferde;
 Lord god! what him was wo!
 For he wiste neuere wheder to go. 1636 Lamedon is
 But at the laste his horn he blew, embarrassed;
 And his good men that him knew he blows his
 Come aboute him wondur blyue, horn;
 As faste as thei myzt driue. 1640 his good men
 ¶ As thei reden to Troye ward, approach
 Thei saw come many a lord¹, Troy, and see
 Many Gryffons on a sfrage
 With mychel spede² and mychel rape. 1644
 Thay loked be-hynde hem to the see:
 Off hem that fledde how it myzt be?
 He saw hem come be-hynde his bak
 Afftir him a wel gode schak. 1648 that they have
 ¶ Thenne hadde the Trojens wel gret awe, Greeks in
 For thei wist neuere whedir to drawe, front and back.
 Thei were be-twene her fomen set.
 Whan Hercules and thay were met, 1652
 Hit was gret del and pite
 What martirdom he made to be;
 For thai of Grece were mo than thay
 The double-fold—sothe to say. 1656
 ¶ Hercules rides oueral and rennes—
 As a fulmard doth afftir the hennes—
 Al forsothe that he tas he sles;
 Til he haue down, he wol not ses. 1660 Hercules,—
 He makes aboute him styes and wayes, like a ful-
 His myzt on hem he sayes. mar,—rides
 ¶ As he rode so aboute raykand, up and down,
 d j and slays all
 he meets.

¹ MS. *alord*.

² MS. *speche*.

¶ *Lamedon occisus est.*

	Lamedon sey he fyghtande,	[lf. 25, bk.]	1664
	That many a Greu hath sclayn that day;		
	He rod to him—so weylaway!—		
Lamedon is killed by Hercules,	And smot ¹ in-two bothe nekke and bon,		
	And kest the hed fro him anon;		1668
	Among the horses ther thei ran.		
	The Troyens then no counsel can,		
	When thei sey here lord so dede;		
Almost all the Trojans fall; only few escape.	Off hem-self kan thei no rede,		1672
	Alle ȝede to dethe that hem abode;		
	Ther were ffewe that thennes rode,		
	For thei myȝt no ferthere fle		
	To toure ne toun ne to cite.		1676
	N OW Lamedon is ded & sclayn,		
	And alle the knyȝtes on the playn		
	With-oute the toun on the wolde,		
	Ther ne was leefft nother ȝong ne olde.		1680
The Greeks then go to Troy, and kill all they meet there.	And thei of Grece ben went to Troye		
	With mery herte and mechel Ioye:		
	Alle that thei mette ther-In,		
	Thei dede to dethe, er thei wolde blyn.		1684
	Thei dwelled ther a ful ² monithe ³		
	In gode pees and in grithe,		
	Til thei hadde sought the toun aboute		
They plunder all the goods,	And robbed hit with-oute doute		1688
	Off al the good ther-Inne was,		
	Er thay wolde thennes pas.		
and carry off all the girls of gentle birth.	And alle the Maydenes that thei myght fynde,		
	That comen were of gentil kynde,		1692
	That louely were, ȝong, and free,		
	Thei ledde with hem ouer the see;		
	And helde hem there in gret seruage,		
	That were come of gret parage.		1696
	As thei of Grece the toun sought		

¹ MS. *smoȝ*. ² MS. *aful*. ³ The MS. first had *month*, a later hand [?] made *i* out of *t*, put an *e* behind the *h*, and altered this *e* to *t*; so the MS. now reads *monith*.

¶ *Ciuitas Troieanus destructus est.*

And mochel wo the Troyens wroght,	[lf. 26.]	1698	
Thei fond a fair Mayde and a curtays			In Lamedon's
In Lamedon kynges paleis,		1700	palace they
That was of wonder gret beute,			find Oxonie,
The fairest may that man myzt se :			the king's
Long, and smal, and rizth tretis			daughter.
Was that mayden schapen y-wys ;		1704	
That blisful, that swete wyght			
Dame Oxonie forsothe sche hight ;	¶ <i>Oxonia Filia</i>		
Sche was the kynges douzter Troyene ¹ ,	<i>L'. Regis.</i>		
Getyn in wedlak on the qwene.		1708	
¶ Hercules toke Oxonie,			
That kynges douzter of genterie,			She is given
And 3af here Thelaman to mede,			to Thelaman,
In-to the toun for he furst 3ede ;		1712	who first
For he was the furst man			entered the
That toke Troye, when thei it wan.			town.
So weylaway ! that sche was born !			
So fele gode men for here were lorn		1716	Woe that she
Afttirward wel many a day,			was born ! So
As 3e afttirward here may ;			many good
For bi here roos al the wo,			men lost their
That sixti thousand knyzttes and mo		1720	lives for her.
Deyed for her, and al here kyn,			From her rose
And gode Ector, here owne Cosyn,			all the woe !
And gode Troyle, and Dephebus,			
And here brother Priamus,		1724	For her rape
And Hectuba the gode qwene ² ,			died Hector,
And here douzter Pollexene ;			Troylus,
And alle that to Troye longed			Dephebus,
For hir rape the deth ther fonged.		1728	Priamus,
Thay of Grece haue robbed the toun,			Pollexene,
And brend houses & throwen hem doun ;			Hectuba.
Thay lefft right nouzt that ought was worth,			
	d ij		

¹ MS. *troyene* ; the first *e* written by later hand over line.

² This line stands *behind* the next one in MS.

	That thei ne bar hit with hem forth	[lf. 26, bk.]	1732
	To ther scheppis and her naue ;		
The Greeks sail home.	And sayled hom in sauete		
	With alle pe ¹ riche tresor of Troye,		
	And leuyd ther-on with moche Ioye,		1736
	For thai were riche for eueremore		
	The while thei on lyue wore.		
King Thelaman keeps Oxonie as his leman,	¶ But Thelaman, that worthi kyng,		
	Dame Oxonie, that lady zong,		1740
	Held alle his lyff to his leman		
	And nold her not to his spouse tan ;		
	And sche was grettere than he		
	Or alle his kyn by suche thre ;		1744
	Of her so was his lykyng ²		
	And mo also of his ofspryng ³ .		
and gets on her Ajax Thelamonyus, who after- wards worked wonders in the Trojan war.	But of here In his lechurie		
	Wan ⁴ he that knyzt of chialrie :		1748
	Ajax Thelamonyus,		
	That was so bold and vigurous,		
	Afftirward that at ¹ Troyes batayle		
	Wroght many a ¹ gret meruayle.—		1752
Thus Troy was first lost and won.	Thus was Troye formas lorn and wonne,—		
	Fille the cuppe who-so konne !		
	T Roye is downe and al to-rent		
	And lyth on the pament :		1756
The whole town is de- stroyed.	Ther nys nouzt stondende an hous		
	In al the toun to hide a mous ⁵ ,		
	That hit is ¹ downe and ouerthrowen,		
	Ther may the wynd wel colde blowen.		1760
	That tyme that this chaunce be-fel		
Priamus, Lamedon's son, was not then at home.	Priamus—that sothe to tel—		
	A noble knyzt and a ful fair,		
	That was the kynges sone & his air,		1764
	Was not at home in that contre :		

¹ Over line by later hand. ² A later hand has made many scrawl-
ings and scribbles in this and other lines on this page. ³ MS.
osspryng. ⁴ MS. *Wan*. ⁵ MS. *amous*.

¶ **Hic Priamus venit ad patriam suam.**

- | | | | |
|---|-----------|------|---|
| He was fer out of that Cite, | [lf. 27.] | 1766 | Priamus was far away, besieging rebellious liegemen in their castle. |
| A strong Castel to be-sege, | | | |
| That was holden with his men lege | | 1768 | |
| That were azeyn his fadir rebelle. | | | |
| Off these tythandes herde he telle, | | | |
| He laffte the sege that was be-gonne,— | | | |
| And elles for-sothe it hadde be wonne | | 1772 | When he hears the news of Troy's fall, he raises the siege |
| The castel certes, hadde he a-byden ; | | | |
| But he is thennes with his men ryden | | | |
| With carful herte and sore wepyng, | | | |
| Til he wiste the sothe of this thythyng. | | 1776 | |
| ¶ Toward Troye he toke the way | | | and rides towards Troye with all his men. |
| With alle his men, the next that lay ; | | | |
| Til he come ther he neuere belan. | | | |
| Than was he a sori ¹ man, | | 1780 | |
| When he saw al downe and brend, | | | He is very sorry, seeing all burnt and his friends dead. |
| And his frendes dede and schend. | | | |
| He sorwede day and nyȝth, | | | |
| Til he hadde ben a-wroken be his myȝth ; | | 1784 | |
| He leuyd euere in gret wayment, | | | |
| Til he was ney-honde yblent. | | | |
| ¶ But at the laste his wo he leffte | | | At last he resolves upon building Troy anew, and sends for masons, slaters, carpenters, &c. |
| And sayde, “ he wolde make Troye effte | | 1788 | |
| Wel stronger than it was ore, | | | |
| Widdur, lengur, and mochel more.” | | | |
| ¶ He dede seche ouer-al and sende | | | |
| Afftir Masons fre and hende, . | | 1792 | |
| Sklatteres, Masons, and Carpenter, | | | |
| And other Men of alle mister, | | | |
| That schulde be-gynne to make that werk. | | | |
| Priamus hath sette the merk, | | 1796 | |
| How long, how brod it scholde be ; | | | |
| The wryghtes haue hewen many a tre ² , | | | |
| Postes, Pileres Many and grete ; | | | |

d iij

¹ MS. *asori*.

² MS. *alre*.

They cut gray and white marble stones,	The Masons on the stones bete,— Bothe of Marbil white and gray,— To make the werk as I 3ow say : Euere was a ston ¹ of Marbil gray, And another of white, of alle that lay.	[lf. 27, bk.] 1800
and set images upon the walls.	Many an ymage ther was grauen, Wel smethe were thei alle schauen, To sette with-uten vpon the walles. On here chambres and on here halles Ther was wroght alle maner best, That was walkyng In any forest, Were koruen on the walles enviroun. Many fair hous was in that toun.	1804 1808
Many houses and palaces are built.	M Any worthi paleys and heye Ymade ² was ther of Masonrye. Sithen god made first the werld, Off suche on haue 3e not herd That was so ³ mechel of strengthe : Hit was thre dayes iornes of lengthe, And as moche it was of brede— As men doth on boke rede.	1812 1816
The town is three days' journey long, and as broad.	Suche a toun ⁴ was neuere 3it non, Ne neuere schal be—by god alon !— As longe as this world schal stande, In cristendome ne in hethen lande ⁵ .	1820 1824
The walls are three hundred feet high.	The wal fro the ground streygthe Were thre hundred fete on heygthe ; The lowest cote with-Inne the close, That was werst and lest of lose,— Sicurly as ⁶ say alle men,—	1828
The lowest cote is	Was foure-score fete of heygthe and ten. With-oute the toun is mad a dike, Ther was neuere toun that hadde it like ! Hit was diked down plum,	1832
fourscore and ten feet high.		

¹ MS. *aston*.² MS. *ymade*.³ By another hand over line.⁴ MS. *atoun*.⁵ MS. *hande*.⁶ *I* erased after *as* in MS.

That no man myȝth ther-ouer com.	[lf. 28.]	1834	
And ȝit he dede a paleis make			Priamus has a palace built for himself,
With-oute the diche, of many a stake,		1836	
That no man schulde the diche come to			
Ne no harm to the toun do.			
Afftir thanne so dede he make			
A paleis for his owne sake,		1840	
And a rennand ¹ fair reuer.			
But I wol not ther-of speke here,			
For afftirward schal ȝe here and see,			which I shall describe afterwards.
How [was] that werk of gret noble.		1844	
P riamus is lord and kyng—			Priamus is king of Troy and other countries.
Afftir Lamedons endyng—			
Off Troie and many fair Cite			
And of many other riche contre.		1848	
He hadde a lady to his wyff,			
Hectuba, that louely lyff;			His wife is called Hectuba.
On here gat he children fyue,			They have five sons.
The douȝtiest men that were on lyue.		1852	
¶ Gode Ector the furst hyght;	¶ Ector.		
God made neuere a beter ² knyȝt			
Off douȝtinesse and of chiualrie			
In cristendome ne in paynie.		1856	
The secunde brother het Paris,	¶ Paris.		
The fairest knyȝt that lyued ywis.			
The thridde name was Dephebus,	¶ Dephebus.		
A doughti knyȝt and vertuus;		1860	
He was wys to ȝeue consayl			
Off alle that euere fel to batayl.			
The fourthe hight Elenus;	¶ Elenus.		
The ȝongest doughti Troylus,	¶ Troylus.	1864	
A doughtier man than he was on			
Off hem alle was neuere non,—			
Saue Ector, that was his brother,	d iiij		

¹ MS. *arennand*.

² MS. *abeter*.

Elenus was the wisest knight on earth.

That neuere was gotten suche another, [lf. 28, bk.] 1868
 And Elenus, that was the fourthe,
 The wisest knyȝth a-boue erthe :
 Off alle science of Clergye,
 Retorike, and astronomye, 1872
 He was forsothe a wis man¹,
 Off alle science that any clerk can.

Priamus and Hectuba have also three daughters : Clusa, the wife of Eneas, who afterwards betrayed Troy. Woe on him!

¶ Off Hectuba also gete he
 Gentyll ladyes doughtres thre : 1876
 The eldest, Clusa, weddid was ¶ Clusa².
 Vnto that traytour Eneas³,
 That afftirward trayed Troye ;
 God ȝeue him sorwe and neuere Ioye ! 1880

The second one, Cassandra, was wise and witty.

¶ The secunde was of mechel pris,
 A witti womman and a wys ;
 Sche couthe alle the seuene science,
 Men dede here gret reuerence 1884
 For here wit and here konnyng ;
 Cassandre thei called that may ȝyng. ¶ Cassandre².
 The thrydde was comely on to sene ;
 Men clepid here dame Pollexene ; ¶ Pollexene². 1888
 Ther lyued non so fair a wyght
 In al this world to mannes syght ;
 Ther fayled no vertu In here body,
 Saue that god made here dedly. 1892

He got thirty other sons on other women.

And ȝit gat he on other wymmen
 Thritti other doughti men,
 That were euere gode knyghtes and sekir,
 Bold and strong in eche bekir. 1896

*Consilium inter Troyanos ad pugnandum*⁴.

Troy being rebuilt, Priamus resolves to hold a festival.

WHen Troye was wrought to the ende,
 Priamus thoght In his a-tende,
 That he wolde make a gret feste
 With alle burgeis moste and leste : 1900

¹ MS. *wisman*. ² On the left side in MS.
Eueas throughout, cf. also ll. 5521, 7645, 7648, &c.
 red paint.

³ The MS. has
⁴ This line in

- The day is set, the feste is made; [lf. 29.] 1901
 When thei hadde eten and were glade,
 ¶ Priamus spak to hem an hey,
 With sykyng herte and heuy— 1904
 He seyde: 'lordynges 3e ben here alle!
 The moste partie to me schal falle,
 And we haue set a-3eyn oure toun
 That thei of Grece hadde cast a-doun; 1908
 Thei haue don schame and vilonye
 To me and to alle my progenye,
 And to 3ow, gode men, also:
 What schame my3th thei vs more do 1912
 Then sle oure kyng In oure lond,
 And bere away alle that thei fond,
 And robbe¹ oure toun and brenne,
 And ledé a-way wymmen and men, 1916
 And holde hem there In foule bondage
 That we held here of gret parage?
 That was—lo—a foule² meschaunce!
 It were now tyme to take vengauce 1920
 That haue now oure frendes schent
 And vs brought now in gret torment.
 For we haue now a Cite strong,
 Wide, brode, and wonder long, 1924
 To herbare men with-oute mesure.
 For thei may not a-3eyns vs dure,
 In oure owne lond to do vs dere—
 Nought the value of a pere! 1928
 For we haue frendes gret plente,
 That ben alied to 3ow and me,
 That schal ben to vs in mayntenaunce
 With alle her men and lyaunce, 1932
 And we ben riche and haue tresoure,
 Siluer and gold with-oute mesure,

After the dinner, Priamus reminds his citizens of the shame the Greeks have done them.

'Now is the time,' he says, 'to take revenge on these Greeks, as we have a strong town, one large enough to harbour numberless people;

we have many friends, and we are very rich.

¹ MS. *roble*, cf. 2675.

² MS. *afoule*.

	To make of vitayles purueaunce	[lf. 29, bk.]	1935
	To oure allerȝ sustenaunce.		1936
	ȝe wot wele, that alle Assye		
	Is vnder me, the moste partye ;		
	Wherfore me thenke : by resoun and skyl		
	We may vs venge, if that we wyl.		1940
But, as nobody can foreknow the end of a war,	But for batayles ben euere in doute,		
	And er that it be brougt aboute,		
	No man wote who schapis the better,		
I advise that we urge the Greeks by a messenger to make amends.	I rede that we sende oure letter		1944
	Or elles Message by som lordyng		
	To hem of Grece that dide this thyng,		
	To make a-mendes of thaire trespass		
	That thei vs dede In this plas,		1948
	Off that thei brende and doun threwe		
	That we haue made a-ȝeyn newe,		
	And that thei robbed so oure lond		
	And sclow oure frendes with here hond.		1952
If they will not do so, but will send back my sister,	¶ And ȝif thei nyl amendes make,		
	Ne do so mochel for oure sake		
	With any other amende,		
	My sustir home that thei sende		1956
	That thei holde ther in hordome,		
	Me to vylany and to schome,—		
	ȝit scholde we thole her errour		
	That thei haue don to vs & our,		1960
we will be content.'	That ther be no more ado		
	Be-twene hem & vs, if thei do so.		
	And thus me thinke we may sum-dele		
	Agayn men be excused wele.'		1964
All agree, but think their envoy must be a very clever man.	¶ Alle that euere sat and stode,		
	Saide, "his consail was gode ;"		
	But thei seide, "it most be		
	A witti man to passe the sec,		1968

That on this Message schuld go, [lf. 30.] 1969
 That thei for wratthe dede him not sco."
 The wisest man that thei had
 Was Antenor; the kyng him bad 1972 Priamus bids
 That he schulde on that erande wende, Antenor, then
 To wete of hem alle the ende. the wisest
 man, to do the
 message.

¶ Antenor dede the kynges byddyng :
 He dyght his schip with-oute dwellyng 1976
 And spedde him faste on his viage,
 To do ¹ the kynges gret message ². Antenor sails
 to Thessaly.
 So longe he sayled day and nyght,
 To Thesalye he come right, 1980
 Ther Pelleus kyng dwelled than
 With Many a lord and many a worthi ³ man.

¶ *Hic Rex Troiani misit nuncium ad Regem
 Grecorum ⁴.*

ANtenor on londe is lyght,
 Wel arayed and semely dyght; 1984
 To Pelleus kyng he is now went
 And salued him faire verament.
 And he ȝede faire to his gretying
 And asked of him, "what tithying, 1988 King Pelleus
 asks the
 Trojan for the
 reasons of his
 coming
 Whennes he come, and what he was,
 And what made him the see to pas
 In-to contrays, and what he soughte?"
 And bad that he schulde gabbe noughte. 1992
 ¶ Antenor saide: 'sir, by the rode!
 To telle the sothe so me be-houede.
 I schal ȝow telle ffor no Latyn,
 Off I schal therfore be sclayn— 1996
 For I am sworn be myn othe,
 To say the sothe for leeff or lothe:
 ¶ I come on Message fro the kyng of Troye
 To ȝow, sir kyng,—so haue I ioye! 2000 I come from
 the Trojan
 king to you,

¹ MS. *To to do.* ² MS. *gret me message.*

³ MS. *aworthi.*

⁴ These two lines in red paint.

	The kyng of Troye to 3ow me sende	[lf. 30, bk.]	2001
to ask you whether you will make amends for the robbery, and	And asketh, whether 3e wol amende ¹		
	The harme, the schame, the vylony,		
	The Mansclaughter and the robbery		2004
	Off his fedir that he selow		

and Off his fadir that ȝe sclow,
 And of good that ȝe fro him drow,
 And of his sustir Oxonie.

That ye haue here In youre balve 2008

And make that ladi an hore to be

That is gentelour, then 3e or he
That holdes hir here on suche a manere²?

send back his Sendes him home his sustir dere, 2012

sister Oxonie;
then he will And 3it wol he alle other trespas

For-reue, when he hir at home has.

And he in gwyete and in pees.

And his fader deth release

And alle the good that ye haue of his

That no contake be-twene now ris'

V
2020

 Pelleus grows
 very angry
 with Priamus,
 and says to
 Antenor :

When Pelleus kyng had herd this,
 He was angered for-sothe y-wys,
 With Priamus was he ful wroth ;

With Priamus was he ful wroth :

Fro Antenor a litel he goth.

His mautalent to refrayne

That dede his herte mochel payne

For vilens wordes of Priamus.

To Antenor thanne seyde he thus :

' Priamus is He seyde, " he nolde zeue a fecche,

a wretch, He holdes him certes but a wrecche"—

' And thow that hast these tythynges brouzt :

and you, if you By him that al this world hath wrouzt!

But thou go with-oute dwellynge,

In despite of thi lord thi kynge

I schal do the to vyle dethe

With-oute consayle or other rede!’

¹ In the MS, line 2001 *after* l. 2002 !

² MS. *amanere*.

- ¶ Antenor for ferd schoke, [lf. 31.] 2035 Antenor takes
With-oute leue his way he toke 2036 his departure
Toward his schip wonder faste without leave,
And sayled forth, til he were paste
Out of his lond in-to the see
Fer fro him In his contre. 2040
And sayled forth in his way
Many a myȝth and many a day,
Til he were comen to Salenne;
A fair Cite ther was thenne, 2044 and sails to
Ther Thelaman dwelled In Thelanne, where
That pat Mayden held in syn. Thelaman
holds Oxonie
for his
leman.
- ¶ When Antenor herde that tythand,
That Theleman was kyng of that land, 2048
Out of his schip to him he soughte;
And asked, "whether he wolde oughte
With him that he aftir spired?"
With the Troye[n]s was he a-greued, 2052
For he wiste wel, if that thei myȝth,
Thei wolde him reue the worthi wyȝth.
- ¶ Antenor sayde: 'sir, herkenes now!
The kyng of Troye send me to ȝow. 2056 Antenor de-
And bad ȝow for ȝoure curtesye mands
Sende him home dame Oxonye,
Out of his lond that ȝe haue led,
That neuere wolde that lady wed, 2060
But holde hir with ȝow here
As an hore and hores fere,
That is come of more honour
Than ȝe, sir kyng, and alle ȝour. 2064
And ȝif ȝe wole this so do,
In pees may ȝe for him be so.'
- T**helaman stode & these wordes herde,
He swore by him that made this werlde: 2068

But Thelaman threatens him,	" Out of his lond but if he hied, If he ther-Inne myght be spyed, He wolde him brynge In-to foule endyng For Priamus loue, that fals kyng;—"	[lf. 31, bk.] 2069 2072
abuses Priamus and his folk,	' But say thi kyng, that me meruayles— That nyse Cokard—what him ayles, Off loue or pees to praye me,— And ¹ alle hise, him, and the, And alle that ben 3ow toward ;	2076
and swears that they can only win Oxonie by the sword, as he won her before Troy.	But say, that I make forward : He schal neuere haue that blisful birde, But he hir wyne with dynt of swerde ; [I] wan that lady Oxonye At Troyes toun with Chiualrie. Say thi kyng: " be no wayes I wol not do that he me prayes." But hye the faste out of my lond, Or thow schalt deye with myn hond ! '	2080 2084
Antenor is threatened away by Thelaman,	A ntenor a-wey him spedde, Off Thelaman was he a-dredde ; To his schip wel faste he 3ede And sayled forth with gret spede, Til he come to Acayas ;	2088
and sails to Acayas (Achaia), where Castor and Pollux live.	A worthi Cite thanne ther was, Ther Castor dwelled and kyng Pollus. When Antenor herde telle thus, That these bretheren bothe were In the toun to-gedur there, He come to hem and tolde his tale By-fore hem bothe in the sale.	2092 2096
When these hear his message, they grow angry, and Castor bids Antenor	But sicurly the kynges bothe, When thei herde him speke, thei were wrothe ; In gret wratthe spak Castor To the knyght sir Antenor,	2100

¹ MS. *That*.

And bad him sese of his spekyng,—	[lf. 32.]	2103	cease his speaking.
"Or he schulde deye, be heuene kyng!"		2104	
¶ He seyde: 'falawe, what-so thow art—			
He that made the come hidirward,			Castor abuses Priamus,
I holde him a nyse ¹ cokard,			
I wot no man of him a-ferd;		2108	
A nyse ¹ Iauel is he that the sendis,			
That we schal make him amendis			
Off alle thinges that is ydon,			
Or sende him hom his suster son.		2112	
¶ What wrecche is he that biddis vs thus,			
When we hate him and he hates vs?			
Vs is leuere werre than pees;			
We wol not, that he relees		2116	
His fader dethe ne no-thing elles,—			
As thow thi message here vs telles—			
For we dede his sire neuere suche schame,			
That we ne schal do to him the same!		2120	
Other amendis wil we not make;			
But In his dispite and for his sake			
We schul do the to dethe vyle,			and threatens to kill his messenger, Antenor.
Iff thow dwelle here any while!'		2124	
A Ntenor for wratthe wex al pale,			Hence too Antenor steals away without taking leave.
Wtih-oute leue a-way he stale,			
As faste as he my ³ th skippe;			
He toke the way to his schippe		2128	
And sayled a-way to the see,			
For ther durst he no lenger bee.			
To wende for-sothe to ende his nedis,			
To Pilon faste the knyght him spedis;		2132	He sails to Pilon, and tells Nestor his message.
Ther duk Nestor the knyght be-held,			
And his erand as-tyde he told.			
Duk Nestor was ful of wratthe and ire			
Toward Antenor, that proudely sire,		2136	

¹ MS. *any. e.*

64 *Nestor also rejects the Demand of Antenor, who then returns to Troy.*

	That for tene chaunged alle his hewe : [lf. 32, bk.]	2137
Nestor changes colour,	He wex ȝolow, bloo, and blewe. Antenor sees his colour meued, That he come there ful sore him rewed ;	2140
	He hoped neuere thenne to wende With-outen deth and schamely ende.	
and says : 'How can you be so bold as to speak thus in my presence? If I were not a free and noble man, you should not pass from me alive.	Nestor sayde : 'thow seruauunt lythur, How artow so bold these wordes wethur To speke hem here in my presence, In my wratthe and myn offence ? Certes ! ne were my genterye, My fredom, and my curtesye,	2144 2148
	Thow scholdest not passe fro me on lyue : That I schulde thi chekis on-sundir dryue, Or I scholde In ȝoure kynges dispit Thi bodi with hors to-drawe hit	2152
Hie you fast away, or you shall die !'	Thorow-out my lond, and take vengeaunce Off thi proude wordis and contenaunce. But hye the faste of my sight, Or—here my trowthe I the plight !—	2156
	Thow schalt deye with mechel pyne, If thow dwelle longe in lond myne !'	
Antenor steals away, afraid of his life,	Antenor stale away fro him, He dredde to lese bothe lyff and lym ;	2160
	He stale to schipe and sayled a-way, For he dredde Nestor ay.	
and sails to Troy,	He sayled forthe on his iornay, Til he come to Troie contray ;	2164
where they are very glad of his return,	Ther he foud manye on glade, For his come gret Ioye thei made.	
	A ntenor is comen to Troye, Off his comyng thei made Ioye, Al that lond and that Cite. To Priamus as-tyde went he	2168

And told

¶ *Hic Rex Troianorum iratus est.*

- And told "what answere that he hadde, [lf. 33.] 2171 Antenor tells
 And how the lordis alle him badde 2172 the Trojans of
 Out of here lond that he schulde ffele, the answers he
 Or he scholde honge on a tre¹, received.
 Or al to-drawe him lym fro lym
 In dispite forsothe of hym;" 2176
 'For thei seyde alle by on sawe,
 Thei tolde right nauzt of thyn awe,
 For of thi loue kepe thei nought;
 Thi wratthe echon thay sette at nought. 2180
 And thi sustir most be bought
 Wyth dynt of swerd, or thouw getest hir nought.'
- W**Hen Priamus this vndir-stode,
 Wel coldful tho was his blode, 2184 They make
 Gret sorwe in his herte made, Priamus full of
 Ther myght no man that day him glade. sorrow.
 Then was the kyng bothe wan and pale
 And sat doun stille In the sale; 2188
 He was an-angred and greved,
 That Antenor was so repreued
 On his message a-monges the Grues;
 That he come ther, wel sore him rewes, 2192
 And that thei set by him so lyght;
 He thought be wreken, if he myght,
 Off here enel dedis and answeres, 2196 He thinks of
 And so he wol, and so he sweres. revenge, and
 Anon he dede afftir sende sends for the
 The grete of Troye that were hende, lords of Troy.
 And spake thus to alle that wore
 Comen then to-gedir thore; 2200
 He seide: 'lordynges, 3e wot wel alle,
 That ben now sembled² In this halle,
 I sente message—as 3e me consayled,
 Ful wele I wende hit wolde awayled— 2204

e j

¹ MS. *atre*.² MS. *semblent*.

to the Greek kings, who slew my father Lamedon :	To the kynges and lordes of Grece, [If. 33, bk.] 2205 That robbed 3ow and this contrece, That Lamadon, my fader, sclow, And 3oure kynrade to hem drow : 2208
demanding that they should make amends,	If thei wolde amendes make For curtesye and for oure sake, That we myght In pes be so, That ther were no more a-do ; 2212 Or if thei wold hit not amende,
or send back my sister.	That thei wolde my sustir sende, And I and 3e wold be In pes, And alle oure harmes make reles. 2216
But Antenor has come back, and you all know his news and answers :	But Antenor, 3oure Messenger, Is come home, as 3e se her ; 3e haue alle herd of his tythynges, And what answer fro hem he brynges : 2220
The Grecks are not afraid of us, and will not send back my sister.	Thei say thei haue cf vs no drede, Thei wol non amendes bede ; Ne my sustir—the sothe to say— Fro hem wol thei not sende a-way, 2224 But holde hir there in feble herues In my dispite and my repreues.
Now all people will wonder, why we don't take revenge on those who thus abuse us.	Now schal alle men on vs wondur, If we so foule schal be put vndur, 2228 That we no-wyse dar take vengauunce Off hem that dede vs this greuaunce, But sendes vs word : “ that hem liketh wele Of that thei dede eche a dele ¹ , 2232 And that thei greued vs neuere so sore, That thei wole greue vs more.” Wolde it neuere god, that it were so Al that thei say thai myght do ! 2236
And as I think we are stronger than they,	For I holde vs now—be my fay !— Better and strengre than thay,

¹ MS. *adele*.

- And we ben wel kynned and fyn, [lf. 34.] 2239
 And haue a toun¹ wil vs tyn. 2240 and have
 ¶ Wherfore, lordes, me thynketh: gode wore a strong town,
 That we sone strengthe kyd hem thore, we had better
 That vs so foule hath reuyled. show our
 I wolde, that thei were be-gyled, 2244 strength at
 As thei dede vs here of this toun, once,
 Whan thei brende hit & kest it down.
 I wold, we sente ouer the see
 Men of Armes gret plente, 2248 send a great
 That myght haue ryued vn-warned thore army over the
 On some of hem, or thay were wore, sea,
 And slee and robbe, brenne and reue to slay the
 Alle that thei founde, and no-thing leue; 2252 Greeks,
 Or if thei myght som ladi wyne, and carry off
 That comen were of gentil kynne, some gentle-
 That we may holde in oure baylie woman.
 In-stede of dame Oxonye. 2256
 ¶ The lordes ros vp alle that there ware, The lords
 An[d] seide trewely: "thei wold not spare agree, and
 Body ne good ne non other thyng, promise their
 But al schulde be at his byddying, 2260 help,
 His comaundement and his wille
 And of his fomen to fulfille."
 ¶ Then was Priamus wondur blythe, Priamus
 And thonked hem an hundred sythe. 2264 thanks them,
 Thai toke here leue hom to go, and they take
 And toke hem leue on goddis half tho; their leave.
 And bad hem thenke on alle thyng
 To be euere redi at his sendyng. 2268
 Alle the lordes ben home gone;
 A Priamus is left al alone,
 Saue his children and his meyne
 Off that contre that were pryue. e ij 2272
 The king is
 left alone with
 his children.

¹ MS. *atoun*.

¶ *Consilium inter Regem Troianum et Filios suos.*

Priamus	He is anoyed and al agrised,	[lf. 34, bk.]	2273
	That thay of Grece him so dispised ;		
weeps, and reminds his children anew of the evil deeds of the Greeks.	The water brast out at his eyue, So hadde his herte mochel pyne.		2276
	He saw his children that were him by, And spak to hem thus al an hy ;		
	He sais : ‘ lordynges, be ȝe ought, What schame these Grues haue vs wrought !		2280
	How thei sclow ȝoure gode aȝel ! And ȝet ben thei of herte so fel,		
	That thai ȝoure aunte foule fro ȝow holde In hordam certes, as vs is tolde,		2284
	In schame of ȝoures and gret dispite. Me thynketh ther-of, that with alle ȝoure myȝte,		
He exhorts them to revenge their grandfather's murder,	Whil ȝe are ȝonge at ȝoure begynnyng, That ȝe sette ther-on alle ȝoure konnyng :		2288
	Off hem, that were my [fader] bane And haue my suster fro me tane,		
	To venge ȝow, ȝif that ȝe mowe ; For litel prise sette thai be ȝowe.		2292
and bids Hector, his oldest son, especially, to take the charge of the war wholly in hand,	A Nd thow, Ector, myn eldest sone, On my blessing and on my benysone, Take this charge holly on the, I praye the for the loue of me !		2296
	For I am fer passed in elde, That I may not my-selff welde, And thow art hardi, strong, & bolde Be-fore alle men, and most of tolde ;		2300
	Thow passes alle men of strengthe & myght, Men knowen nowher so hardy a knyght. That arn vnbuxom, sterne, and stought ¹ , Thow makest hem fayn to the to lought ¹ ;		2304
	Thi bretheren alle In hardinesse Thow passes hem In doughtinesse.		

¹ MS. *stought* for ‘stout’ and *lought* for ‘lout.’ These forms show that, to the scribe, *gh* was not guttural.

I make the ther-fore lord and sire	[lf. 35.]	2307	to be the
Off alle my lond and myn Empire		2308	leader of all
And also of thi brotheres alle			the princes,
And alle that euere vnto vs falle ;			knights, dukes
Prynce, knyzt, duke, and kyng,			and kings,
Alle schal be at thi byddyng.		2312	
And take this thyng on the be-dene,			and to under-
For I make me here-of alle clene			take it at once.
And take hit the here In thyn hond ;			
For strengre than I thow art to fond		2316	
Suche lordschepe to vndirtake.			
Say not nay, sone, for my sake !'			
E ctor sayde : ' be god almyght !			Hector
I am most holden by skyl and right		2320	answers : ' I
To venge the dethe of myn azel			am the best
In stoures stiffe and strong batayle,			to take
For I am eldest—as 3e haue told—			revenge for
Off alle my bretheren 3ong and old ;		2324	my grand-
Therefore schulde I be resoun be best			father's death,
And al my wit ther-to kest.			as I am the
But on thyng, fader, I pray 3ow, dere,			eldest of my
That 3e wolde now me here		2328	brothers.
And haue it in gode memorie :			
That 3e be wele a-vysed and selye,			But what end
What ende 3e hope hit wol come to.			will this
For if it be bygunnen so		2332	undertaking
And it come to no good ende,			have ?
Then be we schent and alle oure frende.			If it comes to
And schal haue a schame ¹ ther-by			a bad end, we
With-uten ende and vilony.		2336	shall be the
I haue herd say and red in boke,			more dis-
That a wis man ² schal not loke			graced,
Afftir a thing that is atte begynnyng,			
But euere-more afftir the endyng ;	e iij	2340	

¹ MS. *aschame*.

² MS. *wisman*.

	For many thynges begynnes wele	[lf. 35, bk.]	2341
	And in the ende fares amys euery dele.		
All Africa and Europe belong to the Greeks; they are a great deal richer and stronger than we.	Wyte 3e not, that alle Aufrik And al Europe euery stik		2344
	Is vndirput to hem of Grece?		
	How riche thei ben of rentes and fece?		
	And how the lond is ful of knyghtes		
	That doughti ben and strong of fyghtes?		2348
	Thay ben richer for-sothe then we, And mo als by thousandis thre!		
Oxonie is old, and not worth shedding our blood for. Therefore give up your intent!	For Oxonye is not so good, That 3e, fader, and alle oure blood		2352
	For hir scholde to vile deth be brouzt; Here ramsoun were to dere bouzt.		
	Sche may deye with-Inne a throwe, And sche is old—alle men knowe;—		2356
	Leue therfore that 3e haue thoght, That 3e ne turne 3oure wil to noght!		
Don't think that I say so for cowardice.	Ne thenk not, fader,—I 3ow pray— That I thes wordes vnto 3ow say		2360
	For drede of herte ne cowardyse!		
By God and St. Dionys! I only think of your honour,	By god of my myzt and seynt Denyse! But for I wold, thorow prosperite		
	3oure gret worschepe and dignite		2364
	Lasted euere In reste and pes, And that 3oure honour schulde neuere sese.		
for I fear we shall lose our good name in such a war.'	¶ But certes, fadur, I me drede, If 3e folylly this werre lede,		2368
	That 3e begynne a newe debate; 3e schal lese for euere-more oure state		
	And oure worschepe and oure name, And wyne vs schenschepe and schame.'		2372
	P aris sat and held his pes; He herkenes al that Ector seys.		

- Whan he saw Ector sitte in pes, [lf. 36.] 2375
 Paris ros vp fro the des 2376
 And spak on hye, herande hem alle
 That stode or sat In that halle ;
 He seyth : ' my lord, er 3e wende,
 I schal 3ow telle of a good ende 2380
 That we schal haue of oure batayle,
 If we the Grues wol assayle.
 How scholde we by skyl be a-ferd ?
 Suche a toun is non [on] mydlerd, 2384
 As is this toun is nowher non ;
 Ther is no man with fleche ne bon,
 That in oure toun may vs confounde ;
 It is so strong of walle and grounde. 2388
 Sende 3oure men and 3oure naue
 Boldely, sir, ouer the see !
 And als god 3ow mote amende,
 Loke that 3e me with hem sende ; 2392
 For I wot wel : it is my chaunce
 To do the Gregeys gret greuaunce,
 And oute of Grece to 3ow brynge
 A gentil lady fair and 3ynge, 2396
 That is comen of gentil blode,
 As fair and as gode
 And as gret of genterye
 As 3oure suster Oxonye. 2400
 And if 3e aske how I wot this,
 I schal 3ow telle—so haue I blis :—
 ¶ The noble god Mercurius
 In my slepyng he told me thus ; 2404
 How, and wenne, and in what wyse,—
 I schal 3ow telle, or 3e aryse.
 ¶ This endir day, whan I was sent
 At 3oure bidding and comaundement e iiii 2408

After Hector's
speech, Paris
rises and says :

' I foretell a
good end of
our battle, if
we assail the
Greeks.
No such town
as ours is
elsewhere on
earth.

Send our army
and navy
boldly over the
sea !

And send me
with them, for
it is my
chance to do
the Greeks
much harm,
and to bring
from Greece
a gentle, fair
young lady.

Mercurius told
me this in my
sleep ; ✓

¶ **Hic Paris Filius Regis Troiani narravit patri suo de sompno suo.**

When I was hunting in Little India,	To the lond of lytel Inde, I þede to hunte the ¹ hert & hynde. Whan I was comen to the forest,	[lf. 36, bk.] 2409
I found no deer till the afternoon.	Off al that day fond I no best, Til it was passed ouer the none. By him that sittes in trone!	2412
Then I was aware of a fair great hart;	Then was I war of a gret hert, Fair, and gret, and ful smert, That þede on land and was to leyne; Then was I glad and wondur fayne,	2416
I followed him till night, and then lost sight of him.	I folwed him, til hit was nyght, And til of him I loste the syght Thorow derknesse of the leues That growed vpon the greues. I was weri of hunted & chased, So hadde I that proude hert trased; My hors forsothe was ondeles For rennyng and for werines; My felawes hadde I alle lorn, That tyme with me was no wyght born.	2420 2424
After having lain down and fallen asleep,	I layd me doun vpon the playn And tyed myn hors be the rayn; Whan I was leyd, er I toke kepe For werinesse I fel on slepe. As I lay on my slepyng,	2428
methought I saw a bright god bring to me three fair goddesses;	Me thought I saw a wondir thyng: I saw a god ² bryghter then the glemyng Come to me in my dremyng, And in his hond brouzt goddis thre, And alle were faire on to se. That on goddess of the thre was	2432
Pallas,	—As he me sayde—goddesse Pallas; The secunde was also	2436
Juno,	A louely lady, dame Iuno;	2440

¹ MS. *to the*.

² MS. *agod*.

The thridde goddesse was dame Venus	[lf. 37.]	2443	and Venus.
That come with god Mercurius.		2444	
Mercurius sayde : "loke vp, Paris,			Mercurius
So haue thow Ioye In erthe or blis!			bade me
By-holde Right wel these thre goddesse,			behold them
For thei ben alle in gret distresse.		2448	well, as they
For a stryff is be-twene hem raysed;			were in great
But thorow the it schal be pesed,			distress, a
For pei haue put hem in thi dome.			strife having
Loke therefore, thow 3yue gode gome,		2452	risen between
That thow 3eue now rightful Iugement			them which
Afftir thi sight and thin entent.			must be
T Hese thre goddesse this endur day			decided by me.
Sat at the feste of gret noblay;		2456	To these three
An Appul was to hem ybrought,			was brought
A wondur fair and qweyntly wroght.			a golden apple
That appul is with-oute doute			
With lettres of gold wreten aboute :		2460	
That it scholde trewly 3euen be			
To the fairest of the thre.			"for the
Iff that thow wol so moche do			fairest."
That thow 3eue it dame Iuno,		2464	
So worthi a man In al this world			'If you give it
Is non leuyng—as man has herd,—			to Juno,' said
As sche trewly schal the make			the god, 'she'll
For that semely appul sake.		2468	make you the
And if thow 3eue it goddes Pallas,			worthiest man
Sche schal the 3eue, or thow pas,			on earth ;
Wit, and wisdam schaltow haue			if to Pallas,
More than thow woldest craue.		2472	she'll give you
And 3if thow 3eue it to dame Venus,			more wit and
Sche bad, I scholde telle the thus :			wisdom than
The fairest wiff that is in Grece			you crave ;
To thi merite therfore sche bese.		2476	if to Venus,
			she'll give you
			the fairest wife
			in Grece.

74 *Paris gives the Apple to Venus, who promises him the fairest Wife.*

	Now loke wele, how thow demes,	[lf. 37, bk.] 2477.
	Whiche of these best besemes."	
I looked at them for a long time, and saw them all naked.	I vysed longe these ladyes thre, Me thoghte hem alle of gret beute; But I saw hem alle In suche a poynt, That thei were naked In ilke a Ioynt; Thei seyde: thai nolde not for me spare; Thei stode be-fore me naked and bare.	2480 2484
Venus seemed to me to be the fairest; and I gave her the apple. She promised me the fairest wife of Greece.	¶ To me Venus the fairest semed, For-whi to hir the appul I demed; And sche ther-of was fayn y-now And smoterly on me sche low, And hight me, or sche fro me zede, That I scholde haue to my mede The fairest wyff of Grece land In my bandoun ¹ and In my band. And I am ther-of sekir and trayst, That 3e no-thing be ther-of a-baist To lete me pas the Greckis see; For it is certes my destanee To harme Gregeys & greue hem sore, When I am come to hem thore; For 3e wot wele, and I wot als, That goddis behest is not ffals. When he hadde seyde, he spak no more, But sette him doun as he sat ore.	2488 2492 2496 2500
So you may let me pass the Greek sea. I shall do them much harm, for the gods do not lie.'		
Then Dephebus says: 'If men know beforehand that an under- taking would go amiss, nobody would begin anything at all.	B Vt sir Dephebus ros vp than, And his reson thus be-gan And seide: 'lordynges, if it were so, Off eche a thyng that men schulde do, If thei caste that noght be-falle, Nis no man ² of vs nowher, bonde ne thralle, That any-thing scholde be-gynne, fro drede That he scholde fayle or euel spede.	2504 2508

¹ MS. *landoun*.

² MS. *noman*.

¶ *Adhuc consilium inter Regem Troianum et Filios suos.*

- But dyght 3oure schippes and 3oure meyne, [lf. 38.] 2511
 And sende Paris with hem and me ; 2512 Therefore send
 And if it be so that we may wyne Paris and me
 Any lady of gentil kynne, with ships ;
 Thei schal be glad a chaunge ¹ to make and if we win
 And qwrite 3oure suster for hir sake. any noble
 And so may we our chalange werke, lady, the
 For alle men schame now of vs speke.' 2516 Greeks will be
 glad to give
 Elenus, the brother fourthe, back your
 Ros and stood vpon the erthe sister for her
 And seyde : ' fader, loke 3e be war, sake.'
 And alle that in this paleis ar !
 3e wot wele alle, I haue ben ay
 Lered wele and can sothe say
 Off euery a thyng that is to come ;
 And that wot 3e bothe alle. and some,
 That I seide neuere 3it prophecie,
 That it ne was sothe with-oute lye. 2528
 ¶ And I telle 3ow that ben here,
 And namely 3ow, my fader dere,
 That, if 3e sende my brother Paris
 To the lond of Grece y-wis
 To Robbe, to reue, or harme to do,
 Alle we schal dye, and 3e also,
 And my Moder, 3oure wyff, the qwene,
 And alle 3oure sones, and Pollexene ;
 And al this toun schal turne to nauzt,
 If 3e fulfille that 3e haue thouzt :
 For sikurly hit schal be brent,
 I-throwen down, and al to-rent.' 2540
 When Elenus hadde told his tale,
 The kyng fro drede gan wexe pale,
 Off his wordes was he a-ferd sore,
 And so were alle that there wore. 2544
 The king is
 afraid of these
 words, and so
 are all the
 others.

¹ MS. *achunge*.

His wordes thenne alle gon a-ferè, [lf. 38, bk.] 2545
 For thei wiste wele he lyed neuere;
 Ther was no man In that paleis
 Amonges hem alle ther o word seys; 2548
 But sat alle stille euerychon,
 As who hadde schauen hem a croun¹.
 Troilus starts
 up and says : **T**roilus saw, thei sat al stille;
 That knyght thoght ther-at ille, 2552
 Vpon his feet he start vp blyue
 And seide : ' lordynges, so mote 3e thryue !
 ' What ails
 you, lords ? What may this be that 3ow now ayles ?
 For a caytiff herte ffayles, 2556
 Haue 3e ther-of alle suche wondur ?
 You will not
 find a feebler
 heart than
 his ; Off men sought amonges a hundur,
 A ffebler herte schulde 3e not ffynde
 Thow 3e sought henne in-to Inde ; 2560
 3e 3eues him alle to clergie, .
 For he is ferd of Chiualrie.
 let him go to
 the temple and
 become
 a priest ! Lete him go, if he be aferd,
 To the temple, and schauē his berd, 2564
 And helpe the Clerkes belles to ryngē,
 And make him a prest² a masse³ to synge !
 And let those
 who shame to
 be cowards, go
 to take
 vengeance, And that haue schame and drede
 Off vilonye that men him bede, 2568
 Lete him go venge here mortel foos,
 And fle reproues and wyn hem loos !
 A fool is he
 who thinks
 that men
 know what is
 to come. He is a fole⁴ that wolde trowe,
 That any man on erthe knowe 2572
 Off thing that is to come the sothe,
 For suche is non, with-outen othe !
 For chiualry wel sore he hates,
 He wol neuere-more were yren plates. 2576
 Wherfore, sir kyng, are 3e frayed
 And of his wordes euel payed ?

¹ MS. *acroun*.² MS. *aprest*.³ MS. *amasse*.⁴ MS. *afole*.

¶ *Hic concordati sunt de consilio eorum.*

- Dightes 3oure schipes and sende 3oure men [lf. 39.] 2579 Prepare your
To gret Grece by thousandes and ten, 2580 ships, and
And venge 3ow on 3oure enemys, send your men
And turne 3oure schame to lose and pris! to Grece, to
When he hadde sayd, he sat him down, take revenge.'
- And alle that were of that toun 2584
Blessed him for his manhede All approve,
And seide: "he was wise and good of rede."
Thai seyde echon with-uten fayle:
"Thei wolde do Troylus consayle;" 2588
Thei bad the kyng: "how so it fare,
He scholde dyght his men al 3are;
No lengur thei wolde abyde
In-to Grece alle for to ryde." 2592
- N**ow ben thei alle at on acorde,
Kyng and prince, duke and lorde,
In-to Grece for to go,
Be hit to wele or to wo. 2596
- ¶ Priamus called with-oute more
His sone Paris to him thore,
And Dephebus, the brother thridde,
And bad him go hem mydde. 2600
He bede hem go to Pauonye
And gadur ther her gret chyualrye,
Knyghtes fele of gret feute,
To wende with hem ouer the see. 2604
- ¶ And thei anon with-oute abode
Toke ther leue and thedur rode.
When thei were come to that prouynce,
Thai told here erand to the prynce; 2608
Here askyng was not of him werned,
At his power he dede here herend.
¶ The morwe sone, whan it was day,
Priamus sente by euery a way¹ 2612

The prince of
that province
helps them.

¹ MS. *away*.

¶ *Hic Rex mandauit post Magnatos Troianos.*

His Messangeres of Troye to crye, [lf. 39, bk.] 2613

That euery lord scholde faste hye

To his paleis with-oute dwellyng,

To here a-monges hem his tellyng. 2616

Thei sped hem faste and zede anon ;

When thei were comyn euerychon,

Kyng Priamus to hem thus sais :

'My trewe lordes, my trewe burgeis ! 2620

To zow alle it is right couthe,

How we ben in euery mannes mouthe

For the schame and vilonye,

The Mansclauzter and the robberye, 2624

That Gregeis dede sumtyme to oure.

I wolde ther-fore by consayl zoure

Venge vs alle, if we myght,

Off oure enemys, and that is right. 2628

I thenke to sende Paris my sone,

To venge vs, if he conne.

But for I nolde noght azeyns zoure wil

Do no-thing, and that is skyl, 2632

I wol not do with-oute zoure assent,

And therfore afftir zow I sent.

Say me now zoure owne lykyng :

How lykes zow my begynnyng ? 2636

Ther was a knyzt, het Partheus,—

His fader hight Euforbius,—

He seyde : ' my lord, my dere kyng !

I am zoure knyght and zoure vndirlyng, 2640

Zoure lordschepe to knowe and reuerence :

I hadde a fadir of gret science,

Ther was not In Europe ne in Assye

So wyse a man of Philosophye ; 2644

He tolde me offte—so god me spede !—

That, if Paris to Grece zede,

In a parlia-
ment Priamus
addresses the
Trojan lords :'You all know
the shame the
Greeks did us.Let us send
my son Paris
to take re-
venge.I sent for you
to know your
will.'Partheus, the
son of Eufor-
bius, says :'Nobody was
wiser than my
father.He often told
me that, if
Paris went to
Greece

- A wyff with fors for to wyne, [lf. 40.] 2647 to steal a
 That 3e ther-by and alle 3oure kynne 2648 woman, you
 Schamely schul dye, and this fair toun would all die,
 Schal be brend and thrawen down. and this fair
 town be burnt.
- ¶ Therefore, my lord, my kyng dere, Therefore
 Venge the not In suche manere don't take
 That 3e and 3oures be alle for-don ! your ven-
 Leue 3oure purpos and turne it son ! geance in this
 And if 3e wol algates wende, way,
 The Gregeis to qwelle and to schende, 2656
 Let another then Paris go, but let another
 Or elles we gon alle to wo, than Paris go.¹
 And alle kyn and al oure lynage
 Schal turne to nought ; and this vilage, 2660
 That is so noble, strong, and gay,
 Schal be brend with fir a-way.²
- G Rete noyse and mochel cry
 Was ¹ among the lordes witterly 2664
 In the halle, when he thus sayde ;
 Thei were echon with him euel I-payde,
 Thei [bad] him of his wordes sese
 And holde him stille and be in pese ; 2668
 Thei held al fals that he tolde,
 Thei sayde : " he raued, for he was olde ; "
 Thei seyde echon by on speche,
 That Paris schold go to take wreche.— 2672
 But when this word was told to Cassandre,
 That thei wold sende Alysandre
 In-to Grece to brenne and robbe,
 Sche by-gan to syke and sobbe ². 2676
 ¶ Sche seyde : ' alas, that fair Cite !
 Noble Troye, thi destene
 Is hard and wicke, that the schal falle !
 Tour and bour and other houses alle 2680

¹ MS. *was*.

² MS. *soble*, cf. l. 1915.

With-Inne a while it schal be doun thrawn; [lf. 40, bk.]

And alle schal be brend, with fir sclawen.' 2682

¶ Afftir then seide sche thus:

Alas, Priamus!
What sin
have you done,
that you shall
die so soon?

'Alas, thow gode kyng Priamus! 2684

What is thi synne that thow hast don,

That thow and thyne schal dye thus son?

And thow, my fadur¹, what is thi synne,

That thow art wounden² and lapped Inne? 2688

And alle that euere thow hast born,

Schaltow se before the lorn.

Why do you
let Paris go to
Greece?

Whi let ȝe now Paris wende

In-to Grece, that vs schal schende?' 2692

¶ Sche ran doun thenne in-to the halle,

And on her knes be-gan to falle,

Then she bids
her father
think of him-
self and his
family, as
they'll all die
soon,
if Paris goes
to Greece.

And seyde: 'lord kyng, I praye the:

Rewe on thi-selff, thi wiff, and me, 2696

And on thi sones faire and bolde!

For if it be—as men me tolde—

Iff that Paris to Grece schal wende,

Ther is no man³ that schal defende, 2700

That we ne schal dye with-Inne a while⁴

Schenful dethe forsothe and vile.'

But Priamus
mocks her, and
sends her
away.

¶ He bad hir go to hir chambur

And folde hir kercheues of silk & lambur. 2704

So weylaway that it was so,

That he nolde afftir hir do!

Had he fol-
lowed her
counsel, he'd
not have died
so soon.

For hadde he don afftir hir rede,

Hadde he not so sone ben dede, 2708

Ne the Cite not be brent,

Ne alle hir kyn so foule be schent.

¶ In al the world suche a Cite⁵

Neuere was ne neuere schal be. 2712

HIt was afftir vpon a day

In the monthe certes of May,

{ When Paris }

¹ Read *modur*? ² MS. *wounded*. ³ MS. *nomani*. ⁴ MS. *awhile*.

⁵ MS. *In al the world was suche a Cite*.

Hic venit Paris ad Insulam Thitharie.

When Paris come fro ¹ Pauonye	[lf. 41.]	2715	Paris brings
And broght with him gret chialrye;		2716	from Pauonye
Thre thousand knyȝtes that were assayed			a great army.
Broght with him wel arayed;			
And alle here schippis were redy dyght			
And fraught with vitayles and wel pight.		2720	
¶ And Priamus bad Polimodas,			Priamus bids
Antenor, and Eueas,			Polimodas,
That thei with Paris to Grece schulde wende,			Antenor, and
To brynge this thyng to an ende.		2724	Eneas go with
Thei toke leue as-tyde and ȝede			Paris to
To here schippis with mechel spede.			Greece.
Thei sayled euere bothe day and nyght,			
Til thei hadde of Grece a syght;		2728	They sail day
Thei saw an Ile of Gregeis land—			and night, till
Het Thitharie, I vndir-stand;—			they get sight
Toward that Ile drow thei faste.			of the Greek
When thei come there, anker thei caste,		2732	island Thi-
And tyed here schippis in that porte			tharie, and
And ȝede to londe to take disporte.			land there.
I N that Ile of Thitharie			
Was a temple of Auncetrie		2736	The temple of
Set In honoure of Veneris,			Venus.
Ther sche hadde mochel worschepe ywis;			
For alle the men of that land			
Make to here gret offerand		2740	
Off siluer, gold, and tresour;			
Ther was richesse with-oute mesour.			
For thei truste alle and vndirstode,			
That no man myght do but gode,		2744	
The whil thei hadde help of here			
Many a lond and many a schire.			
For then held thei an hye feste-day			Her feast-day.
Off that goddesse with gret noblay:	fj	2748	

¹ MS. *to*.

	On here manere and there a-vise	[lf. 41, bk.]	2749
	Thei made to here gret sacrifice		
	Off Bolles, Bores, and other bestes.		
Paris goes to the festival with his fel- lows, and sacrifices.	¶ When Paris herde of these festes,		2752
	¶ He wente to that solennite,		
	The temple and that Ioye to se ;		
	And his ffelawys with [him] 3ede,		
	Semely dyght in golden wede,		2756
	And offered there, as other dede,		
	And his felawes forth myde.		
He is clad like a king; the Greeks never saw a hand- somer man.	¶ He was apparayled as a kyng ;		
	Alle men seide, bothe old and 3yng :		2760
	"So fair a man saw thei neuere non,		
	Made in erthe of blod ne bon."		
	Men askede alle : "what he myght be,		
	And when he was, and of what contre,		2764
	And what he did in that lond thore ?"		
	Men spak of him bothe lasse & more,		
	Off his beute spak 3onge and olde.		
This is told to Queen Eleyne, who dwells near.	¶ At the laste the word was tolde		2768
	¶ To qwene Eleyne, that was fair and milde,		
	That dwellid a litel with-out the Ilde		
	In a castel gret & strong.		
	The los of Paris so wide sprong		2772
	Off his noblay and beute,		
	That Elene saide : "sche wolde him se."		
To see Paris, she goes to the temple and prays there.	¶ Sche did hir dight an hors of pris,		
	And toke with hir other ladies,		2776
	And 3ede thedir with hir comperes,		
	And in the temple made hir preyeres		
	To the goddesse that ther sat,		
	And made hir offryng afftir that.		2780
	Whan Paris herde of hir telle,		
	To the temple 3ede he snelle,		

- Gloriously and richely dight, [lf. 42.] 2783
 And stode euene In hir syght; 2784
 For he hadde many a long day
 Be-fore herd telle of hir & say,
 "That sche was the fairest wiff
 Off alle wymmen that euere bar lyff." 2788
- P**aris thenne with meke mode
 Aȝeyn the qwene he ȝode and stode,
 And loked on hir euere in on ;
 A bryghter brid of blod ne bon 2792
 Thoght him neuere that he hadde sen,
 Sithe in this world he hadde ben.
 Alle his hert was on hir set,
 For that thei were to-gedir met; 2796
 And when sche hadde of him a syght,
 Hir thoght him the fayrest knyght
 That sche hadde sene In al hir lyue ;
 Sche wolde wel fayn haue ben his wyue. 2800
- ¶ Sche loked on him, and he on hir ;
 Eyther other now desir,
 How thei myght theire loue fulfille,
 Ne how to schewe here herte wille. 2804
 But atte laste thei drowe hem nere
 And spak to-gedir so In-fere,
 That, er that thei thennes wente,
 Thei were bothe at on assente. 2808
 He toke then leue at qwene Eleyne,
 Off here spekyng he was fayne ;
 To his schippis he him hied,
 Ther thei stode faste tied. 2812
 He did a-non to him calle
 His felawes and his meyne alle ;
 When thei were comen to him thore,
 He seide : 'lordynges, lesse and more !' f ij 2816

Paris goes
towards the
queen ; he
thinks he
never saw a
brighter lady.

Eleyne thinks
him the fairest
knight, and
longs to be his
wife.

At last they
come to each
other, and are
of one mind.

Paris goes to
his ships, and
says to his
fellows :

- 3e wote wel whi we come hidur, [lf. 42, bk.] 2817
 And what 3e wolde, and also whedur.
- ' We came to ¶ The principal cause of oure comyng
 get our king's Is to aryue on Thelamon, the kyng, 2820
 sister from
 Thelamon.
 Our kynges suster for to wynne
 With fight of sword or other gynne.
 But sekirly that may we not !
- But we can't, We may not do that we haue thoght, 2824
 as he is too For he is strong and hath gode frende ;
 strong.
 We gete hir not out of his bende,
 Ne we ben not of pouste
 Vnto hadde ne to take the Cite. 2828
 Wherfore, my dere lordynges,
 That I telle 3ow now this tythynges :
- Still, here are I
 the fairest IN this Ile is now a qwene,
 lady ever seen, The fairest lady that man may sene, 2832
 the wife of
 King Mene- That comen is of gret kynrede,
 laus, That Menelaus kynge has wede.
 And in the temple— 3e wot wel alle—
- and great Arne clothes fele of gold and palle, 2836
 riches.
 Ther [is] of gold gret plente,
 Off siluer also gret quantite,
 Siluer vessel ther is ynow.
 Hit is a stede for oure prow ; 2840
 We may be riche, if we wille,
 And if 3e wole assente ther-tille.
- If you assent, ¶ I rede, that we to-nyght echon,
 let us rob the When nyght is comen & day gon, 2844
 temple,
 That we do on oure basynettis bryght,
 And when we be armed and dight,
 That we go robbe the temple sone
 With-outen lyght of sonne or mone ; 2848
 And al that we fynde ther-Inne,
 Bere it away, or we be-lynne,

¶ Hic Paris cepit Insulam cum Castello.

To oure schippis and leue it thore,	[lf. 43.]	2851	
And make vs riche for euermore ;		2852	
And al men ¹ that we ther fynde,			and carry off all the men
And wymmen also of gentil kynde			and women
Lede we to oure contreis—			we find there,
Gret worschepe hit were by alle weyes—		2856	
And specially that lady fre,			especially
Quene Eleyne, if it may be.			Queen Eleyne.
Iff we may hir home brynge			
To oure contreis, and tythyng sprynge		2860	
A-monges the Grues, that sche is tan,			
And Menelaus fynde hir gan,			Menelaus will
He schal be fayn a chaunge to make			be glad to ex- change her for
Off Oxonye, I vndirtake.		2864	Oxonie.'
¶ Lete se now, what 3e say ?			
Er nyght be gon and comen day,			
I rede that we now take oure grace,			
That god sende vs, whil we haue space.'		2868	
Some assented wel ther-to,			
And some seyn "it is noght to do ;"			
But thei acorded atte laste,			They agree to
When the day was gon and paste,		2872	do so.
And the sonne was went adoun,			
And alle men on slepe In the toun,			
To harme hem, whan it was late,			
And to the temple toke here gate,		2876	
And robbed & reued alle that thei fond,			
And ledde with hem In-to the lond :			
N ight is comen, and day is went,			In the night
The Troyens haue here armour hent,		2880	Paris and his
To the temple ben thei gon,			men go to the
Paris and his men echon.			temple, rob all
Alle that thei founden thei robbed & refft ;			they find there,
That ought was, no thyng was ² lefft.	f iij	2884	

¹ MS. *almen*.

² A word has been erased here, and this second *was* is written upon the erasure.

86 *The Trojans carry off Helena, slay Greeks, and plunder their Castle.*

	Alle that in the temple was founden, [lf. 43, bk.]	2885
	Was to-geder lapped and wounden	
and take it to their ships.	And born in coffres to the see	
	And herbard ther-Inne in here naue.	2888
Paris carries off the queen and others to his ship.	And Paris toke that lady swete	
	And led hir to his schippis schete,	
	And lefft hir there In the same kepyng	
	And other fele with hir wepyng.	2892
Then he goes back and takes more men and women.	¶ When Paris hadde on this wise done, He ȝede aȝeyn thedur sone	
	And toke echon to his seruage,	
	Man and womman, wiff and Page,	2896
	Ther was of this a wondir cry.	
	Ther stode a Castel a litel ther-by,	
	Gret, and stiff, and ful strong,	
	With dyche and walles wide and long;	2900
The defenders of the castle	Men of armes that Castel ȝemed.	
	Whan that thei herd wymmen so remed,	
	Thei hadde meruayle what it myght be;	
	Thei resen vp, the sothe to se.	2904
	But of tythandes when thei herde,	
	How thei of Troie with hem ferde,	
	Thei armed hem with mochel haste;	
attack the Trojans, but are slain,	But sekirly it was but waste,	2908
	¶ For thei of Troye were mo than thai,—	
	The furthe dowble, I dar wel say—	
	And sclow hem foule, when thei were met;	
	Thei were with hem so ouer-set,	2912
	That thei myȝth not fro hem fle	
	Ne at here ȝates take entre;	
and their castle is plun- dered by the Trojans.	Thei folwed hem so, that thei myght not pas.	
	And al the riches that ther was,	2916
	That thei myght fynde, that ought was worth,	
	Thei of Troye bar with hem forth.	

¶ **Hic Paris rapuit Elenam vxorem Menelan.** [sic] **Regis.**

And eche man than with his god schippes [lf. 44.] 2919

And alle here good thedur skippes, 2920

And drow vp sayl and hyed hem ffaste

In-to the see, that thei were paste.

Paris hath now Eleyne wonne;

To take the see thei haue by-gonne, 2924

Thei sayled alle on a rawe,

Paris and his
men sail back
with Eleyne
to Troy.

Til thei were come ther thei were knawe,

The lond of Troye, Then were thei glad.

When thei were comen & the lond had, 2928

Thei were glad ther-of echone;

Saue Eleyne thenne made moche moue,

Fro hir lond that sche hath lorn,

And hir doughter that sche hadde born, 2932

And fro the kynges hir bretheren bothe.

They are glad,
but Eleyne is
dreary at
having lost her
land, her
daughter, and
her brothers.

But Paris therfore was ful wrothe,

He comforted hir and bad hir ses,

Leue hir sorwe and be In pes. 2936

He called to him his Messanger

And bad him take a good Courser

And [ride] to Priamus, the kyng,

And telle him this tydyng: 2940

He sends to
Priamus, tell-
ing him the
other good
news.

“That he was comen to Theuedoun

Saue and sound, with many a moun

That¹ he hath wonnen with his hond

To be In seruage In his lond, 2944

And that he hath broght so fair a lady,

To be In stede of Oxonye,

Off the gentillest kyn and blode,

That was be-3onde the Grekis flode.” 2948

The Messager as-tyde forth rode

To Priamus with-outen abode,

He tolde him tydynges of Paris:

“How he was comen home y-wys, f iiij 2952

¹ MS. *And that.*

- And how he hadde by-3onde ywroght, [lf. 44, bk.] 2953
 And of the qwene that he hom broght.”
- When Priamus hears the news,
WHen Priamus herde these tythand,
 He myght vnnethe for Ioye stand 2956
 Opon his fete, so was he glad ;
- he calls together all the Trojan lords,
 Alle the grete of Troye he bad
 Come to him, tythandes to here.
 And when his court was al plenere, 2960
 He bad him do his message
 To alle the lordes that there were ¹.
 And he tolde hit al an hye,
 That alle myght here that stood nye ; 2964
- who are full of joy. ¶ Then were Ioyful the Troyens,
 And gret Ioye made the citeseyns.
 Next morning Paris with Eleyne rides
 The morwe folwyng, whan it was lyght,
 Paris dede Eleyne wel dyght 2968
 Richely In gay wede,
 And broght to hir a noble stede,
 And he sette hir ther-on
 And rode thenne fro Thenedon 2972
 Toward Troye a wel soffte pas.
 And his prisoneres he has
 Sent by-fore vpon a route
 With men and kny3tes alle aboute ; 2976
 He made hem wende a litel before,
 And he him-self and Antenore,
 Dephebus and Eueas,
 And also Polidonias, 2980
 Come afftirward with qwene Eleyne,
 Rydyng soffte vpon the pleyne,
 Til thei come at Troye ney-hande.
 But out of the toun come ridande 2984
 ¶ Kyng Priamus with his baronage
 And salute hem alle with good visage,
- Antenor, Dephebus, Eneas, and Polidonias accompany them.
- Priamus and his barons go to welcome them.

¹ Perhaps we ought to alter the last three words to : & *baronage*.

¶ *Hic Paris desponsauit Elenam Reginam.*

And aftirward ȝede to the qwene	[lf. 45.]	2987	
And profered hir his owne to bene.		2988	
And so rode thay alle to Troye ;			All ride to Troy ;
The folk ther-Inne made mochel Ioye,			the Trojans welcome
Ther was gadered alle the toun			Eleyne with music and minstrelsy.
With mochel Ioye and processioun,		2992	
With alle Musik and menstrasye,			
To kepe the qwene of genterye.			
¶ Priamus lyght of his palfray			
At the ȝates In-myddes the way,		2996	
And toke him-self qwene Eleyne			Priamus leads her
Amongis hem alle by the rayne,			
And lad hir him-self always			
Thorow the toun to his paleys.		3000	through the town to his palace.
¶ Then on the morwe, when thei saw tyme,			Next morning Eleyne and Paris are married in the temple of Pallas. All their gladness turned afterwards to sorrow and woe.
A litel while be-fore the prime,			
ȝede lady Eleyne and sir Paris			
Vnto the temple Palladis		3004	
And weddid hem to-gedir thore.			
For aftirward it rewed hem ful sore,			
And alle the gladnesse that thei hadde tho,			
Turned hem to sorwe and to wo.		3008	
N ow hath Paris weddid Eleyne ;			The Trojans make merry
Trojens ben ther-of wel fayne,			
Mochel murthe and festes thei make			
For sir Paris and Eleyne sake.		3012	
This riche feste lastis al-ways			
Til hit were xvij dayes,			for eighteen days.
And alle the men of the Cite			
Tentid to noght but to gamen and to gle.		3016	
But when Cassandre herde that tale,			
That thei hadde mad a newe bridale			
Off qwene Eleyne and Alisaundre,			
Mechel dole made thenne Cassaundre.		3020	

But Cassandra laments :	Sche cried, sche wepid, and so ferde,	[lf. 45, bk.]	3021
	That alle the Paleis here noyse herde.		
	To the temple sche hir hyed,		
	And on the Troyens loude sche cried ;		3024
' Alas, Tro- jans ! you are wrong to make merry, as you will see your children slain for this wedding's sake.	Sche seide : ' alas, vnwitti men, Caytiff Troyens, and wymmen ! Whi make 3e alle this Ioye and song ? Sicurly 3e haue gret wrong To make suche Ioye of here wedlak, For it schal greue 3ow alle the pak, For 3e schul se 3oure children sclayn For weddyng of dame Eleyn, And 3e 3oure-self Caytyves schal dye For mochel wo and turmentrye.		3028
Alas, noble Troy ! Thou wilt be thrown down for it.	¶ A noble Troye ! that art so hye, This weddyng schaltow dere abye ! Thow schalt be throwen down in haste For this weddyng, and lefft al waste !		3036
Alas, Hectuba !	A Hectuba, gentil qwene ! Whi tholed thow alle that wo and tene In thi noble children burthe, When this vnsely caytyff murthe Schal reue the alle thi sones here, And Pollexene, that is the dere ; And thow thi-self schal dye ther-by, And thi lord also witterly !		3040
all your sons and Pollexene, and yourself will die, and your husband.	Wiste 3e, what her-of wolde be-falle, 3e wolde lette this weddyng alle And sende hir home ouer the see To him that schulde hir lord be. A Eleyn, thow wicked best ! Wo worth thi bones and thi fair fest ! So mychel wo, or long be gon, As thow schalt make to vs echon !		3044
If you knew what will be- fall, you would send Eleyn back.			3048
Woe on Eleyn ! so much woe, as she will bring upon us !'			3052

Suche sorwe sche made, and many mo	[lf. 46.]	3055	
Cassandre made among hem tho.		3056	
But Priamus bad hir sitte stille,			Priamus bids
For alle the toun thoght ther-of ille.			Cassandra
For sche nolde do his byddyng			cease, and as
For wele ne wo ne other thyng,		3060	she does not
Then putte thei here in distresse			obey, impris-
For here crying and hir wodnesse.			sons her.
E Leyne is weddid to Paris			
With mochel murthe and loye y-wys ;		3064	
Eche man ther-of Ioye has,			
Thei ledyn here lyff In gret solas.			
But when the kyng Menelans			
Herde telle of this chauns,		3068	When Mene-
That thei of Troye hadde lad away			laus hears
Quene Eleyne vnto here pray,—			that the Tro-
That was his owne gentil wiff,			jans have
That he loued as his lyff,—		3072	carried off his
Suche a sorwe to him he cauȝte,			wife,
That his deth almost he lauȝte :			he almost
He lay in swone longe, or he spak ought,			dies for sor-
So was he so ney the dethe broght ;		3076	row.
But whan he reuerted and ros aȝeyn,			
‘ Alas,’ he seyde, ‘ thow faire Eleyn !’			
He made for hir gret waymentynge,			
He myȝth not se for his gretynge.		3080	
¶ Duke Nestor come and herde			Nestor com-
How that Menelaus ferde,			forts him.
And comforted him with al his myght,			
When he saw him in suche a plyght.		3084	
But he no-wise myght comfort haue,			
For he ferde as he scholde raue ;			
He toke his hors with-oute abode			Menelaus
And to his lond wel faste he rode ;		3088	rides home
			with Nestor,

	And duke Nestor with him ȝede,—	[lf. 46, bk.]	3089
	He wolde not leue him In that nede ;—		
for, when Eleyne was carried off, he was with Nestor at Pire.	For whan Troyens dede this trespas, Menelaus at home not was,		3092
	He was with duke Nestor, that sire, At his Cite that men called Pire.		
	Whan he was to his lond y-come, His men were glad alle and some ;		3096
He then sends letters to Agamem- non and to Castor and Pollux,	Vn-to his brother a lettre ¹ he lete dyght, That Agamenon that tyme hyght, And to Pollus, and to kyng Castor,—		
	That I haue spoken of be-fore,—		3100
	That were his wyues bretheren bothe :		
	He prayed hem for leue or for lothe,		
to come to him.	That thei scholde come with-outen dwellyng And speke with him for any-thing.		3104
	T O him ȝede these thre kynges, When thei herde telle of these tydynges. >		
	When Agamenon kyng was ware That his brother was so ful of care,		3108
Agamemnon says : ' Why lament, brother ?	He seyde : ' brother, for heuene kyng ! Whi makestow al this waymentyng ? Iff thou haue cause suche dole to make,		
	Lete it passe and ouer-slake !		3112
	For in sorwe and dele-makyng Lenges non honour ne wynnyng.		
It is not honourable	The more sorwe thou mase, Thi fomen gladdur is.		3116
	Thow greues alle that ben thi frende ; Leue ther-fore and make an ende,		
Seek ven- geance, as all good knights do.	And seke vengauce of this ilke dede ! And that is worschepe and manhede ; The maner is of euery good knyght, Off wrong, of schame, and of dispite.		3120

¹ MS. *alre*.

- That him is don, vengauce to take [lf. 47.] 3123
 And not to wepe ne sorwe make. 3124
- ¶ Leue brother! wostow euery dele,
 That alle the kynges wele
 Ben oure ffelawes and oure ffrende
 And wol with vs In oure help wende, 3128
 Off this Mescheff and this myschaunce
 Off hem of Troye to take vengauce?
 Ther nys no kyng, and we him pray
 To wende with vs, wol not say 'nay'; 3132
 To alle the kynges of that land
 And we schal do hem to vndirstand,
 How thei the lond haue robbed and brend,
 And sclayn thi men and foule hem schend, 3136
 And led away Eleyne, thi wyff,
 And lefft thi-selff in wo and striff,
 In dispite and In gret Ire
 Off alle the kynges of Grece empire, 3140
 For the schame that thei dede hem,
 Thei haue on vs venged hem.
 And when thei heere of this tythandes,
 Ther is no kyng of Grece landes, 3144
 That thei wol come with grete meyne
 And wende with vs ouer the see,
 And venge vs of the vylony
 That we haue for dame Oxony, 3148
 And wyne a3eyn thi wiff Eleyne,
 Mangre ther tethe, be thou certeyne!'
- M**enelaus held his pees,
 Off his sorwe he gan to sees; 3152
 At his biddyng and his counsayle
 Thenne by-gan this clerkes to tayle
 Parchemyn and lettres dite,
 And many another after to write. 3156

All the kings
are our friends
and will help
us;

none of them
will say "nay,"
if we ask
them.

All will join
in avenging
the villainy
done to us.'

Menelaus
then writes
letters

¶ *Hic Agamenon frater Menelaij misit literas suas ad Reges Grecorum.*

to all the
Greek
kings, to help
him in taking
vengeance for
the carrying
off of Eleyne.

Thei made *lettres* to kynges and prince, [lf. 47, bk.] 3157

To eche a lond and prouynce

That Gregeys¹ hadde in seynorye :

To venge hem of that vilonye 3160

That thei haue taken of Troyens,

And foule haue sclayn ther citeseyns,

And led a-way Eleyne, the qwene,

To Menelaus gret wratthe and tene. 3164

But sykurly to seye the sothe :

Both her
brothers were
so wrathful,
that they went
on board at
once to follow
and kill Paris,

Bothe here bretheren were so wrothe,

¶ Whan thei herde telle of this

That here suster ferd amys,— 3168

Thei nolde a-byde for no flot,

But toke ther men and schippus ful hot

And ȝede als faste In-to the see

With thaire men and here naue ; 3172

For thei wende wele hem ouer-tane

Paris sone, and bene his bane.

But sykurly thei sayled not longe,

On In the see the wedur spronge, 3176

That thei were drowned bothe two

And alle here men with hem also.

Hit was not fully two dayes past,

That thei were drowned bothe schip and mast, 3180

And lefte here lyues ther to-gedur

In that tempest and that wedur.

A Gamenon and his brother

To Thelaman and many other 3184

Kyng and duke ther *lettres* sente,

To alle that dwelled fer or hente,

To the lond of Grece that langed ;

And thei here *lettres* gladly fanged, 3188

And whan thei hadde here *lettres* red,

Eueryche a kyng to hem thanne sped

The Greek
kings, on
receiving
Menelaus's
letters, hasten

¹ MS. *Gregryns*.

¶ *Hic Reges Grecorum elegerunt Agamenon Imperatorem.*

And come to hem many a myle,	[lf. 48.]	3191	to come to
So that thei were with-Inne a while		3192	Menelaus,
Mo then sixti kynges thore,			Sixty kings
That alle to Grece langed wore.			gather.
When thei were comen alle in present,			
And non of hem was absent,		3196	

¶ Menelaus told his cas :

"How he his wiff lorn has,			Menelaus tells
And how thei brende also his tounes			them his
In dispite of alle the Gryffounes."		3200	grievance,
When alle the kynges herde this tale			
How Troyens hadde don hem bale,			
And hadde these grete playntes,—			
Thei made a vowe to god and to his seyntes :		3204	All vow to
"That thei schuld gadre her naue			win back
And wende with him ouer the see,			Eleyne, and
And with alle here men & here retenu			burn Troy.
Wynne ¹ azen Eleyne his dru,		3208	
And throwe doun Troye and al to-brenne,			
And venge hem on here fomene.			

¶ But it was good"—the lordes seyde alle—

"For thynges that myght befall,		3212	
That thei chese hem an Emperour			They think
To be alther gouernour,			it good to have
That were amonges hem most of myght,			an Emperor,
And ouer-se hem alle with his syght ;"—		3216	
'To rewle vs alle and to gouerne,			
Erly and late, loude and derne ;			
And that eche man do his biddying,			
Duke and prince, lord and kyng.'		3220	

THei zede thanne to her parlement
 And seide be dome and right Iugement,
 That Agemenon was worthi
 By-fore alle other sikurly

and choose
 Agamemnon,

3224

¹ MS. *And wyne.*

	To bere the state and to be Emperour, [lf. 48, bk.]	3225
	For he was wise and good gyour.	
They agree to meet in the harbour of Athens.	Thei sayden alle with-uten les,	
	That to the hauen of Athenes	3228
	Was good to do her naue come,	
	For ther myght thei alle stonde In romme,	
	To alle the lordes that there were	
	Were redy dyght and samed there	3232
	With ther meyne, to passe the flood	
	Toward Troye, when thei seyen good.—	
	And whan thei hadde ordeyned this,	
They go home to gather their men and navies,	Thei toke ther leue In Ioye and blis;	3236
	And Agamenon and his brother	
	And echon partyd tho fro other;	
	And 3ede eche a man to his contre,	
	And gadered men and his naue,	3240
and hasten back to Athens.	And spede hem faste to Athenes	
	With gret naue and moche pres.	
	A lle men, beth now blythe!	
	Herkenes now to me and lythe!	3244
Hearken now: you'll hear of many fights,	Herkenes now! and 3e may here	
	Meruayles many In my matere:	
	In this talkyng may 3e here telle	
	Off ferly fyght, ffele and felle,	3248
of kings destroying Troy,	Of comely kynges corouned and kene,	
	That Troye distroyed alle be-dene,	
	And brende her houses on a blase;	
and of strong knights' deaths.	And how that strong knyghtes here lyff lase.	3252
	Ther was the worthiest wyght In wede	
	That euer by-strode palfray or stede,	
There was the worthiest hero, Hector, stronger than all others.	A bolder burne ¹ was neuere non born—	
	Alas that he was lyghtly for-lorn!—	3256
	Ther was no man so strong of myght,	
	As was Ector, that gentil knyght.	

Was non

¹ MS. *burde*.

¶ *Hic Greci congregati sunt.*

Hearken now!
The tale be-
gins,

Herkenes now, both grete and smale! [lf. 49, bk.] 3293

For now be-gynnes al this tale:

How thei dede, and how thei faught,

And what and how ther dethe thei caught. 3296

In February
the kings met
at Athens.

H It was a day off Feuerer,
That kynges, dukes, and Mariner

With here naue vpon a res

Were Gadered alle to Athenes, 3300

With honour forth right

With Priamus and hese to fyght.

Never before
were so many
knights and
kings
assembled,
nor so many
ships in one
harbour.

So fele knyghtes of gret renoun,

Ne so fele kynges corouned with croun, 3304

Were neuere ȝit at on semble,

Off on purpos, ne neuere schal be;

Ne so fele schippis In on hauen,

Ne so fele with swordes and stauen, 3308

Was neuere sene for-sothe ne herde,

Sithen god made man first In this worlde.

Dares tells all
their names
and describes
them;

¶ Dares telles in His scripture

Off eche a kyng and his stature, 3312

And here names and her makying,

And discreues hem in alle thyng,

And the nombre that euery kyng broght,

And the wondres that thei wrought; 3316

but this would
take me too
much time.

Gret tariyng it is to telle

That Dares makes vpon his spelle.

But sicurly with-oute lesyng:

Sithen that god made al thyng, 3320

Suche a peple was neuere y-sene—

Off alle the tyme that hath bene—

Certainly
never was
such a host
together
before.

To-geder broght at o samyng

Off kynges and knyghtes old and ȝyng, 3324

And so fele schippis on o flete,

Sethen shippus ȝede with sail or sprete.

¶ Hic est numerus Grecorum vz. lxxvij. Reges & duces. et de
militibus hominibus ad Arma. viij C. M^l.

For sicurli with-oute lye	[lf. 50.]	3327	
Ther was vpon the o partye		3328	On the
Sixti kynges and dukes also			Grecian side
And .viij. sikerly with-uten mo.			were sixty-
Fonde 3e euere in any story			eight kings
To-geder suche a company		3332	and dukes.
Off kynges, dukes, and of princes,			
That comen were fro here prouynces ?			
And so fele men broght on hepe,			
That hardi were, doughti, and 3epe ?		3336	
¶ For whan thei were with-oute les			
Gadered alle in Athenes,			
Thei nombred—I vndirstonde—			There were
Mo than .xviij. C. thousande,		3340	more than
And mo by hundredes .xviij. or .xix ;			1,800,000
And so fele men—I dar wel sene—			armed men at
Off men of Armes—permafay !—			Athens.
To-gedre at ones ¹ sene was neuere on o day,		3344	
Sithen that god this world bygan,			
Ne neuere, sithen that batel bylan ;			
Ne neuere man in erthe schal se,—			
As longe as erthe sene schal be,—		3348	
Ne so fele schippus to-gedur y-set,			
As ther were thenne to-gedur met,			
¶ With doughti men gadered so.			
Alas, Paris, what hastow do,		3352	Alas, Paris,
When thow leddest away Eleyne !			what woe have
So many gode knyghtes for hir schul be sclayne,			you wrought,
And alle thi kyn to dethe was brought.			by carrying off
Alas, Ector ! he rewys my thought,		3356	Eleyne !
That he schulde dye for his disert !			Oh, that
So strong he was In armes apert,			Hector should
Ne neuere wrong he wolde do.			die for her,
			and all
			the others !
Alas, that thi god Appollo		g ij 3360	

¹ MS. *atones*.

Oh, Paris, that Ne hadde¹ throwe the In the salt-flom, [lf. 50, bk.] 3361
 Apollo had
 drowned you, Er thow haddist broght hir hom!
 before you By Ihesu Crist of Nazareth!
 brought
 Eleyne home! I wolde, thow haddist taken the dethe, 3364

When thow wentist to Tytharie,
 To here and se that melodye!

Alas, Priamus, ¶ Alas, me rewes of Priamus,
 Hectuba, Off Hectuba, and gode Troylus, 3368
 Troylus,
 Pollexena, and Off Pollexene, and Andromede!
 Andromede! That Paris made brend In a gleden,
 Whan thow leddest away Eleyne
 Out of the temple of dame Vyane! 3372

Oh, noble Troy, ¶ A noble Troye, that was rial,
 thrown down A-doun is throwen with ston an[d] wal;
 by Paris's That made Paris and his euell wit.
 crime! And elles hit scholde haue stonde 3376
 As longe as Ierusalem,
 Ne hadde Paris ben and his fals drem.
 Now artow doun, and thi toures hye,
 For Paris ffals a-voutrye! 3380

Afftirward vpon a day,
 When alle these kynges of gret noblay
 And the dukes were gadered thore,
 Princes and Erles that worthi wore, 3384
 Agamenon, the Emperour,
 Bad vnto his banyour:
 "Thorow the toun that he schulde crye,
 That euery lord scholde faste hye 3388
 With-oute the toun In-to the playn;
 For ther he wolde In certayn
 Holde with hem a parlement."
 When these lordes were afftir sent, 3392
 Then dwelled thei not longe,
 When thei wiste whedur to gonge.

Agamemnon
 bids all the
 kings hold a
 parliament
 with him.

¹ *he* added above line, doubtful if by same or another hand.

Agamenon dede thanne fette	[lf. 51.]	3395	
Formes and stoles hem on to sette.		3396	
When thei were setyn alle a-doun			
In that playn with-oute the toun,			
A Gamenon seyde: 'lordynges,			Agamemnon
Dukes, Princes, and corouned kynges,		3400	addresses
Beth alle in pes—I 3ow pray—			them :
And herkenes me, what I say :			
¶ Sithen god Adam and Eue wroght			
And alle this world made of noght,		3404	' Never did
Saw I neuere suche peple samen—			more people
Nother in earnest ne in gamen—			come together
Off worthi lordis to-gedur infere,			than are now
As we ben now to-gedur here		3408	here.
Vpon o kyng to 3eue a-saute.			
Loke, what schame the deuel him aughte,			
That to him-self hath suche bale brewed,			
That hath vs alle a3eyn him meued !		3412	
How scholde he now with-stande			How should
Vs alle that ben here sittande,			Priamus
Whan fyue of oure with lasse emprise			withstand us,
Sclow his fadir and alle hise,		3416	when five of
Wan ¹ his touz with-Inne a throwe			ours slew his
And sette his paleis on a lowe ?			father and
But wete 3e wel and beth siker,			won his town?
That thei of Troye wote of this byker		3420	
That we on hem thenke to be-gynne			But certainly
And here Cite with fors wyne,			the Trojans
And are aboute bothe nyght and day			know of our
To gete hem help alle that thai may,		3424	intentions,
To withstonde alle oure myght.			and prepare
Wherfore I rede, if 3e thenke right,			for war.
That we sende som messanger			
To Delos Ile that is here ner,	g iij	3428	Therefore let
			us send a
			messenger to
			Delos

¹ MS. *When*.

¶ *Hic Greci mandauerunt Achillem ad Appollum deum Grecorum.*

—A litel fro Gregeis landes, [lf. 51, bk.] 3429

Ther god Appollo ther-Inne standes—

and ask
Apollo, what
will befall.'

And wete of him his gode consayl:

“What schal be-tyde of this batayl 3432

Off oure proues and oure afere,

And what schal falle, whil we are there?”

The lordes seyde also: ‘so god vs spede!—

The lords
agree to send
Achilles and
his cousin
Patroclus to
Delos.

It were good Achilles ȝede 3436

Vpon that erande, if it lykys him,

And Patroclus that is his cosyn.’

Thei prayed him alle that viage to take,

To do so moche for her sake; 3440

And he graunted as sone here bone.

He toke a schip and wente sone

To the see and sayled faste,

Til thei were comen atte laste 3444

To the temple of Apollo,

And Patroclus with him also.

When thei were comen, thei wente to lande

And made to him a riche offerande, 3448

And offered to him a gret quantite

Off riche gold and of her mone,

And kneled down and him be-soght,

That he wolde layne it noght, 3452

But say the sothe: “what scholde be-tyde

Off his Gregeis, if thei ride?”

In Delos they
sacrifice and
ask Apollo
to say them
the sooth.

Apollo sayde: ‘Achilles, ffrend,

To thi Grikes¹ aȝeyn thou wend! 3456

And say, that thei be not agast,

But treuly be sykter and stedefast!

Or this x ȝere go fully out,

ȝe schal Troyens with-oute dout 3460

Sche echon in fyght & stoures,

And ȝe of Grece be conqueroures.’

He answers,
that they will
conquer Troy
before ten
years go by.¹ MS. *grikes*, altered from *grues*.

- A wondir cas that tyme be-felle [lf. 52.] 3463
 In the temple—soth to telle,— 3464
 When Achilles his answe're had,
 And Appollo go thenne him bad
 And ¹ to the ² Grikes ³ telle his answe're,
 What scholde be-tyde of ther werre: 3468
 A noble Clerk, that het Calcas,—
 Off hem of Troye bysshop was,— Calchas, a
 In that Ile on londe lyght, Trojan bishop,
 And to Appollo he him dyght 3472 arrives,
 And ȝaff him ȝiftes grete and fele, makes offer-
 And bad him that he scholde not hele, ings to Apollo,
 But say him soth and sicurly: and asks the
 " Who scholde haue the victory, sooth, who
 3476 shall win.
 And whether schulde Mayster be,
 Thei of Grece or Troye Cite?"
 ¶ Appollo seyde: ' Calcas, be ware
 That thow a-ȝeyn to Troye not ffare! 3480
 For sicurly I telle it the:
 Or .x. ȝer passe, thou schat se
 The kyng off Troye be lorn and schent,
 And his toun be taken and be brent. 3484
 But ffelawe the with wordes mylde
 With Achilles In this Il[d]e,
 And wende with him to his Gregeis
 And dwelle with him, ther is pais; 3488
 For thow schalt haue to hem gret nede.
 Be my counseyl, to hem thow spede!'
 C Alcas was a-Grised sore
 Of these wordes that he herde thore; 3492
 But whan he wiste and hadde knowyng,
 That it was sir Achilles ȝyng
 That In the temple by-fore him stode,
 Wel curtesly to him he ȝode g iij 3496 but then goes

¹ MS. *And his*.
 another hand.

² MS. *to the* inserted above the line by
³ MS. *grikes*, altered from *grues*.

to Achilles
and offers him
his service.

And profered him to his seruise

[lf. 52, bk.] 3497

And euere to be on of hyse;

And seyde: "that god Appollo

Bad that he scholde do so."

3500

Achilles
receives him
friendly.

Achilles seyde on fair manere:

"He was to him leue and dere;"

¶ He was glad of his contenance

And made him gret daliance.

3504

And zede bothe in-fere to the see

And toke here schippis and here meyne,

And sayled faste fro the cost,

Til thei come to the Gregeys ost.

3508

They sail to
Greece.

And broght Calcas by-fore the kyng

And tolde hem alle of tho tithyng:

"What Answere that thei bothe hadde."

Then were the Gregeis wondir gladde;

3512

Euery lord his feste made,

For Ioye and murthe thei were glade.

¶ When thei herde these tithandis,

Then thei held vp bothe here handis

3516

And thanked her goddis of here wille,

That thei wold hem not spille.

Thei zaff Calcas many a zifte,

And swor alle by ther thrifte:

3520

"That he scholde euere be on of thaires,

And him avaunce and alle his aires

Off riche londis, rentis, and fece,

In the londe for-sothe of Grece."

3524

And alle the lordes of here ost

Loued him bothe lest and most.

ON the morwe, whan it was prime,

3528

When Sir Achilles saw his tyme,

He and Calcas to-gedur wente

Vn-to Gamenounz tente.

Achilles and
Calchas meet
Agamemnon
in his tent,

¶ **Hic Achilles & Calcas ibant ad tentorium Imperatoris.**

Ther alle the lordes of Grece were than	[lf. 53.]	353 ¹	where all the
To-geder there with many a man ;		353 ²	Greek lords are assembled.
The lordis welcomed hem alle			
And sette hem down in the halle.			
A-Mong the lordes and other kynges			
Calcas seyde : ' herkenes, lordynges,		353 ⁶	Calchas blames
Kynges and dukes that now are here,			the Greeks for
Princes and Erles to-gedur in-fere !			tarryng so long,
Ne was 3oure entensioun,			
When 3e come furst to this toun,		354 ⁰	
With 3oure naue to Troye to wende,			
3oure enemys to qwelle and to schende ?			
Whi lye 3e here In pes so longe ?			
Hope 3e not, here 3ow amonge		354 ⁴	warns them of
That Priamus has here many spies,			spies
That 3oure consayl to him [un-]wries			
And telle hem alle that 3e say ?			
Somer is passed ner-honde a-way ;		354 ⁸	
3e do not elles but makes hem bolde			and of the
The toun azeyn 3ow for to holde,			preparations of Priamus,
And steris the toun bothe nyght and day,			
And geten hem help alle that thei may ;		355 ²	
For thei holde 3ow so sore agast,			
That 3e dar not with hem wrast :			
For it passes more than a 3ere,			
Sithen alle the lordes that are here		355 ⁶	
Were gadered here to-gedur,			
And haue had right fair wedur,			
And durst neuere passe the see.			
What may thei wene, but it be		356 ⁰	
For cowardise and gret ferdnesse,			
For feblenesse and arwenesse ?			
Let sette 3oure schippis forth on flote,			and admon-
Dromond, Caryke, barge, and bote,		356 ⁴	ishes them to go on board

¶ *Hic nauigant versus Troianos.*

And sayle forth with-outen dwellyng, [lf. 53, bk.] 3565

So helpe 3ow god at 3oure endyng!

Ne tarieth not In 3oure goddys behest!

and not to
render their
Gods so angry,
that they will
hinder them
from what
they promised.

I warne 3ow bothe most and leste,

3568

That 3oure fals hertes and faynt byleue

May 3oure goddis so moche greue,

That thei may bothe 3ow turne and lette

Off that thei haue 3ow hette.

3572

Therfore to-morwe, whan it dawes,

I rede 3e take the wawes,

Whil 3e haue wedur at wille,

That wyntir-wedur 3ow ne spille.'

3576

Alle the lordes that were thore

A-lowed¹ riȝth wel his lore:—

All the lords
accept
Calchas's
counsel to put
to sea next
morning.

"And it was profitable,

And the tyme was fair and able

3580

To take the tyme with-oute drede;

Hit was schame—so god me spede—

That thei hadde dwelled so longe ther."

Agamenon bad alle that ther wer,

3584

Lord and prince, Duke and kyng:

"That thei made hem redy In the euenyng,

That thei were redi erly at morwen,—

When thei herde him blowe his horne,—

3588

With schip and sail, spret and ore;

For ther wolde thei dwelle no more."

Night is gon, the Cok bath crowen,

Agamenon hath his horn blownen;

3592

And alle men thenne here schippis vnbonde,

And here Ankeres alle In-wonde,

And lefte the hauen and toke the see

With alle here schippis and here naue.

3596

Thei drow ther sayl vnto the top;

Here schippis sayled gay and prop,

In the
morning they
weigh anchor
and put to sea.

¹ MS. *A lowel.*

In thei were comen in-to Troye listes.— [lf. 54.]	3599	
A ¹ , Priamus, if that thow wistes	3600	Alas, Priamus,
The sorwe that comes to the and thine		
Off noble Troye the gret ruyne!		
Haddest thow don be Ectores rede,		hadst thou
Then haddest thow not be dede.	3604	done after
Now comes thi sorwe and thi wo,		Hector's
Alas, thi Ioye schal ouer-go!—		advice, thou
¶ These Gregeis saylen vpon a ras		wouldst not
Toward Troy with gret manas;	3608	have come to
The wynd was good to ther byhoue,		thy death!
Thei sailed on brod and gon by-loue,		
Til thei come to Troye land.		The Greeks
Thei saw an hauen by-fore ham stand	3612	sail to Troy,
With a Castel wondir strong,		get sight of a
With walles hye and dikes long.		harbour and
Al that flote thedur drow,		a castle,
For it was gret and mochel y-now	3616	
To herbare alle here schippis In;		and intend to
Til thei come ther, thei nolde ² blyn.		cast anchor
¶ The men that in the castel were,		there.
When thei saw Gregeis there,	3620	The
Out of the Castel faste thei ran,		inhabitants of
Armed wel euery man;		the castle
To the see thei wolde wende,		attack them,
That the Gregeis wolde defende,	3624	
That thei nedes mot on lande lyght;		
For therto dede thei al here myght.		
But thei were foles—that was sene,—		but are de-
For thei lefft not on of Troyene,	3628	feated.
That thei ne bere doun and sclow hem alle;		
Aftir mercy myght thei not calle,		
For of hem hadde thei no pite,		
Thei brende her toun, bothe tymber and tre,	3632	The castle is
		burnt.

¹ MS. A.

² MS. *wolde*.

¶ *Hic Greci destruxerunt Insulam Thenodonis & ceperunt Castellum.*

And Toke here castel and threwe it doun [lf. 54, bk.] 3633

With alle the dyches enviroun.

And when thei hadde thus y-wroght

And the castel to grounde y-broght, 3636

Thei ȝode to schip euery man

And sayled forth to ¹ Thenedam

That was fro Troye but six mile.

When thei were comen In-to that Ile, 3640

Thei lete doun saile and ankeres caste

And bounden here schippis ther wel faste,

And Armed hem and ȝede to londe

And sclow and robbed al that thei fonde. 3644

AT Thenedoun a Castel stode,

Strong & styff, gret and gode,

With walles wroght wondir hye,

And dikes doluen depe and drye; 3648

So strong was non in that contre

Saue Troye self, that riche Cite.

It was ful of gret riches

Off alle the contre more and les; 3652

Thei dede here goodes thedur brynge,

When men tolde of Grues comynge,

And left hem ther for sekurnes;

And many a lady with hem is. 3656

¶ The Gregeis ben alande alle went,

Thei haue the toun taken and brent;

Vnto the Castel ar thei gon

And beseged it anon: 3660

Thei sette engynes al aboute,

And grete stones thei did In route,

And som sette laddres to the walle.

But thei with-Inne gert hem alle: 3664

Thei brak here neckis right on-sunder,

Thei sclow of Grece mo than an hunder,

Then the
Greeks sail
farther on to
Thenedon,

where they
land, to kill
and rob.
There was a
very strong
castle,

where the
Trojans had
hidden all
their riches

and many of
their ladies.
The Greeks
besiege it

with engines
and ladders;

but the
defenders
slay many
Greeks.

With-Inne a while at that assault	[lf. 55.]	3667	Within a
That thei with-Inne so longe han faut		3668	while the
And were so chaufed In here Armure,			Trojans get
That thei myght not for feble dure,			tired and
Ne on ther feet on the wal stande,			feeble.
Ne holde her wepen In her hande.		3672	
¶ Then ȝede to dethe many Troyanes ;			
And ȝit mo died of Gryffones,			
For thei with-Inne greves hem sore,			
Als feble as thei wore :		3676	However, they
Thei bare Gregeis doun fro the walles			kill many
With grete speres and ledon balles,			Greeks,
And lefft hem lyng in the dikes ;			
Echon of hem at other strykes,		3680	
Thei with-Inn and thei with-oute.			
But then come eftt a newe route			till a fresh
Off Gryffons felle, that hem assayled			band arrives,
And hem with-Inne so trauayled,		3684	
That thei moste dye or elles hem ȝelde ;			
For thei myght not hem-self welde			and they
For long fyghtyng and werynes,			cannot defend
Ne hem defende for feblenes.		3688	the castle any
T hen clombe the Gregeis on the walles,			longer.
And some ȝede In at the wyndowes ;			The Greeks
Then were Troyens In mochel drede,			climb the
And some out ouer the walles ȝede ;		3692	walls ; the
For-sothe thei flow alle that ther ware.			Trojans are
Wiff ne childe nolde thei non spare,			put to flight,
Knyght ne squier, knaue ne boy,			
Ne non that longed [vn-]to Troy.		3696	The
Alle the goodis that there wore			inhabitants
Thei bare to schippis thore,			are killed,
And brende the Castel and threwe it doun,			
That men myght se to Troye toun		3700	the goods
			plundered,
			the castle
			burnt down.

	Ouer alle the hillis that were hye,	[lf. 55, bk.]	3701
	Off Thenedoun the Gret Cite.		
	¶ Thenedoun is down and take ;		
	It liggis down in the lake ;		3704
	That stod so stronge and so hye ore,		
	Now is it on the grounde thore.		
The Greeks rejoice.	The Gregeys were mery and glad		
	Off the Castel that thei had.		3708
Agamemnon commands that all the booty taken in Thenedon	¶ Agamenon dede comaunde :		
	“ That alle the Gregis In a laund		
	Schuld come and with him brynge		
	Catel, goodes, and alle other thyng,		3712
	That thei hadde wonnen at here pray		
	Off that Castel that ilke day ;		
shall be brought to him.	That no thyng schulde be with-holden,		
	Don a-way, ne fro him stolen—		3716
	As thei wolde haue lyff and lym !—		
	But al to-gedur brynge to hym.”		
	And so thei dyd ilke a man :		
	Alle the good, that euere thei wan		3720
	Off the castel and of the toun,		
It is brought.	Thei broght with hem and laide adoun.		
He divides it among the most worthy warriors,	¶ And he delte hit aboute him thore		
	To hem that most worthi wore		3724
	And most hadde put her lyff In werre		
	And ffauzt fastest with her powerre,		
	The castel for to gete and wynne		
	And the godis that were ther-Inne.		3728
and bids all come to a parliament next morning.	¶ “ The morwe afftir at the sonne rysyng ”—		
	He bad—“ that euery lord and kyng		
	In that lond with him schulde be		
	With-oute drede, for ther wolde he		3732
	Holde a parlement general		
	With alle the lordis gret and smal.”		

¶ *Consilium Grecorum.*

¶ The morwe afftir In the dawenyng,	[lf. 56.]	3735	
Er the sonne be-gan to sprynge,		3736	
Were comen to him—or it was day—			
Alle the lordes that ther lay.			
When thei were to-gedir met,			When they have met,
And echon down by other set,		3740	
A Gamenon seyde: 'lordynges,			Agamemnon admonishes them not to become proud,
Princes, dukes, and kynges!			
Alle this world bothe ffer and ner			
Spekes moche of oure Power		3744	
And wot, that we are mochel of myght,			
That no man may vs greue be ryght,			
But we of hem vengauce take.			
But herkenes now alle for my sake!		3748	
I holde that power good euery tyde			
That is with-oute the vice of pride,			
For ofte it falles many to wo.			
And oure goddis hates hit also:		3752	as that displeases the Gods:
He that loues pride, or hit haunte,			
Ther-with wol thei not graunte.—			
I wolde ther-fore, that no man sayde,			
Ne that it come vs In vmbrayde,		3756	
That we pride In oure doying,			
Ne we with pride be-gon this thyng.			
¶ 3e wot alle wel, whi we are comen			
And oure way hedur has nomen:		3760	
To venge vs on kyng Priamus			' Priamus is now of course more angry with us than ever, after we have burnt his castles and towns.
Off the schame that he dede vs.			
I wot also, how we haue brent			
His castelles and his tounes schent.		3764	
Wherefore, if he were oure fo ore ¹ ,			
He hatis vs now wel more			
And wolde now fayner take vengauce,			
If god 3aue him suche a chaunce.		3768	

¹ MS. *ore*, altered from *ere*.

- And thei haue gotten hem gret pouste [lf. 56, bk.] 3769
 And wote wel, that theire Cite
 Is bothe styff, stalworthe, and strong,
 Gret and mochel, large and long, 3772
 And ful of men and gode verroures,
 That bold and hardy bene in stoures.
 And thei that were lesse then we,
 Thei are at home In here contre, 3776
 And that is tyme—so mote I thryue—
 A wondir gret prerogatyue :
 For offte men In theire owne contre
 Scholde spede 3ow, ther were les then we ; 3780
 That is, men,—as mot I thrive—
 A wonder gret prerogatyue.
 But thenk not, that I say this
 For drede ne ffer—so haue I blis— 3784
 That we may the Troyens spille
 And take the toun a3eyn ther wille :
 For ther nys no kyng so strong,
 Ne no toun so large ne long, 3788
 That we ne may hem confounde
 And keste his Cite to the grounde.
 But again : ¶ But sikurly and be my fay !
 Herfore it is, that I say : 3792
 If pride be non in oure nede,
 We schal be worthi mochel mede.
 3e wote alle wele that ben here,
 That Priamus sent his messangere 3796
 And prayed vs alle curtesly,
 To sende him home dame Oxony ;
 And we with pride seyde “ nay.”
 That hem mysliked permafay ! 3800
 And hadde we thenne his suster send
 Home to him with-oute amend,

¶ *Hic miserunt nuncios suos ad Regem Troianum.*

Off al the harme that we him dud	[lf. 57.]	3803	
Hadde now not this harme tud,		3804	the harm they did us in Thitharie would not have befallen us.
That thei dede vs in Thitarie ;			
Thei hadde not made suche robrie,			
Ne qwene Eleyne fro thenne led			
Fro the kyng that here hadde wed.		3808	
I wot neuere what wol be-falle ;			
I rede ther-fore, if 3e rede alle,			Therefore let us send a messenger to Priamus,
That we sende oure Messenger,			
Wise and 3epe, on fair maner,		3812	
And bid him wende to Troye Cite			
To Priamus and his meyne,			
And bidde the kyng : " sende vs a-3eyn			and bid him send us back Eleyne at once.
With-oute dwellyng the quene Eleyne		3816	
And make amendes of that Paris			
In Thitarie dede amys."			
And if it be that he thus do,			If he do so, our honour is saved ;
Oure worschepe is certis saved so ;		3820	
And we may home with-oute more wende,			
For we haue made a worthi ende :			
We may no more aske by skyl,			
If thei wil alle this fulfil.		3824	
And if it be that thei wol noght			if not, we shall fight him.
Do that we haue hem be-soght,			
And elles we wil with hem fyght			
With alle oure power and oure myght ;		3828	
And men schal blame her wodnes			
And [praysen] ws ffor ¹ oure meknes.			
And therefore, lordes, say me now :			What do you think of this counsel?"
A Off this consail what thynke 3ow ?		3832	
Some assented wel ther-to			Some assent,
And sayde, " it was wel to do ; "			
And some helde it for a cowardyse,			some call it cowardice ;
To make a pees In suche a wyse ;	hj	3836	

¹ MS. *ws* and *ff* on erasure ; behind *ffor* a word like *seche* seems to have stood.

¶ *Hic ueniunt duo Reges Grecorum ad Regem Troianum.*

but at last all
accept it.
Diomedes and
Ulixes are sent
to Troy.

But atte laste thei alle assent. [lf. 57, bk.] 3837

And on this erand two kynges went,

That noble kyng Diomedes,

And his felawe, sir Vlixes¹. 3840

TO Troye ben come these kynges

To Priamus with here tydynges

In-to his halle, ther he was set;

In Priamus's
hall they
make no
obeisance and
sit down
fiercely.
Ulixes speaks
their message:

But non of hem thei ones gret, 3844

But sette hem doun with semblaunt store

A-ȝeyn the kynges in-myddis the flore.

Lixes² sais: 'haue ȝe no meruayle,

That we, sir kyng, the nothyng hayle! 3848

For we knowe wel the for oure enemy,

And we be thin sicurly.

But herkenes, what we wol say,

And late vs wende on oure way: 3852

¶ Agamenon, oure Emperour,

That is kyng of gret fauour,

Sendes the word and biddis the

By this kyng & also by me: 3856

'Send back
Eleyne, and

"Sende to him Eleyne the quene,

If thow wilt be with-uten tene,

make amends,

And make amendes to him holy

Off the schame and vylony, 3860

That Paris dede to his brother,

To him also, and to many other."

And but if thow wil, he sendet the word:

or die, and

"That thow schalt dye with spere and sword, 3864

And alle thi folk and thi meyne;

have Troy
burnt.'

And riche Troye, thi faire Cite,

Schal be brent and doun ytrowe,

And thow and thyne be broght wel lowe." 3868

PRiamus was with hem y-tened,

Whan he saw what thei mened.

¹ V put before l by a later hand; cf. 3847.

² Lixes; cf. note 1.

- With-oute consail he answerde— [lf. 58.] 3871 Priamus
 For here wordes him sore derede— 3872 replies :
 He seyde: ' what deucl may this be,
 That 3e amendes aske of me,
 That haue my fader fro me slayn,
 And don my-self mychel payn, 3876
 And my suster fro me refft,
 And my men in seruage lefft ?
 ¶ By him that al this world wrought !
 Me thinketh, that 3e 3oure-selff ought 3880
 Make amendis to me and myne,
 That 3e haue do so moche pyne !
 But wendes out swithe of my sight,
 For of 3oure wordes haue I dispit ! 3884
 Ne were that 3e come in message,
 Veleyns dethe schulde be 3oure wage ;
 For I am not with-oute Ire,
 Whil I se 3ow, be my swyre ! ' 3888
Dyomedes sat and smyled,
 When Priamus hem so reuyled ;
 He seyde: ' sir kyng, so mote I the !
 If thou haue tene of him and me. 3892
 Thou schalt be more in doute
 To bere thi lyff with the aboute ;
 For thou schalt se vnto the come
 An .C. M? on a throme 3896
 Off men of Armes wel y-dight,
 With the, kyng, and thyne to fight.
 For whan thou may not the defende,
 And thei haue the and thi toun brende, 3900
 That the schal sle and thyne also,
 Iff that thou anger at vs two.'
 ¶ Many Troien that ther stode
 For tene and angur were ner wode, h ij 3904
 The Trojans
 are enraged
 at Diomedes'

words, and
threaten to
kill him ;

That Dyomedes, the Gregeys, [lf. 58, bk.] 3905

Vn-to the kyng In his Paleys

Spake thus foule and vilously.

Many a Troien drow hem ney, 3908

With drawen swordes vengauce to take

Off him for his wordes sake.

¶ But Priamus him-self vp ros,

And to his men wel sone he gos 3912

but Priamus
prevents them.

And bad hem alle on lyff and lym,

Not so hardy to greue him.

Eueas, that by the kyng sat,

Was an-angered sore for that ; 3916

Eneas says :
' Sir king, it
were best to
force him to
make amends
for his vile
words ; and I
should punish
him, if you
were not
here.'

He saide : ' sir, if it were thi wille,

Me thenke that it were gret skille,

That he his wordes dere aboght,

That 3ow and vs hath set at noght ; 3920

And ne were it drede of 3ow,

He scholde this wordis abyge now.'

Dyomedes 3af no tale

Off alle that sat there In that sale, 3924

Diomedes
challenges
Eneas to meet
him outside
the town.

He sayde to Eueas al on hye :

' Thow that sittes the kyng so neye,

God 3if grace, that I the mete

With-oute the touz by styte or strete ! 3928

I schal the qwite wel thi mede

Off thi gode wordes, so god me spede !'

Ulixes bids
Diomedes be
silent, and
addresses the
king : ' We
shall now go
to tell your
answer to our
Greeks.'

¶ But his felawe Vlixes

Bad him : " be stille and holde his pees 3932

And leue his fare and his Iangelyng ; "

Vlixes saith thenne to the kyng :

' We haue herd al that thow sais ;

We wol now wende to oure Gregeis, 3936

And tydynges to hem fro 3ow bere

Off thi saynge and thin answer.'

¶ *Hic Greci tenuerunt magnum consilium.*

- Thei toke here horses sone anon, [lf. 59.] 3939
 And to the Gregeis gan thei gon 3940
 Ouer downe and ouer dike, They ride
 As faste as thei myght prike, back to
 Til thei come to Thenedoun. Thenedon
 and relate the
 answer.
 Thei sayde to Agamenoun 3944
 And¹ alle the lordes that ther wore,
 What answere that thei 3aff hem thore.
 ¶ The Gregeis were merueyled,
 What myght it be that hem ayled, 3948
 In wham thei hadde so moche trayst,
 That thei were right not a-bayst.
 Many a counsayl then thei sought,
 How thei myght brynge hem to noght. 3952
GRet consail and parlementes
 Thei made offte In her tentes :
 How thei scholde do, and how to fete,
 For Troye to wyne for that grete hete ; 3956
 And how thei scholde lyue, whil thei were thore,
 And w[h]ere thei scholde haue her store,—
 Vpon a day that emperour
 Alle² the lordes of that honour 3960
 In-to a playn dede clepe and calle ;
 When thei were comen to him alle,
 ¶ He seide : ‘ lordynges, se 3e alle wele :
 The Troyens 3eue of vs no dele ; 3964
 With fairnes wil thei not loute,
 Thei ben of herte so stoute.
 With myght and strengthe we mot conquere
 Alle that in the toun are there,— 3968
 And long also ben 3eres ten,—
 For thei ben alle doughti men ;
 And we may hem not assaile,
 But if vs come offte vitayle. h iij⁴ 3972

The Greeks
hold many
councils of
war.

Agamemnon
says :

‘ With might
and strength
we must
conquer Troy,
and so we
must have
much food.

¹ MS. *That*.

² MS. *And alle*.

¶ *Hic incipit bellum per Grecos contra Regem Cesile.*

Here is a lond with-Inne the see, [lf. 59, bk.] 3973

Off alle manere of good that is plente;

I wene, men calle hit Cecyle.

If that it be 3oure alleres wille, 3976

I rede: sende thedur oure sonde

To the kyng of that londe,

And bidde him, that he wol puruay

Mete and drynke by nyght and day 3980

And sende vs ouer with pees & reste;

And thus me thinket, it were beste.'

When Agamenon hadde sayde thus,

Achilles and sir Thelaphus— 3984

That was Ercules owen sone—

Were chosen be eleccione,

To do this erande and wende ther way;

And nother of hem seide 'nay.' 3988

Thei toke with hem, to passe the see,

Off doughti knyghtes thousandes thre,

And sayled faste vnto that land

And lete here schippus In hauen stand, 3992

And drow out horses and stedes

And here strong Iren wedes.

¶ When Theman kyng herd say,

That thei of Grece In suche aray 3996

Were upon his lond alyght,

He made him redi with hem to fyght;

He broght with him to that batayle

Off men of Armes and other pedayle 4000

Thousandes fele and hundres als,

With swerdes and scheldes aboute here hals.

And whan Gregeis saw hem comande,

To putte hem thus out of that lande, 4004

Opon a res thei to him rode,

And thei to him with-uten abode.

If you agree,
let us send to
Sicily and bid
its king pro-
vide us with
meat and
drink.'

Achilles and
Thelaphus are
sent to Sicily:

They set sail
with 3,000
knights.

When they
land, King
Theman
comes to fight
them.

A gret batayle was be-twene hem tho,	[lf. 60.]	4007	A great battle follows.
For her enemys were wel the mo,		4008	
For sicur thei were suche thré			
Then Achilles & his meyné.			
On euery side thei fel thikke doun,			Many fall on both sides,
Some alle dede, and som in swoun.		4012	some dead, some in swoon.
Off hem of Grece ther died gret won,			
And of that other many on.			
The Gregeis were of gret power,			
Thei ne hadde endured in no maner,		4016	The Greeks would not have held out but for Achilles.
Ne hadde Achilles I-bene			
Agayn her foos—and that was sene.—			
He saw many that him assayled			
And his men wel thikke fayled ;		4020	
He loked wel faste In here fyghtyng,			
Where he myght se her kyng ;			
Where he faught, he was wel war,			
And Gregeis faste to erthe he bar.		4024	
A chilles then vnto him prykes,			
And many a strok to him he strikes,			Achilles strikes King
And threwe him doun to the grounde			Theman to the ground,
With many delful hidous wounde ;		4028	hideously wounded.
He thoght the kyng right ther sclo,			
Or he wolde fro him go.			
¶ But Thelaphus that be-held			Thelaphus appeals to Achilles to spare Theman.
And kept that strok vpon his scheld,		4032	
He seide : ‘ Achilles, leue sire,			
For goddis loue, leue thin Ire !			
I pray 3ow for goddis ore,			
That 3e to him do harme no more ;		4036	
But 3eues me this curtais knyght,			
That 3e haue ouercome in fyght.’			
¶ Achilles sayde : ‘ what may this be ?			Achilles says : ‘ What ails you to ask
Thelaphus, what eyles the,	h iiij	4040	

mercy for your enemy?’	Off me to craue and aske mercy Off him that is thin enemy?’	[lf. 60, bk.]	4041
Thelaphus replies :	Thelaphus seide : ‘sire, be my fay! Al the sothe I schal ȝow say, Now ar ȝe hennes wende :		4044
‘He was my father’s friend; he did me much honour.’	This man was my fadir frende, And gret worschepe to me hath done ; By him, that made sonne & mone, For him therfore mercy I craue, The knyȝtes body of the to haue.’		4048
Achilles says : ‘Take him and do with him what you please.’	¶ ‘Thelaphus,’ he seyde, ‘take him the, I ȝeue him the al clene fro me ; Do with him al thi wille, Whether thow wil saue him or spille.’ Thelaphus toke vp thenne Theman,— For bledynge he was blo and wan,— And sente him home to his dwellyng ; Off here fyght made thei endyng.		4052
Theman prays Thelaphus and Achilles to come home with him, as he is dying heirless, and will make Thelaphus king of his land.	But Theman prayed sir Achilles And Thelaphus with-uten les : “That thei wolde home with him wende, For he was ney at his ende ; And Thelaphus wolde he kyng make And his reme to him take, For of his body hadde he non air, To kepe that lond that was so fair.”		4060
The battle ends.	¶ To-geder bothe with him thei wente, Whan the batayle was thus ente. Whan thei come to his forselet, And he was layde, and thay doun set, He sente after his baronage, And dede hem ¹ make to him omage And corouned him by-forn hem alle, To be here kyng, right In that halle.		4068
Theman sends for his barons and makes them do homage to Thelaphus.			4072

¹ MS. *hem*, altered from *him*.

And thus Thelaphus is mad her kyng	[lf. 61.]	4075	
And has that lond in gouernyng,		4076	
For Theman dyed in that stede			Theman dies
And beryed he was with mochel pride.			and is buried.
T Helaphus is now lord and sire			
Off al that lond and that empire		4080	
And alle the goodes that Theman hadde,			
And alle ben hise, for so he badde ;			
For he is ded and richely grauen.			
And Achilles is In the haven,		4084	Achilles fills
And his schippus are richely fraught			his ships with
With flesshe and fysche and other aught,			victuals.
With corne and mele and tonnes of flour			
And gentil wyne of good odour ;		4088	
And maketh him redi forward to fare,			
And Thelaphus makes him al ȝare			Thelaphus
With him a-ȝeyn to the Gregeis go,			remains in
To Thenedoun that he come fro.		4092	Sicily, to pro-
¶ But Achilles to him says,			vide the
“That he scholde dwelle ther In pais			Greeks with
And puruay vitayles and store,			fresh victuals.
That thei may lyue, whil that thei ben thore.”		4096	
And Thelaphus dwellid stille			
At his byddyng aȝeyns his wille,			
And Achilles toke the see			Achilles sails
With his vitayles and his naue ;		4100	to Thenedon.
And sayled forth to Thenedoun,			
Ther he fond Agamenoun			
And alle the lordis of that ost			
Dwellynge stille in that cost.		4104	
¶ And when thei herde of his comyng,			Agamemnon
To him thei ran bothe lord and kyng			and the lords
And welcomed him deuotly,			are glad to see
Of his comyng glad were thei.		4108	him back.

He relates
how they sped.

"How he hadde sped," he tolde hem alle, [lf. 61, bk.] 4109

"And of Thelaphus how it was falle,
And dwelled ther stille and be lord and kyng
And puruay hem vitayles of alle thyng;" 4112
He schewed the vitayles that thei hadde brought
With him to londe, he heled it noght.

The Greeks re-
joice at the
victuals and
Thelaphus's
kingship.

Then were the Gregeis Proude and fayn,
That thei herde the certayn, 4116
That he was lord of that kyndome
Fro whethen alle that riches is come.

Thei bad god ȝeue him blis,
That so wisly him dud I-wys; 4120
For now drede thei no-tyng,
Nother of mete ne of drynk,

¶ Now hath Achilles hem vitayles brought.

Agamemnon
thinks how
best to besiege
Troy.

Agamenon is In moche thoght, 4124

How thei schul Troye be-sege best;
Many a wyle and wit the[i] kest,
Whether thei wente by day or by nyght
And take the land with-oute syght, 4128
Whil thei of Troye were alle on slepe
And to hem wolde take no kepe;

They are
afraid to
attack the
Trojans by
night, as they
fear wrecking
their ships on
the crags.
So they wait
a year without
heeding Troy
—for fear of
Hector, as
Stace (Statius)
says.

But thei were ferd, if that thei went
By nyghtes tyme, lest thei were yschent 4132
And breke her schippus on craggas and stones,
And lost hem selff al at ones.

And so dwelled the Gregeys thore
A ful twelue monthe and more, 4136
That thei to Troye toke non hede;
So hadde thei alle of hem suche drede.

But Stace telles ys and says,
That thei lye so long in pays 4140
For drede thei hadde of Ector knyght,
So mochel thei dredde of his myght.

Then seyde Diomedes :	[lf. 62.]	4143	Diomedes
‘How longe schal we lye her In pes,		4144	says: ‘How
Gode men, kynges and dukes ?			long shall we
Drede of herte vs alle rebukes !			lie here? We
We ben so ferd of oure enemys,			so fear our
That thei bere vs to no prys ;		4148	enemies that
We haue now leyne and rest vs here—			they despise us.
3e wot alle wel—more than a 3ere,			
That we durst neuere be water ne londe			
Se ones Troye right at honde.		4152	
What may they wene but cowardise			
Off vs for-sothe and gret ffayntise,			
That we ben so of hem a-dred,			They think us
That we for drede ben al mad ?		4156	cowards.
¶ Alas that we so longe a-byden,			
That we ne hadde rather to hem reden			
And the toun myghtily assayled,			
Sicurly it hadde vs a-vayled !		4160	
For now drede thei vs right noght,			They don’t
For we haue noght to hem wrought,			fear us, but
But spend oure good and oure vitayle ;			gather new
And that doth vs noght a-vayle.		4164	forces, as we
And thei hem gete lordes kene,			may see our-
A-3eys vs hem to mayntene ;			selves.
For we haue sene, sethen we come hidur,			
Many kynges comen thedur		4168	
With gret meyne and chiualrie,			
To helpe wel her partie.			
¶ Gret schame it is—as hit is sene—			It is a shame
That we durst neuere Troye mene,		4172	that we dare
Ne neuere durst we hit ones se,			not yet attack
Kyng Priamus and his Cite !			them.
Whi dwelle we thus In suche manere ?			
I rede, dwelle we no lenger here,		4176	I advise you

Hic Imperator et omnes Reges Grecorum nauigant versus Troianum.

not to dwell Be it to wele or to wo— [lf. 62, bk.] 4177
 here any

longer, but I rede, that we hennes go,
 to sail at once ¶ Ryse erly, when the day dawes,
 to Troy.'

Put vs forth among the wawes, 4180

With alle oure schippus with mochel Ioye

Wende we to the Cite of Troye;

For we schal neuere other-wyse

Opon the 'Troyens lond arise.' 4184

The kings The kynges assented wel ther-to,
 assent and

order their Thei sayde thei myght no betre do;

knightes to be Thei let crie al on hye,

ready. That euery knyght were thenne redy, 4188

That thei were redy In the dauenyng

To wende forth with-oute dwellyng.

Night is went and gon a-way,

Day is dawed and is day, 4192

It was a louely morn,

At daybreak And Agamenon blew his horn.

Agamemnon Anon the lordes of the flete

blows his horn. Out with here schippis thei dede schete

The whole Out of the hauenes in-to the see, 4196

Greek navy With al here men and ther naue.

sails out of the And ther ordeyned that Emperour

harbour. And ¹ alle the lordes of gret honour, 4200

Whiche of the schippis schal go by-fore,

And how fele hundres and score,

And whiche schal wende afftirward,

And whiche in the mydward. 4204

So that he ordeyned thus,

That the kyng Protheselus,

That was a kyng of gret noblay,

The hauen schulde furst asay 4208

With an hundred schippis grete;

And he ther byddyng wold not lete.

Agamemnon
 orders Pro-
 theselaus to
 attack the
 harbour of
 Troy first.

¹ MS. *That*.

- ¶ He gadered his schippus on a route, [lf. 63.] 4211
 And bad hem gadere him a-boute 4212
 And sayle besyde him euer nye,
 And drawe her sayl wel on hye,
 And sette here baneres on the mast ;
 And sayle forth were thei not agast 4216
 Toward Troye a wel gode pas.
 And alle these other vpon a ras,
 Euery lord—as he was boden,—
 Now are thei toward Troye reden 4220
 With gret thretyng and manas hard.
 Prothesely bath the vanward,
 The lond of Troye for to take ;
 But furst schal he and alle hese qwake 4224
 For drede of deth, or thei take reste ;
 Er schal thei suffre mochel breste,
 Or thei take bank or brynke ;
 Thei tolde it not as thei thynke. 4228
- G**Regeis ben alle graythed 3are
 To the touz of Troye to fare ;
 Thei ar comen so ney her wones,
 That thei se bothe toures and stones 4232
 And the subbarbes al aboute ;
 But thei hadde so moche doute,
 How thei scholde on londe lyght
 For hem of Troye whan thei hadde a syght ; 4236
 For many a Troyen sen thei stonde
 Armed wel opon the londe,
 To put hem fro the water bankes,
 That thei ne tok lond but ther vnthankes. 4240
- ¶ But sicurly when thei of Troye,
 Kyng and quene, knyght and boye,
 Say the Gregeys sayles long and large,
 Eche man hente bothe sword and targe 4244

They prepare
their ships and
sail to Troy.

Before they
take it, they
will have to
suffer much.

When they get
sight of the
town, many
armed Trojans
are standing
on the banks.

	And drow forth hors and gret cou[r]ser, [lf. 63, bk.]	4245
	And rode and ran to the ryuer	
	With-oute heste of here kyng	
	Or with-outen Ectoris wetyng;	4248
	That Gregeys scholde no lond take	
	With-oute bale and mochel wrake.	
Protheselaus sails against the Trojans,	¶ But Prothesaly the formast was	
	Off alle the schippis In that ras,	4252
	Saw he not no better to do	
	Ne on no wise to come to,	
	But thorow strokes and fyght.	
	He sayled forthe to hem streyght	4256
	With alle the schippis In his ledyng;	
but by his great folly	But gret foly dede ther that kyng,	
	For he sayled In with a feble sayl	
	And þat was him to wrotherhayl:	4260
	For the wynd was hard and store	
he is driven so hard against the bank, that many of his ships are shattered, and the men drowned.	And so faste him to the lond bore,	
	¶ Aȝeyns the bank hem so droff,	
	That many a chippe ¹ ther al to-roff,	4264
	And the men fel out and sank	
	Dede and drowned by the bank.	
	And tho that on the lond dede lepe	
Those who get on land are slain.	The Troyens leyde vpon an hepe,	4268
	Thei bare hem doun and sclow al-weyes	
	Doun to grounde the Gregeis;	
	To sle hem the Troyens not belened,	
	In-to the sky the strokes dened.	4272
	¶ The Gregeys ȝolled and cried loude,	
The air is thick with arrows and bolts; land and water are red with blood.	It was a-bouen hem lyke a cloude,	
	So fley the arwes to and fro	
	That the Gregeis dyed with mechel wo.	4276
	Lond and water was al rede	
	Off hem that were sclayn and dede.	

¹ MS. *chippe*.

Sithen schippis ȝode¹ furst with sayl and wynd, [lf. 64.]

Might neuere man In book fynd, 4280

With so gret wo to gete land,

As the Gregeys dede, I vndirstand.

PRothesaly hath his naue
Neyhondes lorn and his meyne 4284

Thorow his outrage and his vn-wit,

Opon the lond so harde he hit.

But than come sayland opon a rowe

Afftirward with sayles lowe 4288

A hundred
fresh ships
arrive, and by
better skill

An hundrid schippis gret and stronge

With semely mastes fair and longe

In-to that hauen war and wisly,—

Ther other men were wel grisly, 4292

In the water swam and flotered,

And there schippis a-boute totered ;

And to the lond so sofft thei sette,

That thei were nothyng lette 4296

reach land
without loss.

With bank ne cragge ne with ston.

But thenne come Troiens many on

To the bank to hem ful blyue,

Fro the lond hem to dryue. 4300

The Trojans
try to drive
them back, but
the Greek
archers bicker
on them,

But in the schippis were goode archeres

With dartes and gones & Arb[1]asteres ;

The Gregeis thenne her bowes bent

And many an arwe thei hem sent, 4304

Many a darte was ther cast and schotyn,

And many a bodi ouer-floten.

The Gregeis were apert and quyk,

That arwes on londe thei dede styk, 4308

That many of Troye to dethe felt

With dynt of Arwe and of qwareff ;

Thei drow a-bak—so were thei hurt.—

The Gregeis on the lond sturt 4312

kill many
Trojans,

and land.

¹ MS. *ȝowe*.

	And faught boldly and at devis	[lf. 64, bk.]	4313
	Opou the lond with here enemys ;		
	Thei helden Troyens hard and stale,		
The Greeks would never have held their ground but for Protheselaus,	But scholde thei neuere of bote herd bale,		4316
	Ne hadde ben Prothesaly,		
	T[h]e noble kyng of Filaundry.		
	H E sclow that tyme with-ouen vmbre		
	Mo Troyens than I can numbre ¹ ;		4320
who helps them and kills many Trojans.	Nadde he ben and his noblay,		
	Hadde neuere Gregeys passed a-way ;		
	For sicurly his doughtynes,		
	Alone his myȝth and his prowes,		4324
	Saued alle the Grwes that ther were		
	Fyghtyng in feld tho there.		
Still many Greeks are slain too	But for alle his myth ² that he hadde ³		
	The Gregeis were so harde be-stadde,		4328
	That many on ⁴ on grounde lay,		
	For tho of Troye were mo than thay.		
	Hem were leuere dye than flee,		
	And to be drowned in the see ;		4332
	To theire schippis hadde thei no teynt,		
	Thei were so for-foghten and almost faynt.		
The Trojans again drive them back towards the sea.	The Troyens droff hem bak-ward		
	With harde strokes the see toward,		4336
	Than were thei dreven to the bank,		
	That many fel In the see and sank.		
	¶ But thenne come many a gret karik,		
	Ful of knyghtes wel ydyght ;		4340
Then Procenor and Archelaus rally the Greeks.	Kyng Procenor and Archelaus		
	Come then to helpe Prothesalaus ;		
	With alle ther men on londe thei wente,		
	With hardi herte and good entente		4344
	To socour her frendes: that was hem leff,		
	In dout of dethe that was In myscheff.		
		{ But alle }	

¹ MS. *humbre.* ² MS. *myth.* ³ The last four words by another hand, *myth* on erasure. ⁴ MS. *manyon.*

- ¶ But alle thei were In drede of dede¹; [lf. 65.] 4347 But all of them
 Schuld thei neuere haue eten brede, 4348 would have
 Not for hem alle ne Procenor,
 Ne hadde not come the duke Nestor : if Nestor had
 But he come then to the batayle, not come to
 As faste as he myght sayle, 4352 their rescue.
 With many a schip and many a floyne;
 For him and his schippis fil fair fortune,
 And louely grace god to him sende,
 That he and hise sauely des[c]ende² 4356
 Opon that lond with-oute hurtyng,
 With-oute harme or schipe³ brekyng.
- ¶ Then myght men se speres schake,
 And many a man for drede qwake; 4360 A terrible
 Here swordes⁴ thrifflly to-gedur rang, combat
 Eche a man on other dang; follows;
 The arwes ȝede so thikke on hye, the arrows fly
 That no man myght for hem se the skye; 4364 so thick, that
 Arwes and quareles thikke flewe, one can't see
 Every man on other hewe; the sky.
 Thei fel doun ded on euery halue,
 That neuere myght be heled with oyment ne salue. 4368
- T**Hen come a-londe kyng Alacris,
 And Askalus with alle his, Then Alacris
 With doughti knyghtes gode and fresche, and Asealus
 With grete speres of Oke and asche. 4372 come ashore,
 Thei wunden the Troyens thikke,
 And faught with hem wel quykke,
 And thei of Troye bakward drowe;
 And many fel ded In sowe. 4376 and put the
 Trojans to
 flight.
- ¶ But fele Troyens stode be-syde,
 That hadde not meved of alle that tyde,
 Ne neuere ȝaff stroke of al that day,
 But by-held the batayle ay. ij 4380

¹ MS. The last two letters of *dede* by a later hand on erasure.

² MS. *defende*.

³ MS. *schip*.

⁴ o corrected from e.

¶ *Hic venit ad bellum cum magno suo vlixes.*

The reserves of
the Trojans
come up, slay
and wound the
Greeks,

But whan thei sey her men hadde nede, [lf. 65, bk.] 4381

Thei come down wel good spede ;

Thei socoured here felawes egrely

And sclow the Gregeys bitterly ; 4384

Thei wounded many in that poynt,

Ther was lorn many a Ioynt,

Many a leg and many a thye,

Many an hond and many a kne ; 4388

Some loste his nase and his lyppis.

and drive them
back again.

Thei droff hem backward to here schippis,

For drede of dethe and myghtles

Thei were brouȝt al in distres, 4392

That thei hadde dyed with swerdes orde

Or drowned vnder schippis borde,

Ne hadde Vlixes comen then

With many a knyght and doughti men. 4396

Then Ulixes
and his men
land, and help
the Greeks ;

THe Gregeis myght hem not defende,

But Vlixes was then ner-hende

And toke the londe, and ȝede forth streyght

With alle his men to the fyght. 4400

The Grues toke herte In his comyng,

That thei that were be-fore fleyng,

they turn
again.

Turned a-ȝeyn, and hertely ran

On her fomen, and offte hem wan 4404

Off hem of Troye, be his helpyng.

Ulixes wounds
many Trojans.

Vlixes then began to spryng

¶ A-mong Troyens anon,

In many stedis bare he hem don, 4408

And hurt hem sore and lefft hem bledande

With a spere he bar In hande,

And wounded many gode Troyene.

When Philo-
mene sees
this,

And that beheld kyng Phylomene, 4412

How he bare Troyens to the grounde,

Wondir many In a stounde ;

Him thoght In-sonder his hert gnowe,	[lf, 66.]	4415	
That he dede Troyens so doun drowe ;		4416	
He thoght to him for to ride,			
To se if he him wolde abyde			
And made him of his dedis sese.			
Philomene rode to Vlixes		4420	he rides up to
And ȝaff him certes suche a poppe,			Ulixes and
That he fel ouer his hors croupe.			strikes him to
¶ But Vlixes anon vp ros,			the ground.
And to the kyng a-ȝeyn he gos		4424	But Ulixes
Off that strok to take vengauce ;			starts up,
He smot Philomene with his launce			
Ryght euen In-myddis his scheld,			and so smites
That it flow out In the feld ;		4428	Philomene in
He brast his Pisan and his coloret			the throat,
And claff his vayn In his goriet :			
Vlixes ȝaff him suche a wounde,			
That he fel dede almost to grounde ;		4432	that he falls
Alle the Troyens that ther wore			down for dead.
Wende, he scholde haue dyed thore.			
¶ A gret wayment and hidous cry			The Trojans,
Might men here then witterly,		4436	crying and
That the Troyens made y-wys			weeping, bear
For the wounde of Philomenys.			him away
Thei drow him fro his hors fete			upon his
And leyde him sofftly and swete		4440	shield.
Opon his scheld with gret wepyng,			
As he hadde ben selepyng,			
And bare him faire of that stede,			
That men ne hors scholde on him trede.		4444	
¶ That fel faire for men of Grece,			This was a
Thei hadde elles dyed euery pece ;			good chance
For certes ne hadde ben that combraunce,			for the Greeks.
That ne hadde fallen that myschaunce,	i ij	4448	

¶ *Hic venit Imperator & omnes alij Reges Grecorum ad prelium.*

The Gregeis hadde neuere passed that place, [lf. 66, bk.]

But thei had dyed,—suche was here grace. 4450

Philomene was wounded ille.

Still the
Greeks would
have been
beaten,

The¹ Gregeis were In poynt to spille; 4452

Thei nyste what thei schulde haue don,

Ne hadde ben the kyng hurt so sone;

Thei hadde ben hewen euery a schrede,

But hem come help In that nede: 4456

if Thoas,

¶ For then come the kyng Thoas

With alle the naue that his was,

Thelamانيus,

And the doughti Thelamanyous,

Menelaus,

And with his schippis Menelaus, 4460

and Agamem-
non

¶ And the Emperour Agamenon;

Euery man the lond lepe on

And toke her hors and theder rode

With baneres blauwande bright and brode, 4464

had not
rescued them
and wounded
the Trojans.

And the Gregeis were rescued,

And many a Troyen ther thei bowed,

And bare hem down upon the grounde,

With speres scharpe and with hidous wounde. 4468

Protheselaus
sits down to
rest;

¶ The noble kyng Prothesaly,

That alle that day so nobly

Hadde foughten ther In armes prest,

Sete be-syde to take his rest, 4472

Ther the batayle was ffurst by-gunne;

He saw the place was al by-ronne,

Spred with blod and dede bodyes,

he sees his men
lying in their
blood, and
weeps.

That ther lay sclayn that hadde ben hes; 4476

He saw hem sclayn and ligge ther,

He wepit for hem many a ter.

Then he goes
to fight again,

¶ He toke his stede by the rayne,

To the fight he zede a-3ayne, 4480

Ful of woundes and of Ire;

He brende for wo as any fire

For his gode men that were slayn	[lf. 67.]	4483	
And al to-hewen ¹ body and brayn.		4484	
He thoght, her dethe wolde he venge,			
He sought the batayle euery reinge;			
Off strong ne feble toke he no kepe,			
He sclow hem down, as it were schepe,		4488	and slays the Trojans like sheep.
Many gode Troyen that tyde			
Sclow that kyng with woundes wyde			
In his outrage and his wodnes;			
The Troyens were then myghtles.		4492	
¶ Vnto her help and here refute			To their help comes the King of Ethiopia.
A worthi kyng and ful deuoute,			
The noble kyng of Ethiope;			
Then was ther many a blodes drope.		4496	
When comen Ethiopenes,			
Gret hardines toke the Troyens,			
Thei Turned aȝeyn on ther fomen			
And sclow hem down by nyne and ten,		4500	
And droff hem to the water eftt.			
Ther schulde no Gregeis on lyue haue lefft,			
Ne hadde comen Palamydes			But then Palamydes comes to the rescue of the Greeks;
With many a scheld, with bond and fes;		4504	
With hors and man was he thanne boun,			
To that batayle he come soun			
And bar down men as he were wode,			
And spilled faste the Troyens blode.		4508	
¶ A doughti Troyen he by-helde,			
That many a Gregeis In that felde			
Hadde slayn that day, sir Sygamon,			he kills Syga- mon, the brother of King Mennon.
The kynges brother gode Mennon.		4512	
With a spere—was scharp y-grounde,			
Better was non amonges hem aȝt yfounde,—			
Palamydes to him rode,			
That thorow his sydes bothe it glode,	i iij	4516	

¹ MS. *alto hewen*.

¶ *Hic venit Ector cum populo suo ad prelium.*

That Segamon his liff for-ȝede [lf. 67, bk.] 4517

And fel down ded by his stede.

He rod forth & lefft him lygand,

To the batayle faste smytand; 4520

Palamydes
slays many
Trojans,

¶ He sclow the Troyens—as he were wod—

And schedde wel mochel of here blod,

That thei myght suffre no lenger;

Tho were the Grues wel the strenger, 4524

so that they
begin to flee,

On euery a syde the Troiens flede;

Then thei were hard be-stede,

With mochel noye and wo thei fauȝt.

and the Greeks
come nearer
the town.

The Gregeis then toke a drauȝt 4528

Toward the toun ney halff a myle,

Many a Troyen died that while.

¶ The noyse was moche & gret clamour;

Hector hears
the noise of
the battle,

Ector herde hem make sorow, 4532

For tene his herte began to bollen,

And bothe his chekes gret swollen;

dons his silver
arms

He toke his armes and his atyre,

That were as bryght as siluer wyre; 4536

A better man was neuere on molde,

and golden
shield,

He bar a scheld of rede golde,

With thre lyons paynted ther-In;

A delful note he thocht be-gyn. 4540.

rides towards
his men,**E**ctor¹ is armed, his stede be-strode,

He rod forth with-oute a-bode,

Toward his men gan he gange,

Him thocht he dwelled ther to longe. 4544

He saw the Troyens faste fleand,

He rod to hem faste criand

and bids them
not fear.

And bad: "thei scholde a-ȝeyn turne,"—

'Drede ȝow not ȝoure enemys sturne!' 4548

Ihesu lord! what thei were glad,

When thei here noble leder had!

¹ MS. *EEtor*.

¶ *Hic Ector occidit Prothesalium Regem.*

- Was non so feble his voyce [did] here, [lf. 68.] 455¹ The Trojans
But it amendid herte and chere, 455² are very glad
And turned a-3eyn with hardi herte of Hector's
A-3eyn here enemys wonder smerte. arrival, and
turn again
enemies.
- ¶ Ector rode In that batayle, 455⁶
Armes myght him non a-vayle;
Wo was him that he ful hit,
For of his lyff was he quyt.
He partid the Gregeis host in-sundir,
Eche man of him hadde wondir; 456⁰ Hector parts
the Greek
army asunder,
Off suche a man haue 3e non herd!
Alle that he hitte, to dethe thei ferd.
- ¶ As he rode¹ Gregeis thus sleande,
A3eyns him mette he comande 456⁴ meets
Protheselaus,
A doughti kyng, Prothesalye,
That many of Troye that day dede dye;
He smot him ofte with his swerd naked,
That many Gregeis afftir qwaked; 456⁸
With his swerd Ector him smot,
That he fel down anon fot hot;
He cleff the body euen In half,
As it hadde ben a clouen calff. 457² and cleaves
him with his
sword to the
middle.
- W**As non so bold, durst by him pas;
Eche man asked, "what he was?"
Thei fled fro him as fro the ded;
Whom that he hitte, ete neuere bred. 457⁶
The Gregeis pride Ector abasched,
He sclow so fele, er he sesed,
That alle were ferd that on him loked;
He maymed many, and made hem croked 458⁰
Off legge, of arme, of fote, or too;
But 3it sclow he of hem wel moo.
Alle made him way and lete him ride,
Was non so bold durst him a-byde. i iiij 458⁴

¹ to inserted over line between *rode* and *Gregeis*.

Towards
evening
Hector retires
from the battle-
field.

The sonne goth down, it is ney euen, [lf. 68, bk.] 4585

Many a stroke hath Ector ȝeuen,

He was weri of men scleyng,

Off ffyghtyng, and of strokes ȝeuyng, 4588

For he sesid neuere with-oute fayle,—

And that was certes moche meruayle!—

Fro the tyme that he by-gan,

Off al that day he neuere belan. 4592

¶ Gregeis be-gan for to fle,

And Ector rod to his Cite

And lefte that other ther ffyghtande.

Achilles with
his Myrmidons
now comes
ashore.

Achilles cam thenne faste saylande 4596

With alle his gode Mirmydanes ;

With sword and spere and gret burdones

Vnto that batayle he him hyed,

The Gregeis thenne a-ȝeyn relyed ; 4600

The Greeks
are again
comforted.

Thei hadde comfort of his comyng,

On hem of Troye thei¹ gonne thryng.

AChilles be-gan Troyens to felle,

Some to wounde, and some to quelle ; 4604

Thei died faste on bothe parties,

He made aboutes him wayes and sties.

Achilles with
his 3,000 men
slays many
Trojans.

Achilles brouȝt with him ridand

Off men of Armes thre thousand ; 4608

Then hadde the Troyens ful gret doute

Thei fel down dede ouer-al a-boute ;

For then were Gregeis alle on londe,

With swordes and speres & staff in honde, 4612

Fyghtand faste In that assaut ;

The Troyens faste ther dethe laut,

For Achilles wodely

Selow hem down ful delfoly ; 4616

Thei myght no lenger him with-stande,

Thei turned the bak faste fleande,

¹ MS. *i* inserted by a later hand.

- Toward Troye to saue here lyues. . [lf. 69.] 4619 The Trojans
But Achilles afftir dryues, 4620 flee to the city;
He felde hem down on euery side ¹ Achilles
And lefft hem liyng with woundes wide. wounds many
of them,
- ¶ Thei folwede hem to Troyes gate;
Wo was hem that come to late, 4624 especially
For he was sclayn with-oute pite, those who are
That ther by tyme hadde non entre. too late to enter
the gates.
It was hidous and right grisly
Off Troiens thenne to heere her cry, 4628
The fadres saw here children bold
Lye ded In the strete Cold ²,
Then was ther dele with-oute lauzter;
The Gregeis made of hem gret slauzter, 4632
And wounded hem in here fleynge.
But thei were lettid of her entryng:
- ¶ For then come ride the gode Troylus,
And his brother Dephebus, 4636 Troylus and
And droff a-zeyn the ffel Gregis Dephebus
With strokes sadde and mechel vnpes; drive the
Hit was derk nyght by thenne y-wys, Greeks back.
Achilles zede with mochel blys, 4640
With mochel Ioye and gret preysyng,
With his Gregeis to here restyng;
And thei of Troye with barre & haspe
Spered the gates with many a claspe, 4644
That thei with-oute come not In
With-Inne the nyght with scleyght ne with gyn.
- A** Gamenon lokes on euery syde
A place couenable on to ³ abyde; 4648 Agamemnon
He bad hem alle, her tentis sette; allots places
Thei swore alle, "thei wold not lette ⁴;" for the tents.
Thei sayde, "thei wolde neuere that place let ⁵,"
Or Troye were clene doune ybet." 4652

¹ The last two words of this line, and the last three of the next, by a later hand, partially on erasure. ² MS. *wol Cold*, a letter (probably *d*)

being erased behind *wol*, and *Cold* added by a later hand. ³ MS. *onto*.

⁴ MS. *Icehe lette*, *Icehe* being crossed by a later hand, and *lette* added by the same. ⁵ MS. *fyf*, but inserted by a later hand on erasure.

¶ Stedis was delyuered to euery a lord, [lf. 69, bk.] 4653

The Greeks
pitch a camp.

Thei ran alle to reste and cord,
To sette vp tentis, Pauylons to bylde ;
Thei reysed vp bothe halle and tylde, 4656
That riche were and mochel preysed ;
Many a tent was ther vp-reysed,
Long, and round, and eke square,
Semely dyght & faire to her sight thare, 4660
With eglis faire and riche In syght,
Off riche gold and mechel of wyght,
With pomeles bright—with-oute fable—
Brode baneres on euery gable. 4664

¶ Opon her tentis thei dede en-haunse
Euery lord his contenance ;
And thei that hadde no teld ne tent,
Scheldes and bowes faste thei bent 4668
And be-gonnen a-boute hem bygge,
That thei myght ther-Inne lygge.

They go to
their ships and
fetch venison,
victuals, and
arms.

To thaire schippis faste thei dede
And drow out vitayles good spede, 4672

¶ Thei drow out larder of venyson,
Salt beff, and salt bacon,
And other flesch bothe fresche and salt,
Cornes, wynes, mele, and malt, 4676
Grete tonnes ful of flour ;

Riche Armor of riche a-tour,
Coffres grete with stele barrelles,
That were ful of gode quarelles, 4680

And other armes in gret tonnes,
Scheldes, helmes, dartes, & gonnes,
And many other grete engynes ;

They anchor
their ships.

And tyed her schippis with ropes & lynes, 4684
And Ankeres grete kest on the sond,
That non of hem scholde wond.

Mules & hors bene put to cracche,	[lf. 70.]	4687	
And afftir that thei sette here wacche		4688	The Greeks set watches
With sicur men that wolde not slepe,			
On euery a side that ost to kepe ;			
Thei dede falle bothe oke and plane			
And made fir In euery a lane,		4692	and kindle fires.
That men myght se bothe ner and ferre			
Ouer-al a-boute In eueryche a corner ;			
¶ The fires 3euen a gret lyght,			
As of hit hadde ben day-lyght.		4696	
Mynstralles her pipes hente			The minstrels play the whole night.
And alle other of Instrumente,			
Thei nakered, piped, and blew,			
Vnto that the Cokkes crew.		4700	
¶ And thus was thanne the sege be-gonne,			Thus begins the siege of Troy, which lasts ten years.
That laste ten 3er, or Troye was wonne ;			
3it was it neuere wonne with fyght,			
With the Gregeis, ne with ther myght ;		4704	
Hit was be-trayed falsly—Alas !—			
With Antenor and Eueas.			
H It is day, the Cok hath crowen,			In the morn- ing.
Many an horn thanne was blowen,		4708	
Many an horn and many a pipe ;			
Thei be-gan her Armure gripe			the Greeks take up their arms and rear their banners [which are described].
Bothe In feld and In toun ;			
Thei rered many a gomfanoun,		4712	
Baneres brode of fyne asure,			
Grene, and white, of purpur pure,			
Some were rede as vermyloun,			
With pelotes, daunse, and Cheueroun,		4716	
Some with sauters engrèle,			
And some with bastoun wouerle,			
Off sable some, of siluer fyn,			
And some of hem be-gan to schyn.		4720	

¶ *Hic Ector ordinat prelium suum.*Hector
assembles his
forces

¶ Ector bad his men ilkon, [lf. 70, bk.] 4721

That his meyne schold [brynge] echon

In-myddes Troie in a playn

Be-fore the temple in a champayn. 4724

His batayles ther Ector arayed,

With many gode knyȝtes wel assayed ;

He ordeyned them ¹ in batayles nyne

With gode knyghtes & eke fyne, 4728

And set aboue hem gouernoures,

Hardy knyȝtes and gode gyoures.

and divides
them into
nine batta-
lions.The first, of
2,000 men, is
led by
Glaunton,
Theseus, and
his son
Archilogus,**T**He furst ost lad sir Glauntoun,

A kyng sone of gret renoun ; 4732

And Theseus, kyng of Tras ² ;

And Archilogo, that his sone was ;

Two thousand knyȝtes gode and lele

Lad thei in that eschele. 4736

and has leave
to march.

'I ȝeue ȝow leue,' saide Ector, 'with this,

To go & come with mochel blis :

To ȝoure Enemys now ȝe hye,

And come a-ȝeyn with victorie !' 4740

The ȝate was open on a rees,

Thei passed forth out of that prees.

The secunde batayle lede Alkan,

The kyng Antipe, that doughti man, 4744

A douȝti knyȝt, a noble kyng ;

The[i] hadde with hem in here ledyng

Thre thousand knyghtes gode & strong ;

Thei rode alle forth In that throng, 4748

With many doughti man hem myd.

He ordeyned then the batayle thrid,

Thre thousand of douȝti knyȝtes,

That were hardy at alle ryȝtes, 4752

And called gode Troyle, and to him spak

And seyde : 'brother, I the be-tak

The second
battalion
(3,000) is given
to Alkan and
Antipe.The third
(3,000) is led by
Troylus, whom
Hector
counsels¹ MS. *then*.² MS. *Tars*.

- ¶ **Hic Ector et alii Reges Troiani ibant ad prelium.**
 These gode men In thi kepyng, [lf. 71.] 4755
 I praye oure goddis, a-3eyn 3ow bryng! 4756
 But I praye the, my broder¹ dere,
 By-fore these kyng[es]² & kny3tes here,
 That thow be wyse and not sauage ;
 3if the not to outrage! 4760
 I drede me sore, thi hastines,
 Thi noble herte, and thi hardines
 Schal make the bold and vs schent ;
 But thow take gode avisement, 4764
 Vnto thi-self to-day take hede!
 I pray oure goddis, that wel 3ow spede!’
T Royle sayde in fair manere :
 ‘ 3if my god me helpe, that is me dere, 4768
 Ne haue 3e of me no doute,
 I schal do 3ow ther aloute,
 And do alle 3oure comaundement,
 And kepe 3oure heste in good entent.’ 4772
 He toke his leue as curtais and hende,
 To his Enemys he gan wende ;
 His armes were gode and newe,
 His scheld was of Asure blewe, 4776
 With thre lyons of gold schynand ;
 Out of that 3ate he 3ede passand.
 ¶ Aboute these batayles Ector him paynes,
 The fourthe batayle³ he ordeynes 4780
 Of th[r]e thousand and hundres seuene,
 Off kny3tes gode—by god of heuene!—
 With many a-nother dou3ti man,
 Vndir that dou3ti kyng Vpan ; 4784
 He was the strongest of that parti
 Saue Ector him-self, but Dares ly.
 ¶ The ffyft batayle then Ector made
 Off stronge kny3tes and eke sade, 4788

not to be too
eager or too
rash ;

Troylus pro-
mises to obey
Hector.

The fourth
battalion, of
3,700 men,

is given to
Upan—the
strongest
knight but
Hector.

The fifth
battalion

¹ MS. *moder*.

² MS. *kyn3*.

³ MS. *batayles*.

- is made up of
giantlike men
of Cesoygne,
Off doughti men with-oute ensoygne, [lf. 71, bk.] 4789
That comen were out of Cesoygne;
Thes ilke men were wonder stronge,
As geauntes mochel and longe; 4792
The kynges armes were blewe and blo,
With-oute other signes mo.
- under Polimo-
das. ¶ He called to him Polimodas,
A douȝti kyng, that hardi was; 4796
He made him lord and her leder,
And prayed god be her speder.
- The sixth is
led by Prose-
men and Ste-
repes : they
are archers. ¶ The sixte batayle with-oute les
Ledes Prosemen and Sterepes; 4800
Thei fauȝt vn-armed in here atyres
With longe Arwes and scharpe vires.
- Dephebus is
attached to
them, and so
are Esdras He cleped Dephebus that folk to lede,
And bad to hem to take good hede. 4804
He bad also to kyng Esdras,
Opon his heued his helm to las ;
- and Philon. ¶ Kyng Esdras and kyng Philon
Bothe thei dede her helmes on, 4808
And wende to that batayle rude
With grete folk and multitude.
- Philon's war-
chariot is
described. **K** yng Philon a noble cart,
A wonder werk, made hade gart : 4812
It was clene and al yvore
Bothe be-hynde and eke be-fore,
Siluer and gold on aythe[r] whele
Was layd aboute fair an[d] wele; 4816
Al was be-gon, syde and hemmes,
Ful of riche precious gemmes;
Suche a cart ne precious
Saw neuere man, ne so gracios. 4820
That batayle lad Piktagorassen,
With kyng Philon and kyng Esdrassen.
- Piktagorassen
is one of their
leaders.

The seuenthe batayle led Eueas, A strong kyng In euery plas, With a noble Amerale, That hete Eufen—so sayth the tale.—	[lf. 72.] 4823 4824	The seventh battalion's leaders are Eneas and Eufen.
¶ The .viii. batayle led Paris, That Alysaundre het also y-wys, With the noble kyng of Perse, As Dares telles In his verse.	4828	The eighth's are Paris and the Persian king.
Ector sayde to Alysaundre : ' Off the come al this foule sclaunder, For thi wyffes foule rape ; I rede that thow wysly scape, That thow of hem be not dispised ; Come not among hem vn-avised, Lete thyn ost be euer the by, That thi fomen come the not ny !' Paris seyde thenne : ' so god me rede, I schal do, as 3e haue seyde ; I schal be euere at thin heste.' Thei ride forth with many a crest, With many a baner by the wynde, Some of sable, som of Inde.	4832	Hector coun- sels Paris to be wise and careful.
¶ Ector called to him blyue	4840	Paris promises to be so.
Off hardy knyghtes thosandes fyue, The stalwortheest In Troye born ; When thei come him byforn He made of hem the .ix. batayle. As Ector coude, he arayes hem wele, He bad hem be at his ledyng,	4844	5,000 of the best Trojan knights form the ninth bat- talion under Hector and ten of his brothers.
Thei were wel glad of that biddyng. Ten of his brether that were hardye, He dede In that companye ;	4852	
Him-self¹ was armed In helme & bryny, His stede by-gan wel loude to hyny.	4856	

¹ MS. *selt*.

Gret Ioye was of Ector ffayrnes, [lf. 72, bk.] 4857
 Off his strengthe and his goodnes.
 Dars the heraud—I the be-hote—
 Many meruayles of him he wrote. 4860

Hector takes
 leave of his
 father;

Ector sat on Galathea,
 The swyfftest hors that myght ga;
 To his ffader Priamus

Rode he thenne, and seyde thus : 4864

‘ My lord, my fader leue and dere,

he leaves 1,000
 knights to
 guard him,

A thousand knyghtes I leue 3ow here

With alle the pedel better and werre,

That the Gregeis vs not sterre, 4868

To take oure toun with arte and seleght,

The while we In feld feght.

3e ben wyse, good, and able,

Loke 3e be gode and defensable ! 4872

and will send
 him messen-
 gers from the
 battle-field.

I schal 3ow sende with kny3tes and knapes,

How the batayle with vs scapes ;

And afftir that I sende 3ow sonde,

Wele helpe 3e vs, if nede be-stonde.’ 4876

Priamus says
 he relies on
 Hector alone,
 and will pray
 God to send
 him back
 whole and
 sound,

¶ Kyng Priamus a3eyn answers :

‘ I prey god, that alle thyng weres,

Saue the this day fro dedly wounde

And sende the a3eyn hole and sounde ! 4880

God sende me gode tythandes & blys,

For in the now al myn hope is,

In thi wit and thi connyng,

In thi strengthe and thi gouernyng.’ 4884

At his fadur leue he toke,

And with his batayle forth he schoke.

Hector rides
 forth,

Ector rode forth In gode vertuus,
 Strong kny3t, hardy and prus, 4888

So hardy kny3t was non a-losed ;

Wel offte was he harde be-closed,

{ Wt þe Gregeis }

Hic veniunt Greci ad Prelium.

- With the Gregeis alle vmbygon, [lf. 73.] 4891 Hector is
That of his men hadde he not on ; 4892 often sur-
With hundres fele and thousandes bothe round by
Thei swore his deth with many an othe. Greeks, but
And he on fote, when his hors was selayn,— none dares
3it dar I for-sothe sayn, 4896 attack him.
- That non durst on him hond lay,
Ne non so bold come In his way.
His armes were faire and bryzt of hewe,
His scheld was of Asure blewe, 4900 His arms and
In-myddes his scheld a lyon stode, shield are
As rede as any blode. described.
- ¶ He markys him bothe body and brest
With Appolyn that was to him trest. 4904
At his wendying pan was he last,
Alle his batayles sone he past,
Til he was formest of hem alle.
The ladyes 3ede upon the walle, 4908 The Trojan
Ther myzt thei se on euery syde, ladies are
How the batayle scholde betyde. on the walls.
- ¶ Ther was Eleyne, the faire qwene,
Hectuba and Pollexene, 4912
And hir sustir Cassaunder ;
Upon the walles thei gan wander,
For to se and to be-holde,
How thei fauzt upon the wolde. 4916
- A**Game[n]on In his de-vyse ¹
Hadde ordeyned wel alle hise ;
He hadde on horse, with pedales,
Six & twenti grete batayles. 4920
- The formast warde ledde Patrodus,
A riche duk and a glorious ;
When he that batayle toke to kepe,
Him hadde be betre layn to sclepe. **k j** 4924
- Agamemnon
divides his
forces into
26 battalions.
- Patroclus,
Achilles' in-
timate friend,
leads the first.

¹ MS. *de-gyse*.

He was Achilles alyaunce, [lf. 73, bk.] 4925

And dede him gret greuaunce,

For he was his sworn brother,

So was that on to that other. 4928

The second is led by Diomedes, Menon, and Mene-scene, the rest by many kings and dukes now dead.

¶ The secunde ledde Diodemes,

Kyng Menon, and Menescens.

The thridde, the furthe, and eke the fift

Lad many a kyng that neuere hadde schriff; 4932

Alle thei were dede, bothe duk and kyng;

To telle her names were gret taryng.

Then come Nestor and Makaon, and Agamemnon, their emperor and general leader.

¶ Then come Nestor duk, and kyng Makaon;

The laste of alle come Agemenon,

4936

Off ther ost as an Emperour

And ther alther gouernour.

Achilles lies wounded in his tent.

¶ Achilles bar non Armes that¹ day,

In his tent at home he lay

4940

For a wounde, In strong aray

That he hadde cauȝt that other day.

¶ Now haue thei take the feld large

With helme, sword, and many targe,

4944

Lased streyȝt in cote-Armures,

Y-heled² with riche covertoures,

Opon her stedes gaye trapped,

With yren and stele that were wel clapped

4948

For dyntes of Arwes and schotyng;

Many man dyed at that metyng.

A great battle rages; many folk die.

¶ Many a baner was displayed,

And many a stede aboute strayed

4952

Among that ost Maystirles,

That ther lay ded, lyffles.

Ther were schankes al to-schiuered,

And many of his lyff delyuered,

4956

Bakkes broken, bones brosten,

Many of here hors casten,

¹ MS. *thar*.

² MS. *y heled*.

¶ *Magnum bellum.*

- Many a cote on erthe trayled, [lf. 74.] 4959
 Many a wyff her lord ther wayled, 4960
 When thei alle to-gedir mette,
 The archeres faste a-boute hem schotte,
 Thei sclow and wounded many a score.
 Ector rod his men be-fore 4964 Hector rides
 And Priked his stede, as he were wode, in front of his
 That alle his sides ran on blode; men.
 So ful of yre as Ector was,
 When he saw so many come a-pas 4968
 Off so many Gregeis in his syght,
 He wondred swythe, and so he myght.
Patroclus, a kyng gaylard,
 Was ledere of the vanward; 4972 Patroclus and
 Ector come as a lyoun, Hector fight;
 And Patroclus on a stede broun
 Vnto Ector be-fore his men,
 He strok his stede and dede him ren; 4976
 He bar Ector thorow the scheld, Hector's shield
 But Ector faste his sadel held, is pierced,
 In-to the flesche he him smot,
 And Ector to him [went] foot hot. 4980
 ¶ He wex thenne wood and wroth I-now,
 Out of his schethe his sword he drow,
 He smot Patroclus on the hed,
 Styff ded he him leued. 4984 but he kills
 His strok with-stode no basenet, Patroclus.
 His strong helme, ne his palet,
 He cleff his heued atwo,
 And bad him smyte no more so. 4988
 Doun on the grounde Patroclus fley
 Off his hors, that many it sey.
 ¶ Ector saw his Armes schon
 Off many a perle and riche ston; k ij 4992

148 *Menon prevents Hector from despoiling the Corpse of Patroclus.*

When Hector attempts to despoil the corpse of Patroclus,	Doun of his stede Ector lyght That gode Armes to him dyght; He held his stede be the rayne, To spoyle the knyght that he hadde slayne.	[lf. 74, bk.] 4993 4996
Menon,	¶ Mennon led the ward the secunde, He saw Patroclus on the grounde, He saw Ector him wolde dispoyle, But rather him thouthe with him toyle; For Mennon to him ryght	 5000
who has 3,000 knights,	With thre thousand knyghtis bryght; Er he myght that body dispoily, Michel wo was sikurly!	 5004
abuses Hector, and declares	M ennon rode to Ector right euene And him myssayd with loude steuene, He spak to him wordes vnlede And seyde: 'thow wolff, thow art wel grede! Wenestow wynne that wyght rauyne,	 5008
he shall never have Patroclus's arms,	Certes his harneys schal neuere be thyne; Off this pray schaltow not tast, For thow schalt se comande in hast Fyfthi thousand the to distroye, And alle thei thenke the to noye.'	 5012
The Greeks try to capture Hector's horse,	¶ When Mennon hadde him myssayde, Alle the hepe on him layde, Thei thought his stede fro him reue, And him to sle and ded leue;	 5016
and beat him to his knees;	¶ Thei ȝaff him many a stroke to holde, Thei made his knes vndir him ffolde, With fyne fors thei made him knele; Ector tho loked as a deuele:	 5020
but he starts up again, and	Maugre her tethe vp he ros Aȝeyn the wille of alle his fos, He cleue hem with his swordis egge, As man doth the tre with wegge.	 5024

- Many a bale he al to-rit¹, [lf. 75.] 5027
 Many aboute kyng Menon flit; 5028
 He toke his stede maugre her chekes,
 And afftir hem he sekes, retakes his horse.
 Opon his heued a strok to wynde,
 A-mong his men ȝif he him fynde; 5032
 In that prese hadde he him sene,
 He hadde on him venged bene.
 ¶ But then come kyng Theseus, Theseus and
 And his sone Archilogus, his son Archi-
 And thre thousand knyghtes with bren bryght, logus arrive
 And Ector thei felle on right; with 3,000
 But he that formast to him ran, Greeks;
 For-sothe he was a fey man : 5040
 ¶ Ector sclow him hastyly, Hector slays
 And alle other that come him by; the first of
 The Troyens fauzt with gret force. them, Cartays,
 Ector rod to the ded cors, 5044
 That he furst sclow, that het Cartays,
 To reue him his harneys;
 The kyng of Grece,—I vndirstonde— and tries to
 Come with knyghtes two thousande take off his
 Aȝeyn Ector, and bad him let be : armour;
 ‘Thow schalt not haue his Armes with the.’ 5048
 ¶ Kyng Mennon come with moche route but he is pre-
 And be-sette Ector al aboute, vented from
 Thei putte him certes fro his thoght, doing so by
 The harneys of him nedeth him noght; Menon,
 Loke afftir that, was it no bote.
 Ector whan he was on fote 5056
 With many thousandes vmbysset,
 An hondrid Gregeis on him bet,
 As fele as myght him reche,
 But Ector toke euere on hem wreche : k iij 5060

¹ MS. *alto rit.*

In many syde his swerd bared, [lf. 75, bk.] 5061
 And many an hed he of pared,
 He was so laid with armes and legges
 Als thikke as mire with segges, 5064
 He smot of and maymed thore ;
 He was be-set with Gregeis sore.

who takes the
 corpse up, and
 bids his men
 bring it to his
 tent.

¶ Mennon toke¹ that ded body
 And lyfft it fro the erthe an hy, 5068
 And bad his men be-fore him lay ;
 And ther-with thei ride a-way
 And bare it home to his tent,
 For Ector scholde not haue his garnement. 5072

Ector was strongly assayled,
 But al therfore nought availed ;
 He wende he scholde not fro hem scape,
 But of his swerd euere thei lape. 5076

Gorion tries
 to slay Hector
 and take his
 horse ;

Ther was a knyzt, sir Gorioun,
 A stalworthe knyght, with sir Menoun ;
 An hundrid were at his assent,
 To sle Ector, that was his entent, 5080
 And fro him toke with-oute zifft
 His noble stede that was so swyfft.

but Hector
 kills fifteen of
 his men.

But Ector scelow of hem ffyftene
 With-Inne a while with his swerd kene, 5084
 He defended him douzhtily
 A-ȝeyn hem alle ful myȝthly.

A Trojan with
 two spears
 slays Gorion
 and another
 Greek.

¶ A Troyen stode be-syde lokande,
 He hadde two speres In his hande ; 5088
 And sone he caste that on,
 That hitte that kyng sir Gorioun,
 That fro his body ȝede the soule ;
 Delfully then gan he ȝoule. 5092

¶ Another was on Ector brym,
 That other spere cast he at him,

¹ MS. *toke*.

- Thorow-out his Armure gert he it flye ; [lf. 76.] 5095
 Then thei of Troye be-gan to crye, 5096
 To held Ector he cried and grad
 For that¹ perel that he was In stad.
- ¶ When Senabor, his brother, herde
 That Ector thus In batayle ferde, 5100
 He hied faste In al his myght
 With al his ost In-to that fyght ;
 Thorow hem alle he to hem pressed
 And of that perel him relesed. 5104
 Off his strong men that were myghti
 At his comyng were sclayn thritti,
 Off hem that hadde him vmbecast
 Thritti were ded, er thei past. 5108
- ¶ Then delt Ector dyntes a-ryzt,
 Alle ȝede to dethe that come in his sight ;
 He wolde not longe dwelle In here dette,
 He sclow doun right alle that he mette. 5112
 Alle ȝede to dethe afftir that tyde,
 That were so bold his strok to abyde ;
 He was with Ire so chaufed and het,
 His armes were al blod & al wet ; 5116
 He dalte aboute him large lyuere,
 Of his strokes was he so fre,
 That alle toke part that come him ner,
 Erle, duke, knyzt, & sqwyer. 5120
- ¶ Many a riche amerayle
 Broght he that day to wrotherhayle
 And at his dole, many a knyght
 Toke her dethe with-oute respit. 5124
 He fond no man wel many sithe,
 On wham he myzt his wratthe kythe.
- T**Royle was on that other syde
 And ȝaf the Gregeis woundes wyde, **k** iiij 5128
 Troylus wounds many
 Greeks.

¹ MS. *For In that.*

152 *Troilus is taken Prisoner by Menescene. Meseres comes to the rescue.*

	He smot hem on that yren hat,	[lf. 76, bk.]	5129
	That ney the heued ofte it sat.		
Menescene of Athens, with 3,000 men, comes against Troilus,	¶ Then come to batayle Menescene, The noble duk of gode Athene; Thre thousand knyghtes were <i>with</i> him, Sturne knyghtes and grym. He saw Troyle fel hem of Grece, He rafft hem hondes, legges, and nece, He 3aff hem many an euel pat, Menescen hadde dispite of that.		5132
	¶ He rode to him and hitte him lowe,		
unhorsed him,	And bare him ouer his sadel-bowe, That to the grounde down of his stede —Nolde or wolde—Troyle 3ede, And for-stonet and wolde swouny. Menescen made him po besy With alle his men and his power,		5140
and takes him prisoner.	Troyle to haue to his prisoner; He put ther-to suche bysynes, That Troyle, that lay in duysenes, Was drawen out of hors trede, And Menescen forth-with him lede With mechel folk toward his prisoun; He wende, for him to haue raunsoun.		5144
			5148
			5152
Meseres, seeing this, calls upon the Trojans to rescue Troilus.	T Her was a kyng—het Meseres— Saw the duk of Athenes Hath take Troyle, the kynges sone: “Helpe him now, if that thei konne; 3iff thei her leder refuse, Iff he be taken In suche gyse.” Echon loked thedirward, Thei saw thei ledde Troyle thenward; With loude voyce thei hem a-scryed, And duk Mescene, he hem defyed.		5156
			5160

- He rode to him that Troyle hath sayled, [lf. 77.] 5163
 And with his spere to him taled : 5164 Meseres kills
 He bare him thorow lyuere and longe, one of
 He spak neuere afftir with tonge. Troylus's as-
 sailants ;
- ¶ The kyng Antipe smot duk Mescene ; Antipe
 Nadde his armes the strenger bene, wounds
 Ne scholde he neuere haue spoken word, Menescene ;
 Ne bred eten at no bord. 5168
- T**hes kynges two with her power both deliver
 Delyuered Troyle of that daunger, Troylus
 Thei sclow of hem a gret parti ; 5172
- And Troyle was horsed with gret hy, and re-horse
 He dede him horse amonges hem alle¹. him.
 Then be-gan Mescene to calle 5176
 Afftir help to Gregeis stale ;
 But ther-of Troyle zaff no tale,
 But fro his power is he refft,
 Ther to come thenk he not efft. 5180
 I dar sothe say with-oute borwe :
 Menescen hath then gret sorwe.
 When he has thus his presoner lorn,
 To his mouthe he sette his horn ; 5184
- ¶ In his horn blew he a blaste, Menescene
 His men assemblent aboute him faste ; calls the
 He prayed hem wel hertely : Greeks
 "That thei schuld him helpe stalworthly, together and
 To venge him on the kyng Troyene, bids them
 He hadde don him schame and tene." take revenge ;
 He strok forth as a dragoun 5188
 And felde Troyens be-fore him doun ;
 As he rode In his wode res, 5192
 He met azeyn him Meseres,
 The knyght that made him Troyle tyne, he cuts down
 On him wodly he rolled his eyne. many Trojans,
 5196 and meets
 Meseres again.

¹ This line follows the next one in MS.

- Menescene
hurls Meseres He felde him with a spere of Mapul [lf. 77, bk.] 5197
Among the feet of many capul,
He preked forth and lefft him thore,
For he myght harme him no more. 5200
- and another
Trojan to the
earth. Vnto another he tho turned,
That of his hors sone he fondred.
¶ Then come he to helpe stalward
With alle his men the toun toward, 5204
With alle his feloun Oripisus;
A-ȝeyn hem come Archilaus
With the kyng Procenore—
Off wham I haue told of byfore;— 5208
Hard batayle ther was sene
Off ffoure kynges hem be-twene.
- Polimodas
comes from
Troy, **P**ollymodas with-oute dwellyng
With alle the men of his ledyng 5212
Afftir that¹ come out of Troye,
With mechel ffairnes and mochel loye,
With many an hors and on fote,
Some to sclynge and som to schote. 5216
Afftir that come kyng Remus,
A-ȝeyn him come kyng Menelaus;
Kyng Remus brought thousandes thre
Knyȝtes gode to that semble, 5220
¶ Menelaus brought suche two
And many man on fote also.
he and Menelaus fight. These kynges two to-gedur rode
With kene speres with-oute abode, 5224
Vp ȝede thair feet & heued down,
To the grounde ȝede the croun.
- Polimodas
kills Merenes,
Eleyne's
cousin. ¶ Pollimodas rod to Merenes, 5228
With his spere he him scles;
He was of elde of twenti ȝere,
And Eleyne Cosyn leue and dere,

¹ MS. *tho that*.

- In his 3outhed and his floures, [lf. 78.] 523¹
 Hardi, styf, and strong In stoures. 523²
- ¶ Menelaus saw that he was ded ;
 It was to him a carful red,
 In his grete tene he smot Remus ;
 Opon his hed he smot him thus, 523⁶ Menelaus
wounds Re-
mus severely ;
 That thorow his helme he cleue his veyne ;
 His men wende, he hadde ben selayne,
 He was smeten to the eye,
 His men wende, he schuld dye ; 524⁰ his men think
him dead and
leave him.
 Thei toke here red then to fle
 And wente her way and let him be.
- ¶ Polimodas hem made abyde,
 He bad : " thei scholde a3eynward ryde ; " 5244 But Polimo-
das keeps
them back.
 He seyde : ' it is 3oure vylony,
 Fle ffro 3oure lord so schamfully ! '
 Thei turned a3eyn at his byddyng,
 Thei wolde haue ben wel Iangel yng 5248
 At home with strokes seuene or eygte
 Then ben there among that fighte.
 A-mong the horses ther lord thei found
 With mochel sorwe and hard stounde ; 5252 They bear
their sorely
wounded
leader off.
 Men helde him ouerthwert,
 For he was brosed hed & hert ;
 Some toke abouen and some benethen,
 Wel seke and sore bere thei him thethen. 5256
- T** Here was a kyng—het Cilydis—
 The fairest man that lyued y-wys,
 So fair a man was non on lyue ;
 His fairnes myght no man discryue, 5260
 No man myght his fairnes say,
 Ne with no colour hit portray.
 Celidis smot Polimodas,
 That Antenores sone was : 5264

¶ *Adhuc magnum bellum.*

He rode to him to his vnprowe [lf. 78, bk.] 5265

With a spere stalwo[r]the and towe,

¶ Polidomas to the erthe he bare

Off his hors, er he were ware ; 5268

But Polimodas starts up again and kills Cilydis.

Polidomas ful wroth vp-sterter,

He pulled him by the skirthe,

He sette a strok vnder his choke,

That he myght neuere afftir loke ; 5272

For men myght se his tethe al white.

He lay ther ded as a kyte.

Meanwhile Hector slays many Greeks,

Ector fl[e]l[d] the while and sclow

Alle that euere aboute him drow, 5276

He felde and sclow the Gregeis euere,

Off al that day he sesed neuere ;

He sesed neuere sethen he began,

He rod a-boute fro man to man. 5280

and is standing, as it were, in their blood.

If I durst say : the Gregeis blod,

That he hadde sclayn, a-boute him stod

In eche a batayle that he rod thorow,

As wynter water doth in forow. 5284

¶ Ther come a kyng ridynge a-cost

In help of Grece with alle his ost,

With many a knyzt hard & smert ;

He toke Ector at discouert 5288

With a spere, was not lyght,

That made his mayles vnright,

It roff In-two and brast In-sonder ;

It was a strok lyke a thonder. 5292

That yren was scharp and stalworthe,

With that strok Ector hurte he.

Hector bids him stand.

¶ Ector loked on him wrothly,

He cried afftir¹ him hertly :

‘ A-byde, thow coward kyng Tentan,

For the love² of thi lemman !

5296

¹ MS. *afftir afftir*.

² MS. *lowe*.

- A-byde and stond a strok of me, [lf. 79.] 5299
 As I haue don of the !' 5300
 Tentan was so sore aferd,
 He nolde abyde for al mydelherd,
 He prekyd away ouer the valowe
 As swyfft as any swalowe. 5304
 ¶ As he rod affter walopande,
 In his way mette he comande
 A riche lord, an Amerayle ;
 Ector him felde—the sothe to tale— 5308
 He cleue his bodi In parties,
 That ded of his [hors] he syes.
 ¶ The Gregeis then sprede Ector wyde,
 Fyue thousand on euery syde, 5312
 Thei thought him take or to sle,
 Thei Iuged him alle quyk to fle ;
 But he zaff not a flax-bete
 Off alle her bost ne thaire threte ; 5316
 With him was non that to him longed.
 Many a strok thei of him fonged,
 Many a body he cleff alsò,
 And many made he hedles ther-to. 5320
THeseus was a kyng of Grece,
 In euery syde Ector he sece
 Alle with Gregeis stoute ;
 He bad him : “ of that presse go oute ; ” 5324
 He bad him with wordes hende :
 ‘ I warne the as thi ffrende,—
 That the mys-falle non euel hap,—
 “ Ne that he fel In that trap, 5328
 It were a los to alle that were,
 ȝiff that þat knyȝht mys-ffere.”
 ¶ Ector him thonked with mylde mode,
 For he was kyng curteis and gode, 5332

King Tentan
is afraid and
flies.

Hector pur-
sues him

and kills a
Greek lord,

but is then
surrounded
anew ;

however, he
slays many.

Theseus warns
Hector to
leave the
battle.

Hector thanks
him mildly.

	He thonked him of his gode wille ;	[lf. 79, bk.]	5333
	Ector loked his men tille,		
Seeing Mene- laus and Thelamانيus attack Poli- modas,	He saw the kyng Menelaus And the kyng Thelamانيus		5336
	A-semble to Palodomas, That in the prese fer fro him was ;		
	He herde mochel noyse & cry, Ector wiste wel ther-by,		5340
	Polydomas was feld and taken ;		
Hector dashes upon them,	He stroke his stede ouer the laken, Er he come ther, wold he not lette.		
	With the Gregeis wel sone he mette,		5344
	Polidomas thei were a-boute, He 3aff hem many a sore cloute.		
slays fifty Greeks,	¶ He slow ffyfty ¹ with-Inne a throwe, He ffelde hem ded as foules of snowe ;		5348
puts the others to flight,	Thei ffled away that Power hadde, For fere of him thei were al madde ;		
and rescues Polimodas.	¶ Polidomas thei lete quyte go, Off his takyng schope hem gret wo.		5352
Menelaus, Thelamانيus, and Episcere- pus gather their forces	T Hen come the kyng Episcerepus With alle his men, and Menelaus,— Thelamانيus before is named,—		
	Alle her men thei haue a-samed ;		5356
	With harde strokes thei hem assayled, The Troyens ther her myght fayled ;		
	The saut was hard and so dredful, The Troyens saw it was nedful :		5360
and put the Trojans to flight,	For then thei fle and lefft the feld, Or elles be dede ther vndir scheld.		
	¶ Then anon with-out dwellyng Thei turned a-way alle fleyng,		5364
	Thei ne myght with-stonde that sau3t. Ector him-self a-3eyn hem fau3t ;		
Hector fights alone,			

¹ MS. *ffyfty*.

Hic Ector fecit magnum bellum¹.

The Gregeis cam thenne enviroun,	[lf. 80.]	5367	
¶ Ector fauȝt as [a] lyoun		5368	like a lion ;
Alle the hepe to him a-croched.			
For ther was non that him aproched,			they dare not
For who-so come with-Inne his swerde,			approach him
Sodan deth was his werde.		5372	or lay hands on him,
Off alle the Gregeis that pursued first			
Was non so bold, that ones durst			
Ones opon him hondes lay ;			
Alle his men were fled a-way ;		5376	
¶ Thei hadde sclayn his stede him vnder.			though he is
I dar wel say : he scelow an hundred,			on foot.
He reffte many bothe legges and thies,			
Hed and schuldres, armes & knees ;		5380	
Ther lay aboute him hondes & knokeles.			
As thikke as any honysocles,			
That In somer stondes In grene medes ;			
Many a wyff made he wedewes,		5384	He kills many.
Many a lady lordles ;			
He fauȝt with more and eke with les,			
¶ But he was euere liche ffresche.			
Alle at ones thei on him thresche,		5388	
Dartes kest and put with speres,			
But Ector euere his hodi weres ;			
Was non so bold, durst come him nere,			
The whiles he myght his armes stere.		5392	
F Als Gregeis, to ȝow I speke :			False Greeks !
If ȝe ben ought, now ȝow a-wreke !			Now you are
Now may ȝe ȝoure strengthe kythe			able to show
On him that greues ȝow ofte sithe !		5396	your skill, you are afraid !
He is on fote, his stede is sclayn,			
On fote he wil not fle aȝeyn,			
For al the gold of Galilee			
He wol not ffro ȝow ffilee.		5400	

¹ MS. This line in black, not in red ; in the right corner, not in the middle ; very small.

Ye are ten
thousand
against him
alone! Shame
upon you!

Ȝe ben aboute him ten thousand, [lf. 80, bk.] 5401

How may Ȝe for schame lete him stand?

A-Ȝeyn ȝow alle on creature!

Hit is ȝowre schame, Ȝe lete him endure! 5404

¶ Ȝe swore his deth at Thenedoun,

Now is he amonges ȝow gon,

Fyghtyng amonges ȝow alle;

I pray god, that ȝow foule falle, 5408

That may not don vnto him on!

Gret schame is, if he thus gon!

¶ Alas Achilles, that wicked dede,

That sclow him¹ so in vnmanhede! 5412

It was certes non honour,

But reproue and gret clamour,

That ten thosand myȝt him not falle,

Ther he stode amonges hem alle. 5416

¶ The Troyens were fro Ector fled,

His bretheren faste afftir him gred,

Among her men faste him sought,

But thei con fynde him nought. 5420

A-mong the Gregeys thei him fond

Be-set with mo then .x. thousand,

That wold him take or elles qwelle;

But Alle thei myȝht him not felle. 5424

¶ A-mong Gregeys the prese thei brake;

Many an hed ther gan thei crake;

His on brother Damaderoun

Rode to a duk Polirasoun, 5428

That rod on a stede mechel & strong;

Damaderoun vnto him sprong,

He ȝaff the duk a cruste of brede,

That he fel down and lefft his stede. 5432

Damaderoun was not ydel,

He toke the stede by the brydel,

{Ther-with}

Hector's
brothers miss
him, and find
him among
the Greeks.

His brother
Damaderon
hurls Duke
Polirason
down from
his horse,
seizes it,

¹ MS. *him* very small over line.

Ther-with faste he him spede,	[lf. 81.] 5435	and leads it to
And to Ector he him ledde.	5436	Hector,
E ctor lepe on his stede ronke,		who at once
And seyde: 'brother, I can the thonke.'		mounts it.
Dephebus come to that saut		Dephebus
With alle the men him was be-taut,	5440	then comes on
With arwes brode, bowe and qwyuere;		with his
With him come many a man delyuere ¹ .		archers,
To that saut thei were wel rakel,		
Eche man made redi his takel,	5444	
Bende her bowes and set her flone;		
Among the Gregeis thei gert hem gone.		
¶ Many a Gregey was euel atyred,		who slay many
With brode ² arwes al to-vired ³ ;	5448	Greeks.
Thei wounded hem with arwes brode.		
The Troyens then forth rode		
With gret conforth vnto that fyght,		
That wel-ney before were discomfyght.	5452	
¶ Dephebus wounded kyng Thentan		Dephebus
In his visage, that it wex wan;		wounds
Dephebus wounded him so sore,		Tentan
That he ther-on thought euere more.	5456	in the face.
¶ Whyntelle and kyng Moderne		Whyntelle
Theseus kyng sey fro ferre,		and Moderne
Woundyng Troyens and sore bete,		attack Theseus
And many on her lyff lete;	5460	
Bothe thei swore with grete stryff,		
Thei wolde reue Theseus his lyff.		and are about
The ton rod to him with maltalent,		to kill him,
That of his hors down he went;	5464	
He fel down, and thei him toke,		
Thei thoght him sle with grymly loke.		
But Ector bad: "thei schold late be,"—		when Hector
'Lete him go qwite he dede for me!'	1j 5468	prevents them,
		because he
		warned him
		before (see l.
		5321 sqq.).

¹ MS. & delyuere.

² MS. browe.

³ MS. alto vired.

¶ *Hic Cassibalanus Filius Regis Troiani occisus est.*

Theseus
thanks Hector,
and rides to
his Greeks.

Theseus was neuere so glad, [lf. 81, bk.] 5469

As when Ector his men bad ;

He thonked him an hundred sithe,

To his Gregeis he rode blyue.

547²

Thoas then
arrives with
5,000 Greeks ;

¹ **T**hen come thedir kyng Thoas,

I-armed bright ² as any glas ;

Fyue thousande knyghtes com with him wyght

Off bolde Gregeis In-to that ffyght,

5476

With sword and spere, gaelok and staff.

Many a strok Gregeis ther 3aff ;

he kills
Cassibalanes,

Thoas smot Cassibalanes,

That he fel down upon the danes.

5480

¶ Ector was [right] sori than,

When he sei ded Cassibalan ;

He was his brother borne abast,

a bastard
brother of
Hector's,

He saw him lye & had lost his tast.

5484

Might Ector Thoas haue reched,

Schuld neuere man haue him teched,

Not Ypocras with alle his scleyght ;

and flees.

But Thoas flede ³ with al his [myght].

5488

Ector sorow myght no man selekke,

He smot In-two many a nekke.

Hector, en-
raged, cuts
down many
Greeks.
Nestor comes
with 5,000
Greeks ;

¶ Then come Nestor with thousandes ffyue,—

As faste as he my3t dryue,—

5492

Off hardi kny3tes gode and bolde ;

Amonges hem alle was non suche holde,

His ⁴ hore for elde waxen was gray ;

But he come thedur In good aray.

5496

Esdras, Philon,
and Reconitas
oppose him.

¶ A3eyn him come kyng Esdras,

Kyng Philon, and Reconitas ⁵ ;

When thei to-gedur were then met,

Many on was to grounde bet,

5500

A great battle.

Thei died faste on bothe sydes ;

But Philon thenne a-mong hem rides

¹ *T* has been washed out, but is distinctly legible.

² MS. *bright*.

³ MS. *felde*.

⁴ MS. *He is*.

⁵ MS. *reconitas*, *r* quite distinct, but cp. l. 5511, and the note on l. 530 (p. 16).

- With his swerd In honde drawen, [lf. 82.] 5503
 Many Gregeis did he on dawen. 5504
 The Gregeis vmbikest his cart
 With many a knyzt hardi and smart,
 Thei toke Philon his helm vnased,
 The gold was of his cart defased 5508
 With grete strokes set ther-on,
 Thei hasted faste to scle Philon.
 ¶ Iecomytas¹ was ful of wo,
 That Philon scholde with Gregeis go; 5512
 He saith: 'Esdras, for him vs wrought!
 How thei of Grece—ne sese thow noght—
 Haue take Philon and led a-way?
 Helpe we him, if that we may!' 5516
 ¶ The Troyens thanne at here callyng
 Among Gregeis made gret hurlyng,
 Thei delt strokes for her frendes
 And refft Philon of her bendes. 5520
Eneas come with alle his folk,
 With spere and swerd and gaulok,
 With alle his knyptes and his men,
 And her leder, duke Eufren. 5524
 ¶ Ajax rode to Eueas,
 And he to him a gret pas,
 As harde as thei may ride;
 Wolde nother of hem lenger abide. 5528
 Thei stroke to-gedir with so gret myght,
 That bothe vpon here pol lyght.
 ¶ Ector toke to Eueas hede,
 And saw he hadde lorn his stede; 5532
 He rod to him faste prikande
 With his drawen swerd in hande,
 He dede Eueas his swerd take,
 And sclow the Gregeis for Ajax sake. 1 ij 5536

The Greeks
take Philon's
chariot and
helmet,

and are about
to kill him,
when Reconi-
tas and
Esdras come
to his rescue

and deliver
him.

Eneas and
Eufren arrive;

Eneas fights
with Ajax.

Hector, seeing
Eneas
unhorsed,

gives him his
sword,

¹ I quite distinct in MS., but cf. l. 5498.

- Here armes vayed not an hoppe, [lf. 82, bk.] 5537
 He smot In-two bothe chanel and choppe ;
 He sclow an hundrid then and mo,
 Thei were so ferd, that alle tho 5540
 Be-gan bacward to fle,
 Thei durst not ones with eye him se.
 ¶ Ajax thoght, he was be-swyked,
 When his men a-way priked ; 5544
 In his hert hadde he gret wo,
 He wiste not what for to do ;
 He lokod on bak toward here stale.
 but gladdens, So mery was neuere Nightyngale 5548
 Syngand In no hasel-crop,
 Ne no child playing with his top¹,
 As Ajax was that ilke tyde,
 When he hadde lokod him be-syde : 5552
 ¶ He saw be-hynde him stondyng right
 A ffresche Gregey, that was neuere aflyght
 Out of that stede, toward that fyght
 with fresh troops, With twenti thousand rekened aryght ; 5556
 Ther was the flour of chialrye
 Off Grece certes and Thesalye.
 Vnto that batayle come thei hard
 With baneres brode and here standard ; 5560
 Ajax schewed his men that sight
 And bad hem for schame fyght.
 the King of Cassedone and two other kings. **T**He kyng come then of Cassedone,
 To helpe Ajax with-oute essoynne ; 5564
 He broght with him to that poyne
 Off gode knyghtes thousandes tweyne.
 ¶ The same tyme come thedur also
 With bothe her ostes kynges two, 5568
 With hem come thousandes seuene ;
 3et leffte be-hynde twyes eleuene

¹ MS. *thop*.

- That al the day thenne hadde rest ; [lf. 83.] 557¹
 Off hem of Grece were thei the best. 557²
- ¶ Then were the Troyens wel weri, The Trojans
 Thei myght not ¹ for weri hem steri, are weary,
 Thei were so for-fouȝten, that hem was wo ;
 Thei thoght alle awayward go. 557⁶
- ¶ But Paris come thenne with his tropel ², but Paris
 With alle his knyghtes hardi and fel, comes up.
 Kyng Philicais Ector a-vised, King Philicais
 How he Gregeis sclow & bursed ; 558⁰
 He rode to him with tene & hate,
 To dere Ector come he to late ;
 To Ector with his spere he soughte,
 But Philicais that strok boughte, 558⁴ tries to cut
 Ector rod to him aȝeyn Hector down,
 And smot him thorow the bak and brayn, but is killed.
 That he neuere afftir grunt ;
 He was ded afftir that dunt. 558⁸
- T**Hen come [to] the batayle kyng Humere ³ The Greek
 With many a cheld and brod banere, , kings, Humere,
 With alle his knyȝtes, and Vlixes Ulixes, &c.,
 That alle that day hadde rest in pes, 559²
 So did the kyng sir Humelyne ;
 With him come many dredful hyne.
 Kyng Pollidari and Macheroun,
 With alle his ost Agamenoun, 559⁶
- ¶ The kyng of Cypre, kyng Rody,
 Come with many a man þat was mody ;
 To fȝght come kyng Henes,
 With alle his men Philotenes, 560⁰
- ¶ Kyng Hencus and many other,
 Diodemes with his brother,—
 Al that day stode as oxe in stalle,—
 Now be thei comen to batayle alle. 1 ii j 560⁴

¹ MS. *now*. ² MS. *torpel*. ³ MS. *humore*, but cf. ll. 5705,
 5709, 5718, 11391.

	Agamenon he was the laste ;	[lf. 83, bk.]	5605
	Now ben thei alle to batayle paste.		
The Trojans would have been spilt, if it were not for Hector.	But Ector helpe, the Troyens ben spilt— I telle hem,—elles alle be kylt,		5608
	But doughti Ector hem rescowe ; Many of her bakkes now schal bowe, For sixti thousand ther ben or mo ¹ Off ffresche Gregeis to batayle ago.		5612
Paris kills the King of 'Frese.'	P aris smot the kyng of Frese, With alle his mayles he gan lese ; He smot him with a spere off beche, That he fel down with-oute speche.		5616
	Ther was del with-oute play, Mechel cry and weylaway, The Gregeis were for him ful wo ; Vlixes thrette Paris to slo—		5620
Ulixes threat- ens to slay Paris, the King of 'Frese' being his cousin ;	The kyng of Frese was his cosyn, He was of Vlixes kyn,— He rode to him with gret envye, To take on Paris Maystrye :		5624
he kills Paris's horse.	He sclow his hors, he fel to grounde, That was better than an hundrid ponde.		
Troylus smites ¶ Ulixes on the face,	Troyle saw Paris feld, In poynt of dethe, or elles him 3eld ; In his front he him smot, The blod start out fot hot, He set on him a foule seme ; By his face ran down the strem Off rede blode, but not-for-that Vlixes In his sadel sat, Of his hors fel he not down, He smot to Troyle with gret randoun, And In his visage he him smyt, A wicked strok—he him hit.		5628 5632 5636

¹ MS. *or now mo.*

Ector rode euere to and fro,	[lf. 84.]	5639	
He made Gregeis blak and blo ;		5640	
Alle that day aboute he rode			
Fro ost to ost, he neuere abode ;			
He loked to his owne eschele,			Hector sees his
He saw the Gregeis with him dele,		5644	own division
¶ He saw hem dreuen out of that place.			driven back by
Ector seyde tho : ‘ Alace ! ’			the Greeks.
Al that day hadde thei ther ben,			
Might thei her mayster not sen,		5648	
Out of the feld gan thei hem dresse,			
Thei hadde so fouȝten, thei were mygh[t]les.			
Whether he were wroth, myght no man aske ;			
He rode to hem bothe wode & thraske,		5652	
He spak to hem wordes mylde :			He incites
‘ Louely lordes, god it schilde,			them to think
Fer to fle ; what haue ȝe thoght ?			of the villainy
Haue ȝe for-ȝete, ne thenke ȝe noght,		5656	done them by
What schame the Gregeis haue ȝow don ?			the Greeks,
Helpes now alle quyk & soun ¹ ,			
Turnes aȝeyn boldely with me !			and to return
I schal ȝow venge, so mote I the !		5660	to take
I schal a-saye—be seynt Loye,—			revenge.
Thei nede neuere so moche Loye.’			
And whan here lord was to hem come,			
Thei wende wel rather to be for-nome,		5664	
Thei swore to him that—so helpe hem god—			
Thei schal neuere [fle] for euene ne for od.			
E ctor brew the Gregeys bale,			Hector and
He ledde his men down by a vale		5668	his men
A-gayn quayntly to the batayle ;			
Thei be-gan the Gregeis to assayle ;			attack the
To þe Gregeis ffresche and so quykly,			Greeks anew,
That thei died thanne thikly ;	1 iiij	5672	and kill many

¹ MS. *som.*

- For Ector thenne euere hem to dethe wounded, [lf. 84, bk.]
 With-uten ende he hem confounded. 5674
- Thoas is as-
 sailed Thoas, that sclow Cassibalan,
 Among the Troyens ¹ he rode and ran, 5676
 As hundes doth vpon his pray,
 He did gret harm opon hem that day.
- by Qwyntelyne ¶ Qwyntelyne hadde him aspied,
 and Loude to his bretheren he cried : 5680
 ‘That is the theff, oure brother sclow,
 Scle him anon amonges ȝow now !
 Let him not go now al quyt
 With-oute dethe or som dispyt !’ 5684
- other brothers ¶ Thei rod alle to kyng Thoas,
 of Cassi- Hem was ful loth to lete him pas ;
 balanes, Thei bare him doun, his swerd was broken,
 and is thrown down. As he amonges hem was loken ; 5688
 His hed was bare, his helme was rached,
 Thei scholde for euere him haue tached,
 Ne hadde ben duk Menescene ;
 He halp him, and that was wel y-sene : 5692
- But Menescene comes to his
 aid, and un- horses Qwyn-
 telyne. ¶ He smot Qwyntelyne opon the hat,
 His hors bak he loste with that,
 Aboute Thoas for he was most ;
 He ² felde another with-oute bost. 5696
- P**aris than be-gan to hale
 A strong arwe vp to the vale,
 To Menescen he drow that flot,
 In-myddis his ribbes wel sore he smot. 5700
 Duk Menescen therfore ne lefft,
 Til he hadde Thoas fro hem reff[t],
 With many woundes and many a clyt
 Ther the bretheres hadde him hyt. 5704
- ¶ Kyng Humere was almost wode,
 That Ector spilt so moche blode ;

¹ MS. *gregeis*.

² MS. *A*.

¶ *Hic venit Priamus Rex ad prelium.*

- He cleff Gregeis as men do swyn, [lf. 85.] 5707
 He made of hem gret moryn. 5708
- ¶ Humeres¹ bowe was redy bent, Humere wounds Hector
 Him hadde ben better, it hadde ben brent; with an arrow,
 A scharp Arwe ther-Inne he set
 And so to Ector he hit schet, 5712
 He hitte him euene In his visage ;
 But Ector quyt him his wage,
 He hitte him on his helme aboue, but Hector
 Hit roff to-gederes as a gloue ; cleaves him to
 The strok 3ede to his herte colke, 5716 the heart.
 Humere fel doun a-monges his folke,
 He bente neuere after arblast ne bowe,
 To schete ouer hilles ne ouer lowe. 5720
- ¶ The Gregeis hadde gret angryng,
 That thei myght not him² to dethe bryng,
 With her men so foule he ferd ;
 Thei hadde him oft amonges hem spered, 5724
 Ther were kny3tes aboute him kene
 Hundres mo then ffyftene ;
 But he was not of hem abast,
 Opon him-selff mechel he trast, 5728
 To make him way who-so nolde,
 And wende away euere whan he wolde.
- E**ctor lefft ffyghtyng al to-gedur
 And wente hom to his fadur, 5732
 And bad : "he scholde with-oute distaunce
 Come with alle his puruyaunce,
 That were leff[t] with-Inne the walles."
 Priamus then his men calles, 5736
 He brought thre thousand fresch & rested,
 Among the Gregeis In thei thrested ;
 Thei sclow ther many a gret sire,
 When thei were comen In that toptyre. 5740

gets 3,000 fresh
men and
returns with
them to
the battle.

¹ MS. *Humere*.

² MS. *hem*.

170 *Hector and Ajax unhorse each other. Some Commanders are slain.*

Hector and Ajax meet and hew each other down.	Ajax rod to Ector fast, That bothe his speres In-sonder brast, Ther hors fel down and thei þede ouer, Bothe were besy up to couer.	[lf. 85, bk.]	574 ¹
Menelausslays ¶ a Trojan.	Menelaus sclow that tyde An ¹ Emerayl on Troyens syde ;		5744
Celydonias slays a son of Thoas.	Ector brother Celydonias Sclow the kynges sone Thoas ;		5748
Madon slays Ced.	His half-brother Madoun of Clare Smot kyng Ced opou the bare, He smot him so opou the snoute, That bothe his eyen wenten oute.		575 ²
Sadolle slays ¶ a noted Greek.	His other half-brother, Sir Sadolle, A riche Gregay smot In that soille, That his harneis & his hatereñ Opou the grounde al bloddy fell.		5756
Margariton fells Thelamon, and he him.	Another of hem, Margaritoun, Felde the while sir Thelamoun ; But Thelaman at that Iustyng Made the blode out of him spryng.		5760
Famel strikes ¶ Procenor down.	Famel bare Procenor doune, He hitte him sore vpon the croune.		
Duglas and Menescene fight ;	¶ Duglas ran to Menescen With gret envye and Mechel ten, He hitte him with a stalworthe spere, But he myzt him not down bere ; Menescen smot a-ȝein Duglas With his swerd In-myddes the fas,— His viser vayled not worth a pese,— He wounded him in-myddes the nese.		5764
Diamor comes to rescue Duglas,	¶ Diamor saw his brother blede, He thoght quyte Menescen his mede, He smot him vnder his hors bely ; Then he was ferd, hit was no ferly :		577 ²

¹ MS. *And*.

Tentan helps Menescene ; Hector attacks both ; Ajax to the Rescue. 171

- For then come the brother thriddle ; [lf. 86.] 5775 and so does a
Menescen hadde than mys-be-tydde, 5776 third brother.
- Ne hadde Tentan come to his socouryng,
He hadde be brouzt to his endyng.
¶ Menescen was feld, but op he ros,
He faught faste azeyn his fos, 5780
He fauzt azeyn hem alle thre,
But myght it not so longe be,
For on his scheld was many an hole,
He myzt not longe that trauayle thole. 5784
- ¶ Tentan saw his grete myscheue,
He was In poynt of euel preue,
Menescen myght was almost wast,
Tentan rod to him In hast 5788
And halp Manascen, that fauzt sore,
Azeyn Duglas and Diamore.
- E**ctor saw, that Tentan was
Comen to helpe azeyn Duglas, 5792
He thought hem bothe to encombre ;
Him hadde ben better In-myddes Humbre,
Then he hadde it at his wille,
Thei myzt haue rongen here soule-knylle. 5796
- ¶ Ector was with him ful wroth ;
Thei hadde dyed for-sothe both,
Ne hadde y-come Ayax ;
And In his hond he brouzt an ax, 5800
The schafft was bounden, long was the bit,
Many a strok smot he ther-myt.
- ¶ A Thousand knyghtes alle at ones
Fel on Ector as bryddes in grones¹ ; 5804
To saue Menescen and kyng Tentan,
For that sauynge died many a man.
- ¶ Ector him hew as flesch to pot,
The Gregeis died as schep In rot. 5808

Tentan arrives
to aid
Menescene.

Hector attacks
both Mene-
scene and
Tentan,

and they would
have both died
if Ajax had not
come to their
help

with 1,000
knights.

¹ MS. *groues* (?).

¶ *Hic Ector occidit Regem Merionem.*

He was Iustice, deth was her dome, [lf. 86, bk.] 5809

Ector made aboute him rome,

Then fel gret encombraunce

For Tentan kyng delyueraunce. 5812

But the Greeks ¶
flee from
Hector,

The Gregeis turned and fro him fledde,

Thei were so sore of him aferde,

Thei myght no-thing a-zeyn him stonde ;

who slays
a full thousand
of them.

He sclow that tyme a ful thousande. 5816

Hector meets
Merion
(Menon), who
rescued the
corpe of
Patroclus,

Merion¹ kyng come In his way,

Ector him smyte he thoughte asay,

For he bar Patroclus him fro,

His lyff he dede ther for-go. 5820

Ector saw, that it was he,

He swor by his godis dygnite :

“ He schuld neuere afftir him chide,

He schal a-bye his foule Pride!”

5824

abuses him,
and

‘ Say, thow fals faytour,

Thow losenger, thow fals traytour !

Now is comen thin endyng-day,

Thow that bar Patroclus a-way !’

5828

He rod to him and made him stoupe,

He bar him ouer his hors croupe.

¶ Ector lyght a-doun In hy

smites off his
head.

And smot his hed fro the body ;

5832

He saw his armes delytable,

Fair, and clene, and amyable,

When he tries
to take his
arms,

Ector stod and hem vndid,—

Sixti thousand, & he In-myd.

5836

Duk Menescen ther-of was war,

How he Merioun dispoyled thar ;

Menescene
wounds him
sorely.

He rode to him and smot him depe,—

For Ector toke to him no kepe,—

5840

With a spere he him trauersed,

That alle his armes thorow he persed ;

¹ Cp. l. 4997 sqq., where his name is Mennon.

He 3aff Ector an hidous sore,	[lf. 87.]	5843	
Menescen fley ther-fore,		5844	Menescene flees.
He nolde not Ector longe abyde,			
Away he gan faste ryde.			
E ctor wiste him hurt he feled, ⁷			Hector binds up his wound,
He rod on-syde and him keled;		5848	
So wisly his wounde he bond,			
That no blode ther-of wonde.			
He rode a-3eyn to that baret,			rides again to the battle, and
And many a man to dethe he bet.		5852	kills many.
¶ For Dares telles In his bokes,			Dares says
As man may se that ther-In lokes :			
Or euere he belan after the wounde,			
He sclow of kny3tes In a stounde		5856	Hector slew more than 1,000 in an hour.
Passyng mo than ten hunder ;			
Off man was neuere so moche wounder.			
¶ The Gregeis were so for-dalled,			
So for-fou3ten, and so for-palled,		5860	
Thei hadde no wil hem to defende,			
To dye echon ful wel thei wende.			
The Gregeis flow vnto here tentis,			The Greeks flee to their tents ;
Mochel sorwe and wo thei hentes,		5864	
For Troyens hem folwed thorow tent & hale			the Trojans follow,
And bare a-vey harneys and male.			
¶ Thei robbed clene al that thei founde			and pillage them,
And sente To Troye many fair sonde		5868	
Off gold, siluer, & riche druri,			
That thei fond In coffres and ty ;			
Thei lefte ther nother pot ne panne,			
Dische ne dobler, cuppe ne kanne,		5872	
Pece ne Maser, ne riche Mesures,			
Thei fond ther wel riche armures ;			
¶ Thei myght onethes a-vey wagge			
With siluer and gold, walet & bagge,		5876	

¶ *Hic Greci fugerunt Ectorem.*

They set fire to
the ships.

With riche gold and other vessel, [lf. 87, bk.] 5877
A-wey thei bere hit euerydel.

Thei sette fir In schip and flune;
The Gregeis made a reful dune. 5880
That day the Troyens were glad,
Lord! the Ioye that thei mad!

But Hector has
no fortune this
day; he might
have had the
victory,

¶ But Ector was that day vnblessed,
Off grace certes that day he myssed, 5884
He myght that day the batayl haue ent
And alle the Gregeis clene haue schent,
That thei schulde neuere haue passed the see
With lyff, ne lym to here contre; 5888

but destiny
sometimes
hinders men,
when they
speed best.

But destene, that fortune ledes,
When he beholdis that men best spedis
With sicur traist of wel spedying,
He makes hem leue somtyme a thyng 5892
That he may haue at his wille,
That he schal neuere come ther-tille.

ME rewes of Ector namely,
That myght that day wel sicurly 5896
Haue sclayn alle his enemyis,

And hem scomfited at [d]euys,
And al on-hap¹ haue put a-way
Fro him and his, euere and ay; 5900
For I haue herd offte say,
That he that wil not whan he may,
When he wolde, he getis it noght,
Then hit were ful faire be-sought, 5904
Som tyme, as good hap nere,
That comes not ones In seuene 3ere.

¶ Ector forsoke this grace also,
Ne myght he neuere come ther-to; 5908
But fortune is fficul and frele,
¶ Exempla².
He is a fole that hath hir lele;

Fortune is
fickle: a fool
is he who is
loyal to her!

¹ MS. *op hap*. ² The sign in blue, the word in red paint, in MS. in the left margin.

Many a body hath sche a-mayed	[lf. 88.]	5911	Fortune
And many a man hath sche be-trayed.		5912	dismayed
I holde it certes a gret folye			many:
To truste on here trecherie,			
For sche is wonder variable,			
Sche was neuere to no man stable;		5916	
The man that sche somtyme most likes,			
Alther-sonnest sche be-swykes.			
¶ With Alisaunder how dede sche,	¶ Alexander ¹ .		Alexander,
Whan he was most In maieste?		5920	
Al this world did sche him wyne,			
And alle the kynges that were ther-Inne;			
Sche hated him and thocht tresoun,			
And ȝaff him drynke foule poyson;		5924	
And sche that kyng loued mechel,			
Loke, how fals sche is and ffykel!			
¶ Iulius Cesar, that so was douted,	¶ Julius Cesar ¹ .		Julius
That al the world to him louted,—		5928	Caesar,
When he his trust opon hir hadde,			
Sche sclow him foule with a ladde.			
¶ How did sche sithen with kyng Arthure?	¶ Arthure ¹ .		King Arthur,
Sche was to him bothe sicur and sure,		5932	
Sche made him wyne In-to his hand			
Northway, Wales, and Scotland,			
Irland, Denmark, and al Burgoyne,		5936	
And ouercome hem of Saxsoygne,			
Bretayne, Gaskoyne, and al Fraunce,			
And al hath thorow hir gode chaunce;			
Sche halpe him wel with Real & Rok,			
And at the Castel of Bestok,		5940	
¶ When he fauȝt with douȝti Frolle,			
Ther he smot on-two his polle.			
And the Romayce senatore,			the Roman
Tyberius, kyng of gret valoure,		5944	king, Tiberius,

¹ The signs in blue, the words in red paint.

Thorow here sclow he Romayns. [lf. 88, bk.] 5945

Som-tyme sche loues, & somtyme refrayns :

Off the kyng then sche filled,

Wel foule then the knyzt sche spilled, 5948

His sustersone sche made his bane,

When sche hadde a-zeyn him tane.

and many
others.

¶ Thus hath sche do with many mo,

For certeyn sothe with alle tho 5952

That euere sche loued or euere schal ;

Sche turnes & trendeles as doth a bal.

Hector never
after was
able to do
what he might
havedone now.

¶ With Ector certes fel hit right so :

He myght neuere afftir come ther-to, 5956

That he that day myght haue don ;

Fortune turned fro him thus son,

For he that day his hap refused ;

He was afftir therfore arused. 5960

When he
chases the
Greeks,

AS he rode chasyng hem of Grece,
And myght haue hewen hem to pecc,
And saued him fro alle perel

That him and his ther-afftir fel, 5964

he meets
Ajax, his
cousin, the son
of Thelamon
and his aunt
Oxonie.

He met azeyn him comyng right

His Aunte sone, that Ayax hight.

In the tyme of Lamedon

His Aunte was rauysched with Thelamon ; 5968

He held here longe In payrement

And gat sir Ayax verament.

He knewe Ector, and Ector him,

He hadde elles for-gon his beste lym. 5972

Hector invites
him to Troy.

¶ Ector seyde : ' my dere cosyn,

Come to Troye and se thi kyn :

Kyng Priamus, that is thin em,

And his Baronage, and his barnetem. 5976

Gret worschepe—so god me saue !—

Shaltow In Troye amo[n]ges hem haue.'

{ Ther-with-al }

¶ **Hic Ector concedit Ajax** [*sic*] **peticionem suam.**

Ther-with-al seyde Ajax: 'nay! [lf. 89.] 5979 Ajaxsays 'nay,'
but prays him

But, dere Cosyn, I the pray,— 5980

As thow me louest and art curtais,—

No more harme do thes Gregeis! to do no more
But let hem be this day in pes, harm to the
And bid thin men that thei wol ces! ' Greeks.

5984

¶ Ector thanne with mochel vnsele Hector grants
Graunted his askyng euery dele: this

Ector bar a litel ruet,

Vnto his mouth his horn he set, 5988 and calls his
Troops back.

Twyes or thries ther-In he blew;

Wo were his men, when thei hit knewe,

Thei leff[t] her chase and schippis brennyng,

And come to him faste rennyng 5992

With sorwe & kare and mochel wo,

That thei ne myght the Gregeis sclo.

¶ Thei rode the Cite than tille, They return to
And sikurly this was the skille, Troy,

The victorie that thei for-3ede

And myght neuere afftir so wel spede;

Ne hadde he graunted Ajax prayere,

Schuld neuere Gregeis hadde powere, 6000

Off he were comen of his blod,

That euere he wolde be so wod.

T Royens hadde here 3ates stoken, and bolt the
With barre and bolt wel y-loken, doors.

Wel sekur arre thei wel kept, 6004

That, when men were In bedde and slept,

The Gregeis scholde hem not brest

And wake hem so of her rest. 6008

In here bed slept thei not longe,

The Troyens, when the day spronge,

Were Armed alle and redy dight, In the early
To wende a3eyn to that fyght. morning they
go again to the
battle-field;

M j 6012

but the Greeks demand a truce for eight weeks,	But Gregeis hadde ther-to no nede, [lf. 89, bk.] 6013 Thei sent to Troye & asked and bede, If that her consail wolde hit loke, Treus to haue an .viij. woke. 6016
which is granted.	¶ Priamus and his consayl Graunted the treus with-oute fayle, And swor to holde hit stable and ferme The treus in pes lastyng the terme. 6020 Gregeis were fayn of that grauntyng, For thei hadde nede of soiorning; When thei hadde treuse, thei sought the feld, Ther thei hadde foughten; thei be-held 6024
The Greeks collect their dead,	The bodyes ¹ that ther ded lay, That hadde be slayn In fight that day; Ther come of hem a foul sauour And smot to hem a gret rancour. 6028 But thei did wele and wrought wisly Off the bodyes that were grisly, Thei wroght best to here be-houe,
bury some, and burn some.	Tho that thei wolde thei toke and groue, 6032 And alle the other with fyr thei brent; Many a man his frend be-ment.
Achilles be- wails Patro- clus,	A Chilles made both euen & morwe For Patrodus wel mochel sorwe, 6036 But it was longe, or his del sclaked;
and builds a rich tomb for him;	A riche tombe for him thei maked, And layde ther-on that cors present With gret wepe and wayment ² . 6040 Thei made also of Marbul gray
they make another tomb for Prothese- laus.	¶ Another tombe, ther-on to lay The doughti kyng Prothesalye, That Ector selow In his folye; 6044 With gret worschepe and reuerence Thei made aboute him gret dispence.

¹ MS. *boydies*. ² The last four letters added by another hand; the careless copyist saw the rhyme-words of the next lines and wrote *way* only.

¶ And thei of Troye that wounded wore, [lf. 90.]	6047	The Trojans
Thei heled woundes lesse and more,	6048	heal their
The while the trewe be-twene hem last,		wounds ;
Thei toke medecyn and heled hem fast ;		
By that the treus were al gon,		
Thei were amended euerychon.	6052	
¶ But Priamus myght not drynke ne ete,		Priamus be-
For he myght not for-gete		wails his son
Off his sone Cassibalane,		Cassibalanes,
He cursed faste that was his bane ;	6056	
He dede make a tombe I-wys		and buries him
In the temple of Veneris,		in the temple
Craftly coruen and wel endent ¹ ,		of Venus.
And layd him In that monument	6060	
With carful herte and sore mornynge ;		
Hit refft him many a nyghtes slepyng.		
T He terme is gon now of treus,		After the end
Some it likes and some it reus ;	6064	of the truce,
Thei ben bothe y-dyght In feld & toune		both parties
With helm and scheld and haberioun,		take the field.
To the fight a-3eyn to fare ;		
Off bothe parties thei ben thare.	6068	
Agamenon was gretly carked		Agamenon
In his office, his men he 3arked		arrays his
Euerychon vnto that fyght,		battalions ;
Thei ben alle armed & redy dight.	6072	
¶ The first batayle lad Achilles,		Achilles,
The secunde Diomedes,		Diomedes,
Menelaus lad the thridde		Menelaus,
With many dou3ti men him mydde,	6076	
The furthe batayle lad Menesenes		Menesene,
That was lord of riche Athenes,		
And that other he wel ordeyned		and others
And with his goddis he hem sayned,	M ij 6080	are their
		leaders.

¹ MS. *ed* inserted after *endent*, very dim and indistinct, as if blotted out at once after writing.

	And bad hem gon In here name, [lf. 90, bk.]	6081
	Here foos to schenschip and to schame.	
Hector arrays the Trojans ;	E ctor was besy and tentyff, To ordeyne hise, to saue her lyff :	6084
Troilus is leader of the first battalion.	The furst batayle In kepyng hadde Doughti Troyle, so Ector badde ; In alle that other gouernayle Ordeyned he, as most myght avayle.	6088
	With his goddis he hem merked, And alle his men he forward ferked Out of the toun toward that place, Ther thei scholde fight with sword & mace.	6092
	The Gregeis were with-oute the dikes, With swerd and staff [&] with pikes ; Achilles led the formast warde, As is als it were a lyparde.	6096
	Ayther of hem knewe other wele ; Thei rode ¹ to-gyder as men vnsele, Thei were bothe mychel and strong of myzt ; Thei rod to-gederes at aff ryzt	6100
they unhorse each other.	With kene speres and wel y-grounde, That bothe thei fel on the londe. But Ector start vp anon And to his sadel he gan gon,	6104
Hector re- mounts,	¶ Ector lepe on his hors bak, He hadde vertues with-oute lak ; He sclow of the Gregeis many a score, As he hadde ydon before,	6108
and slays many Greeks, as before.	He woundes and sles & maymes many, Vnnethes he leues stondyng any In any stide ther he may mete ; Thei caste at him and arwes schete,	6112
	A thousand men on him smyte, But sword on him wol non bite :	

¹ MS. *Thei rode*.

Fro stide to stide aboute he wynces,	[lf. 91.]	6115	
He slees kynges, dukes, & princes ;		6116	
Thei fle fro him as ffox to hole,			
No man may his strokes thole ;			
He is so wete with blode of men,			
That no man may his armes ken.		6120	
A Chilles ros vp afftirward,			Achilles re- mounts after- wards,
He toke his hors & lepe vpward,			
To hem of Troye gan he gange,			
Him thought gret schame he lay so lange ;		6124	
Among Troiens did he gret harm,			and kills many Trojans.
He wounded hem in body and arm,			
He ran amonges hem as a roo,			
He sclow manye & wounded moo,		6128	
He hurt hem som & nolde not spare.			
As he rod thus, he was ware			
How Ector ferde with his Gregeis,			
He wounded ¹ hem and sclow al weys ;		6132	
¶ He thought he wold eftt with him Iuste,			He and Hector meet again ;
He hadde to Ector a ful gret luste.			
But Ector 3aff him suche a but,			
And fro his hors Ector him put,		6136	Achilles is un- horsed,
That he fel to the grounde as a cat,			
Wel euen vpon his ketil-hat.			
¶ Ector wolde his hors haue sesed,			Hector is prevented from capturing his horse,
But so fele men aboute him pressed,		6140	
Ther were so many his hors to defende,			
That Ector myght not come ther hende.			
¶ Achilles ros and gret dele made,			
For he his hors lorn hadde ;		6144	
His men his stede to him broght,			so that Achil- les can remount.
Ne hadde thei y-be, he ne hadde him noght ;			
He taketh him and on him lepes,			
And sprong a3ein among the hepes	M iij	6148	

¹ MS. wounded.

¶ *Hic Ector et Achilles pugnaverunt.*

	Off his Gregeis, ther Ector stode ;	[lf. 91, bk.]	6149
	Fauzt so faste, that stremes of blode		
	Ran in forwes ther of leyes,		
	Many a man be-fore him dyes.		6152
	With alle the myght that euere he wan		
Achilles smites Hector on the head,	Achilles smot to Ector than,		
	With bothe his handes, with sword naked,		
	He smot Ector, that his hed craked,		6156
	That with the strok Ector enchyned ;		
but Hector does not move.	But Ector not his stiropes tynd,		
	Noght In his sadel ones Icched,		
	Noght for that ones he quycched.		6160
	¶ His hert gret angur surmounted,		
	That Achilles was remounted,		
	And suche a strok sithen him 3aue ;		
	He thoght he scholde another haue :		6164
	He turned his hors wel smartly		
	And smot to him wel hertly,		
Hector wounds Achilles sorely on the head.	He smot him on his hed on hy,		
	The blod ran doun by his eye ;		6168
	He brak his helm and his hed als,		
	The stremes of blode ran by his hals.		
	¶ Ayther on other began to hewe,		
	Here strong myght on other to schewe ;		6172
	A delful fight was ther by-gonne,		
	Hadde thei hadde rome, thei hadde not belonne,		
	Vnto thei bothe, or that on,		
	Hadde ben hewed as flesche and bon ;		6176
	Hadde no man comen hem be-twene,		
	Then scholde men the better haue sene.		
Diomedes separates them.	But then come thedur Diomedes		
	And saw that no man myght hem ces ;		6180
	With alle his men he neuere bylynned,		
	Til he hadde hem a-twynned ¹ .		

¹ MS. *at twynned*.

Certes I holde he did synne,	[lf. 92.]	6183	It was a great mistake to part Hector and Achilles, before one had beaten the other.
That he hem parted so atwynne,		6184	
Vnto the ton hadde the gre,			
When thei were bothe In her pouste,			
And that men myght haue sey in doute,			
Whether scholde of hem to other loute.		6188	
¶ But Diomedes was ful sicur,			
Hadde he Achilles leff[t] In that beker,			
That he scholde haue had no pouste,			
Ne qwik with lyff ne grace hadde be.		6192	
T Hen come thedur ridyng Troyle,			
A-mong Gregeis he gan to royle,			
When he com, he did meruayles.			
Diomedes him assayles,		6196	Diomedes fights with Troylus ;
And Troylus him assayled also,			
Litel loue was be-twene hem two ;			
Thei reden to-gedur with speres so faste,			
That bothe were doun of hors caste ;		6200	both are unhorsed ;
Vnto Troyle faste he ȝede,			
Ther he sat upon his stede.			
¶ He smot to Troyle opon his fote,			
But Troylus did ther-In bote,		6204	
He smot his stede thorow the haunche,			Troylus kills the horse of Diomedes.
He myght no more afftir launche ;			
His stede fel doun, and he him by,			
Thei fauȝt to-geder with envy,		6208	
But thei were horsed a-ȝeyn vp bothe ;			Again they are mounted and fight together.
Not-for-thi thei were so wrothe,			
That eyther of hem to other sought,			
When thei were on horse broght ;		6212	
Many a strok was be-twene hem cast,			
But Diomedes atte last			Troylus is captured by Diomedes,
Troylus toke with gret violence ;			
But many of Troye In his defence	M iijj	6216	

¶ *Hic Ector occidit Beotem & Archilogum.*

At that tyme ful smartly stryues [lf. 92, bk.] 6217

In gret aventure and drede of here lyues,

but rescued
by the Tro-
jans.

And delyuered Troyle out of his hand,

Thei come strikand on the sond. 6220

Battle between
Menelaus
(Henes and
Theseus) and
Paris.

¶ To that batayle come Menelaus,

Kyng Henes, and Theseus ;

Aȝeyn hem come of Troye Paris

With other kynges and alle his. 6224

At that batayle died mechel folk,

Eche stede stod ful, bothe plasch & polk,

Of mennes blode that died there.

Ful sicurly Ector lefft neuere 6228

To sclo Gregeis, and hem confounde,

Thei fled fro him as hares fro the hounde.

A young Greek
knight, Boetes,
engages with
Hector ;

That saw an hardy newe-made knyȝt

Off hem of Grece, Boetes hyȝt, 6232

That no man myght make Ector leue ;

This Boetes thoght, he wolde that reue

With a spere stalworthe and towe,

But [Ector] at that strok lowe 6236

And seyde to him : ' what hastow don ?

Wolde thow wyne on me thi schon ? '

He ȝaff no more of his smytyng

Then of a flyes bytyng, 6240

But he smot him aȝeyn so sore,

and is cloven in
two by him.

That fro his heued doun to his schore

He cleue him doun by the chyn,

As it hadde ben a lard swyn ; 6244

¶ He sent his stede Into his In.

His cousin,
Archilogus, to
avenge his
death,

Archilogus was of his kyn ;

When he his cosyn ded saw,

Him lyked noght with Ector plaw, 6248

He thoght him venge, if he moght,

He drank ful ille, and that was noght ;

- Him hadde ben better, he hadde ben than, [lf. 93.] 6251
 When he Ector smyte be-gan, 6252 attacks
 For him saued not his riche croun; Hector,
 He carf a-two bothe flesche and bon, but is cloven
 He culpunte him ¹ as he ² were an ele, in two parts.
 6256
- ¶ He smote euen In-two his myddel
 Ryght euen at his gerdul,
 That half fel down, and half sat stille,
 His armes myght not do ther-tille. 6260
 Hit was a wondir sight to se,
 When þe hors be-gan to fle,
 A-mong the prese whan he ran,
 Op-on his bak with half a man. 6264
- P**rocenor was that kynges Cosyn;
 When he saw his witer-wyn
 Hadde him ⁴ slawe, sore him rewed,
 For-sothe ther-fore his bale he brewed,— 6268 torevengehim,
 The body was ther freli kut,—
 And smot to Ector so ful but ⁵,— attacks
 He rode to him euen sydilyng—
 Vn-til grounde he him bryng; 6272 and unhorses
 He smot him euene vnder the cheke, Hector;
 That he made him the ground to seke.
 Off him was not Ector perceyued,
 He was of him wel sore disceyued; 6276
- ¶ Opon his hors lepe tite Ector,
 He ouer-toke kyng Procenor,
 He set a strok vpon his heued,
 That he ete no more bred, 6280
 He cleff him euene in two parties;
 On eyther syde his hors he lyes,
 As it hadde ben two clouen stikkes,
 Or of a swyn two clouen flikkes. 6284

Hic Ector occidit Procenorem Regem ⁶.

¹ *h* altered from *b* in MS. ² MS. *here*. ³ No gap in MS.
⁴ MS. *by*. ⁵ *b* altered from *h* in MS. ⁶ This line in red paint
 ought to be the head-line, cp. special note. The head-line is erased.

AChilles saw his strokes echon, [lf. 93, bk.] 6285
 In his herte made he gret mon,
 Procenor was of his lynage,

A riche kyng of gret parage ; 6288

He saw alle dye, bothe duk and kyng,

That come or zede In Ector goyng.

Achilles bids
 his men attack
 Hector, saying
 that

¶ Achilles seyde : ' if he lyue longe,
 Here is non of vs so stronge, 6292

That euere schal wyne fro him lyue¹ ;

Ther bees sat neuere so thikke on hyue,

Ne corn In lond is² thikker sawen,

That he ne scles oure men and ouer-throwen.' 6296

¶ Achilles maketh alle his men redy,

And kynges to of his contrey,

And seide : ' se ze³ not, lordynges,

How Ector here to dethe brynges 6300

Alle that cometh vnder his hand ?

I se no man⁴ his strok with-stand !

If he laste longe In his outrage,

He scles vs alle bothe lord and page. 6304

¶ But of this world if we mowe

Deliuere him ! but I not howe :

Iff we myght be so quaynte and sely,

That we vn-armed come him by. 6308

For iff he take vntil vs hede,

I wot wel we schal neuere spede ;

Go we alle vpon a ffrusche,

Opon the erthe we schal him crusche, 6312

We schal him sle and al to-colpen ;

But we do thus, we ben not holpen.'

if he lived
 longer, he
 would slay all
 of them.

But Hector
 does not mind
 their attack.

¶ Thanne strok to Ector alle that rabel,
 But he zaff nouzt ther-of a babel, 6316

For he was war of hem comyng

And of here malice and here thynkyng.

¹ MS. *on lyue.*

² MS. *In his lond.*

³ MS. *ze se.*

⁴ MS. *noman.*

¶ *Hic Achilles & alij Reges Grecorum fugierunt.*

- | | | | |
|--|-----------|------|---|
| ¶ Thei smot on him, as thei were wode, | [lf. 94.] | 6319 | |
| But Ector euere here strokes stode, | | 6320 | |
| He smot of heuedes with basenettis, | | | |
| Ther is no bote, ther he his strok settis. | | | |
| ¶ Achilles fley with alle his ffrape, | | | Hector puts Achilles and his army to flight. |
| He was ffayn that he myght scape, | | 6324 | |
| He thought wel longe he dwelled there, | | | |
| He wolde haue ben he roght neuere where. | | | |
| For Alle Achilles trecherie | | | |
| Thei wolde not sen his ffinnamye, | | 6328 | |
| But fled a-way to her tentis, | | | |
| For many of hem ther her hed of-hentis ; | | | |
| ¶ For Ector euere hem schased, | | | |
| Helm and Coyffe he of-rased, | | 6332 | |
| And sclow hem bothe zonge and olde, | | | |
| As wolues don schep that ben In folde. | | | |
| Hadde thei had dayes lyght,— | | | |
| But sicurly it was nyght,— | | 6336 | Night coming on, Hector calls his troops back ; |
| That non of hem myght other chese ; | | | |
| Ne Ector wolde not his men lese, | | | |
| ¶ Affter his men he be-gan to blowe, | | | |
| For non of hem myght other knowe ; | | 6340 | |
| And that fel faire for the Gregeis— | | | or all the Greeks would have been taken or slain. |
| What-so-euere any man seis— | | | |
| Thei hadde elles ben bounden In thral, | | | |
| Or thei scholde haue dyed al. | | 6344 | |
| ¶ For witnes beres her-off Dares, | | | My witnesses—are Dares the Trojan and Dites the Greek ; |
| And Tites also with-oute les, | | | |
| On ayther syde were thei heraudes, | | | |
| In wham myzt be no fraudes ; | | 6348 | |
| Thei were ther bothe euen & mo[r]ne. | | | |
| Dares was of Troye borne, | | | |
| Kyng Troyen and kyng Frigais, | | | |
| Tites of Grece, and kyng Danaïs ; | | 6352 | |

- they were in
the field the
whole time,
as Guido
relates, who
found both
their books,
and translated
them from
Greek and
Trojan into
Latin,
In the night
the Greeks
bewail their
dead,
and call down
curses on him
who led them
there,
- They say :
'Nobody can
withstand
Hector's
strength;
- Thei were with hem cuere In the feld, [lf. 94, bk.] 6353
Whan thei stode and whan thei fled.
So saith the noble Clerk Cuydo,
He fond her bokes bothe two 6356
With-oute lesyng or variaunce
In siker proses and no romaunce,
And he translated wel and fyne
Bothe her bokes In-to Latyne, 6360
Bothe of Gru and Troye langage;
Heuene be his heritage!
H It was nyght, the sterres gan schyne,
The Gregeis made gret dele and dyne 6364
For her ffrendes that were selayn,
And was be-reued blode and brayn ;
For her frendes that died that day
Ther was cry and weylawey. 6368
Thei swore by god In firmament :
' If Ector lyue, we are alle y-schent ;
Schal non of vs aȝeyn him pas,
Kyng ne knyȝt, more ne las. 6372
Waried worth hem vs hedir broght!
For here we lese, and wynne noght ;
ȝit schal we lese and drye more
Oure lyues alle by goddis ore.' 6376
¶ Agame[n] on herde that playnt,
He saw his men were alle ataynt,
For her frendes thei made care,
Thei seyde : " thei scholde alle to deth fare " ; 6380
Thei cried and seyde euerychone :
" That he him-self sclow mo alone
Than alle that other of his parti " ;—
' Who may with-stonde suche An enemy ¹ ? 6384
¶ It was neuere man ȝaff ² suche strokes ;
Off a man were mad of okes,

¹ MS. *Anenemy*.² MS. *thaff*.

Off Marbil gray and grete stones,	[lf. 95.]	6387	even a man
And yren and stele were alle his bones,		6388	made of oak
He wolde hem al to-cleue ¹ —			and stone
By him that made Adam and Eue !'			would be
¶ Agamenon with care was cold,			cleft by him.'
He wiste neuere, how Gregeis to hold,		6392	
That thei a-ȝeyn to Grece ne ferde ;			
Whan he that playnt a-monges hem herde,			
In his herte he then kest,			Agamemnon
To sle Ector, how myght he best.		6396	decides to kill
A-non he sende his sonde			Hector,
To alle the kynges vpon that stronde,			
As thei loued here lyues dere,			
And prayed him in alle manere,		6400	and calls the
That thei wolde come for his loue alle			kings to a
With-oute dwellyng In-to his halle.			meeting.
¶ These lordes qwyk with-oute dwellyng			
Come to him In that euenyng,		6404	When they
Thei come to his paupyloun,			come to his
Duk, prince and kynges with croun ;			tent,
Thei set hem doun vpon the des,			
Thei hoped wel with-oute les,		6408	
Whi that thei were afftir send ;			
Hit was for-sothe right, as thei wend.			
A gamenon seide : ' lordyngis,			he addresses
This man Ector to schame vs brynges,		6412	them :
Ther is of him gret noyse and cry,			
ȝe here it wel, and so do I ;			
Iff he lyue longe and goth forth thus,			
He wol sle oure men and alle vs, .		6416	' Hector will
He schal not leue with-Inne two ȝere			slay all of us,
Off vs lyuande that now is here ;			if things go on
ȝe se wel alle, how he fares,			as they do
He chases vs as hound doth hares ;		6420	now.

¹ MS. *alto cleue*.

¶ *Hic Greci tenuerunt consilium ad occidendum Ectorem.*

How hath he smetyn thes kynges and schorne! [lf. 95, bk.]

But he be ded, we ben alle lorne, 6422

Off we be fele, and thei ffeue;

We shall not
win Troy,
so long as
Hector lives.

We schal neuere no maystrye schewe

6424

Off hem of Troye, ne Troye wyne,

The while that he this world is Inne.

¶ Him-selff alone hem alle saues,

Kyng and knyzt, sqwyeres and knaues,

6428

And he vs alle him ones greues.

By him that In oure god leues!

We must
slay him with
sleight.'

But we scle him with som quayntise,

We schal neuere In other wyse

6432

Off hem of Troye oure Iornay spede,

But we myght qwyte him his mede!

They deliber-
ate.

Now are these kynges In a-visement,

And eche man seith his Iugement,

6436

Many a resoun is ther y-schewed,

Bothe of lered and of lewed;

Eche man telles his reson

Afftir his beste discrecion.

6440

Now sitte thei alle, and taken here rede,

Now the Emperour vnto hem sede:

Agamemnon
says:

¶ 'Alas, that 3e were mad knyztēs!

3e scholde sitte and wake nyghtes,

6444

As hauke on perche that sittes in mewe;

A knyztēs deth 3e can rewe.

Now are the knyztēs hardi and strong,

And euery day he is 3ow among;

6448

Whi ne scle 3e him, and make him die

With som tresoun and ffelonye?'

'Why don't
you slay him
by treachery,
as you see
him every
day?'

¶ A Ector, thin ere auzt to glowe,

For thow hast now fouzten y-nowe;

6452

Wold god, Ector, hit were the sayd

How thei haue thi deth purvayd!

- Thow scholde be saffe at devys, [lf. 96.] 6455
Iff that thow wolde be war and wys 6456
And kepe the fro alle her gyn,
Thow woldest be war to come ther-In.
- ¶ Thes lordes ben alle In gret stody,
Some are pale, and some rody, 6460
And some sittes in a dwale,
For pure angur thei wax al pale ;
Alle haue at Ector dispyte,
That he were ded with-oute refyte. 6464
- ¶ Thei prayed Achilles for her sake :
“ That he wolde that charge take,
For ther was non so wele couthe
In al the world by northe ne southe, 6468
Ne non that myght stonde strokes thre
In al this world of him but he ; ”
- ¶ ‘ For-thi we pray the with herte large,
On the thow woldest take that charge, 6472
And the owe best this nedis to do ;
‘ For if he leue and come the to
And dele with at his layser,
Ther saues the nother kyng ne kayser, 6476
That thow ne schalt thy lyff for-go,
For he the hatis and thenkes slo.
- ¶ Fro him ful wel war the ought,
Opon thi strengthe truste thow nought, 6480
But on thi wit and on thi scleyght,
And holde the euere fro him on heyght ;
Whan thow him sees in a myscheef,
Than schaltow him dedly greef 6484
By thi strengthe and thi wit ;
So schal we of him be qwit,
And alle these other schal we kylle,
Scele and take at oure wille.’ 6488
- They ask
Achilles to
take this
charge upon
him,
- only he must
not trust to his
strength, but
to his sleight.

192 *The Trojans attack the Greeks. Hector kills and wounds many.*

The council is
ended, the
Greeks go to
sleep.

And thus haue thei her consayl ent, [lf. 96, bk.] 6489
And eche man is hamward went,
To ete and drynke and take her rest,
And to sclepe, whan hem likes best. 6492

In the morning
the Trojans
rise and take
their weapons

H It is now day, thei haue sclepen,
The Troyens risen & tok her wepen,
Her armes al byfore hem fecched,
Some ben gode, and som ben wrecched, 6496
For many an hole and many a clyfft
The day be-fore on hem was lefft;
And dede on helm and basenettes,
Plates and mayle with gode horettes, 6500
Mayle of bras, and goode colers¹,
Aketones and genuleres;
Thei ordeyned hem and made hem graythe,
And thret Gregeis with wordes laythe. 6504

and horses.

¶ Now the sonne is vp rysen,
Thei brought forth bothe Mule and Fryson,
Hoby, stede, and gode rounsi;
Thei alle ben goyng and alle redi 6508
Toward the Gregeis with-oute the gates,
For thei wolde haue the fight al-gates.

Hector is the
first, and slays
many Greeks.

¶ Ector was be-fore al-weyes,
He belan neuere to sle the Gregeis, 6512
He cleues hem, and thorow strikes,
And throwes hem In clyf and dikes,
He makes here hedes naked and bare,
The bodyes cleue In-to the schare, 6516
He drow here scheldes fro here nekkes,
Ther aketons ferd as toren sekkes;
Off his scheld made he present
To alle that wolde zeue strok or hent; 6520
His sword was wel with alle a-kuoynt²
With kyng, and duke, and prince anynt; { Men were }

¹ MS. *colers*.

² MS. *a knynt*.

Hic Greci et Troiani fecerunt magnum bellum.

Men were alle ferd of his lokyng. [lf. 97.] 6523

Men wolde seye "hit were lesyng," 6524

Iff that a man the sothe sayde,

What men that day to grounde layde.

¶ Achilles holdes him euere asyde,

Achilles is
waiting aside.

He maketh him redi to wayte his tyde; 6528

As fische is dreven to the bayte,

So waytes he him at som defaute;

T[h]er-vpon he euere duelles,

For he atentis to no-thing elles, 6532

For whan he may his tyme se

Opon Ector venged to be.

Paris come with hem of Perse,

Paris and the
Persians join
in the battle.

With many a baner diuerse, 6536

With bowys gode wel y-strenged;

A-mong Gregeis whan thei were manged,

Thei schotte many thorow bak and brest,

That neuere spak aftir with prest. 6540

¶ Agamenon on syde houed,

With gode Armes and wel y-gloued;

He saw Paris was thedur y-comen,

That fro his brother his wiff hadde y-nomen; 6544

He was to him wel greuous,

For he hadde wedded his brother spous,

Him were leuer than alle Lorynge,

That he myght his brother venge; 6548

¶ He come to him ful wel batayled,

Agamemnon
attacks him,

And with his ost Paris assayled.

Ector saw that Emperour

Was comen doun In-to that stour, 6552

He lefft alle other and rod to him,

And ȝaff him certes woundes grym,

but is wounded
by Hector.

He smot him thorow his gode hauberk,

Thorow his scheld and his serke, N j 6556

In-to the body and threwe him ouer; [lf. 97, bk.] 6557
 Hit was gret wonder he myght couer.

¶ But Achilles was In a-gayt,
 He come anon bothe stout and st[r]ayt, 6560
 With many a lord and many a knyzt,
 When he saw him In suche a plyzt.

Achilles with
 his men
 surrounds
 Hector,

Ector was his men with-oute,
 Achilles closed him al aboute, 6564
 That non of his scholde to him come;
 But he zaff not ther-of a throme,
 He layde opou hem dyntes grete,
 That sicurly thei made him swete; 6568
 Thei were many and held him hote,
 Wherefore he ran al on swote.

to whose
 rescue Troy-
 lus and
 Eneas come.

¶ Then come Troyle and Eueas
 With [sword] & scheld and gode anlas, 6572
 Dryuand doun to helpe Ector;
 Achilles was wel wroth ther-for.

But Diomedes
 wounds Eneas

¶ When Diomedes saw Eueas,
 A stalworthe spere to him he tas, 6576
 Wel ney his flanke his strok he tecles,
 And strikes him with spere and pricles,
 And he ran forth as foule that flyes.

But Eueas be war, he abyas 6580
 The bolde wordes that dede sclyng,
 'When that thou sittes by the kyng';

For he reuyled him so vylenslye,—
 He thoght right wel, he scholde aby,— 6584

When he was sent In message;
 But he be war, he getis his wage.
 So soffte sailes nother schip ne bote,
 As he rod thedur and to him smote; 6588

severely.

He zaff Eueas a grisly wounde,
 And bare him doun to the grounde;

Out of his sadel he him sclong	[lf. 98.]	6591	
Vilonsly among the throng,		6592	
¶ And seide vnto him his goles :			Diomedes taunts Eneas.
‘ Welcome be thow hedir to me !			
Thow art the kynges conseler ¹ ;			
Iff I may mete the efft her,		6596	
And thow this batayle efft haunte,			
I schal the teche for to chaunte,			
I schal the teche bothe burdoun and mene,			
Ne be thow neuere so wroth ne wrene !’		6600	
A Chilles fauzt with Ector zet			Achilles fights with Hector.
With-oute wordes & with-oute flit,			
Ther were douzti dyntes deled			
With al the myght that thei weled,		6604	
Ayther of hem on other layd ;			
Ther men myzt se wel hard brayd			
Be-twene two knyghtes of hardi mode,			
Thei fauzt to-gedur as thei were wode ;		6608	
Strongur was neuere be-twene two knyghtes.			
Ector sore Achilles dighetes,			Achilles is badly wounded.
Opon his helme is many a score,			
Many an hole, and many a bore ;		6612	
So ney the deth Ector him dryues,			
That his vertu fast vnthryues,			
For sorily hadde he him dight ;			
Ther myzt men se bothe her myght.		6616	
¶ Ector was for-fouzten al day,			
And he dede not but wayted him ay,			
To stele on him as a theff,			
When he fond him at myscheff.		6620	
He wende then haue don him of dawe			
And his lymes al to-drawe ² ,			
But for al his quaynt thoght			
He was almost brought to nought ;	N ij	6624	

¹ Last e altered from a in MS.

² MS. *alto drawe*.

¶ *Adhuc Bellum.*

	His myght was al-most y-don,	[lf. 98, bk.]	6625
	Nadde him come help son,		
	Ector hadde y-taken him elles;		
	In many a stid his blod out quelles.		6628
Theseus	¶ Him to helpe come Theseus kyng,		
	A strong knyzt In alle thyng		
	Als come thedur pricande sone;		
	He swore by him that sat in throne :		6632
	“That him were leuere be al quyk flayn,		
	Then Achilles were take or slayn.”		
and Diomedes come to help Achilles;	¶ Diomedes saw also,		
	That Achilles myzt not do ;		6636
	Ector was on him so hidous,		
	So ful of wrathe and greuous,		
	That he was dryuen so ney the prikke,		
	That he myght not his lippis likke.		6640
they attack Hector	¶ Thes kynges thanne to Ector goth,		
	And swor his deth, as thei were wroth,		
from both sides ;	And layd on bothe halues tho,		
	And 3aff him strokes y-nowe & mo.		6644
	But Theseus son to him lepe,		
	As knyzt that was good and 3epe,		
Theseus stuns him by a sad blow.	And 3aff Ector a stroke vnride,		
	That the blod be-gan out glide ;		6648
	The strok was huge and gret,		
	Men myght ther-with haue slayn a net ;		
	The strok was smetyn with gret folye,		
	He barst of his mayle thre & thrittye,		6652
	¶ He barst of hem mo than an hundur,		
	And persed his Armure, that hit was vndur ;		
	Al he to-rent his armure,		
	That it come to his flesche pure ;		6656
	Aftir the strok the blode out sprong,		
	He hadde a strok a schafftmon long.		

But Ector ȝaff ther-of but lytel :	[lf. 99.]	6659	But Hector
Diomedes he ȝaff a titel,		6660	does not mind
And with his swerd a comyssioun,			it ; he attacks
That of his stede he fel a-doun,			and unhorses
That men myȝt se his yren breche ;			Diomedes.
He ȝaff not of hem a leke.		6664	
¶ Then come theder Menelaus,			All the other
Vlixes kyng, and Theseus,			Greek kings
The duȝti kyng Palamydes,			come up,
Ermules, and Polymetes,		6668	
Neoptolomus, and kyng Schelene,			
The noble douȝti duk Menescene,			
Duk Nestor, and kyng Thoas,			
With alle his men Philocoas ;		6672	
¶ The kynges alle with here Meyne			and join in the
Come doun alle to that semble,			fight.
With knyȝtes, squier, Erle and swayn,			
Was non be-hynde—soth to sayn ;—		6676	
That were tho that strong be-sted,			
The blod was mochel that ther was bled.			
T He Troiens saw hem come doun alle,			The Trojans
Opon her men then gon thei falle,		6680	encourage one
Than seyde the Troyens : ‘go we echon,			another,
Go we to hem, go we gon !			
We schal of hem to grounde warpe ¹			
With swordes bryght and speres scharpe.’		6684	
Than was ther a woful metyng :			A direful
Many a wyff made thei wepyng,			battle ;
Many a gaylard knyȝt and gay—			
When thei were met—dyed that day.		6688	
¶ I Trowe, sythen men couthe wepyn bere,			never died so
And hors bere sadel and other gere,			many men at
Herde neuere man telle In boke ne rede			one time.
So manye at ones lye dede,	N iij	6692	

¹ MS. *wrape*.

198 *Description of the Wounds. Hector fights best ; all flee from him.*

Description of the wounds :	At on Iornay lye and deye. Some were smeten thorow the eye, Some to the brayn vn-to the crowe, Some In-to the body, and some In-to the mawe, Some the schuldres, & som the mylte, Off bothe the parties were many on spilte. Eche man on other schetis, As thikke as heryng fletis ;	[lf. 99, bk.] 6693 6696 6700
Limbs are lost.	¶ Many a legge lay on that sond, Many on loste bothe arme & hond, Many an hed was smeten of thore ; Thei cried and 3elled as boles rore, Men myght here the cry a myle Off hem that dyed ther that while.	6704
Men's cries are heard a mile off.	The brethe thei blew stode lyke a smoke, Hit ros ouer hem as the roke ¹ , Hit ferd a-boute hem as a myst.	6708
Many bite the dust.	Many man to grounde ther dist With mouthe and nase, al her vnthonkes ; Ector hewes of legges and schankes, Many a man doth he to dethe, He seses neuere, whil he hath brethe.	6712
Hector fights best ;	O ff alle the men that euere god wroght I haue most meruayle In my thoght Off Ector certis and of his dedes, And so haue alle that of him redes :	6716
all flee from him ;	¶ Ther dar non stonde of him a box, Thei fle fro him, as hen doth fro the fox. ¶ I trowe, god made neuere suche a knyzt,	6720
	Ne 3af neuere man suche a myzt, That euere was borne In toun or port, But it were only to Sampson fort, For he [was] seker with-oute pere Off alle the men that euere were.	6724

¹ MS. *reke*.

Off Sampson hadde ben ther that tyde [lf. 100.] 6727 even Samson
And al that day hadde reden him be-syde, 6728 could not have
He ne myȝt haue don no more then he done greater
For al his myȝt and his pouste. deedis than
he did.

Red I neuere of knyȝt ne man,
That born was of womman¹, 6732
That dede the dedis that Ector did;
Alas, that euere him mys-be-tid !

A Gamenon and kyng Pandale 6736 Fight between
Thei rode to-gedur in that dale, Agamemnon
Ayther of hem made other tumble and Pandale.

Bothe on fyngur & on thumbe.
Menelaus saw Paris;
Off him wold he not mys; 6740

His spere was strong, the hed wel steled,
He smot Paris, that he doun reled
Ouer & ouer, as were a snayl;
He bare him ouer his hors tayl. 6744

¶ Paris ther-of gret schame thoght,
That he to grounde so sone was broght;
He ros vp ful pale and wan
For schame he hadde of fair Eleyne, 6748
He was ther-of wel sore aschamed,
That he of Eleyne schulde be blamed,
That sche saw so foule a falle,
Ther sche was set In castel walle. 6752

¶ Vlixes rod to kyng Arastre,
Thei fauȝt to-gedur In that plastre,
Strong batayle was be-twix hem two,
But atte laste be-tyd hem so, 6756
That kyng Arastre so sore was priked,
That his eres the grounde likked;
¶ Vlixes toke the stede by the rest,
And sende him hom, he dede the best. 6760

Ulixes strikes
down Arastre,
and captures
his horse.

N iiij 6760

¹ In the margin, by another hand, much faded, very indistinct :
'Driuyng hour (?) I pray the to . . . my well ordered.'

- ¶ Polidomes and kyng Hupoun [lf. 100, bk.] 6761
 Eyther of hem barst other vpon,
 That bothe here speris¹ barst,
 Polimodas That kyng Hupoun was ded doun cast ; 6764
 kills Hupon. Afftir that strok his tonge neuere wawed,
 Hit was with him wel euel dawed.
 Hupoun was a man of elde,
 Palamydes that strok be-held, 6768
 He saw the kyng ligge & dye
 Right ther be-fore his eye.
 S Ayd the kyng Palamydes :
 ‘Thow schalt abyge, Palidomes!’ 6772
 He strok him so sore sidlynge,
 That of his hors fel that kynges,
 As it were a clewe of thred ;
 Ne ete he neuere afftir bred. 6776
 Now lyst thow ther on thi syde,
 The deucl made the a stede be-stride,
 For litel myght is In thi lymes.
 Palamydes Hupoun vp nymes, 6780
 And sent him to his Pauyloun
 With mychel lamentac[i]oun.
 ¶ Afftir that Neoptolomus
 Rod to kyng Archilogus, 6784
 Ayther 3aff other suche a kayl,
 That thei fflowen ouer the hors tayl
 Opon that playn, as it were two rattes,
 Thei lay ston-stille as two cattes. 6788
 Carras is killed ¶ Carras rod to kyng Schelene²,
 by Schelene. Him hadde be beter at home to bene,
 For Schelene 3aff him suche a balle,
 That of his stede he made him falle, 6792
 He 3aff him suche a benedicite,
 That he fel dede opon the ble.

¹ MS. *stedis*.² MS. *schenels*.

- ¶ Afftir that kyng Philomene [lf. 101.] 6795 Philomene un-
Fel to ride to kyng Mescene, 6796 horsed Mene-
But Mescene rod ouer his cropere scene.
And lefft his stede, that was him dere ;
Philomene sende him vnto hise,
For he him [wan] with valyauntise. 6800
- ¶ Philocoas and kyng Remus 6804 Philocoas and
Rod to-gedur wel irus, Remus un-
That to the grounde rode bothe kynges, horse each
As euen as thei were drawen with strenges. other ;
- C**ariolus, a kyng corouned,
And Theseus kyng to-geder routed
With speres scharpe, that men myȝt here ;
When thei to-geder met In-fere, 6808
Here speres brast al In-sunder,
As it were a blast of thonder ;
The strokes were strong, here bakkes bent,
Ne hadde the speres a-sonder went, 6812
Thei schuld haue dyed at my, wenyng
Bothe to-geder at that metyng.
Here mayles barst, her aketons rofe,
The yren In-to the flesch drofe, 6816
The blod gerd out, as were a gote,
Thei tombled ouer bothe hed and throte ;
Thei lay ston-stille In that plot,
As it hadde ben an erthe-clot. 6820
- ¶ Ector bretheren were mechel to prayse,
Many a doughti man thei reyse
Out of here saddles and bere hem bak,
And lefft hem ligge as a sak 6824
With grisly wounde and al ded leffte,
That thei come neuere to batayle effte.
- ¶ The doughti kyng sir Thelamon
Saw ther a kyng,—het sir Padon,— 6828

so do Cariolus
and Theseus.

Hector's
brothers fight,
and wound
and kill many
Greeks.

- To him he wolde [faste] ride, [lf. 101, bk.] 6829
 He smot his hors and made him glide
 Ouer forow and ouer falow
 As swyff[t] as any swallow, 6832
 Til he him met atte speres ende ;
 Sir Pedoun a-ȝeyn him gan wende :
 ‘Thow semest,’—he sayde,—‘ no lyuande creature,
 In my god I the coniure ! 6836
 And if thow be the denel Sathanas,
 I schal the mete In this plas.’
 Thei riden to-gedur with-oute fayle,
 That thei sel down top ouer taylor ; 6840
 Thei mette so wel, that nother fayled,
 That the blod fro hem rayled ;
 Thei fel down vpon the grene,
 That men wende ded thei hadde bene. 6844
A Bouste Ector euere thei rayled ;
 The Gregeis eucl he assayled,
 He hewys hem offte alle to grotes,
 He falles hem thikker, than the motes 6848
 In somer-tide flyen In the sonne,
 He spares nother qwik ne donne,
 Lord ne lady, riche ne pore,
 Strong ne feble, stiff ne store. 6852
 ¶ Achilles clepes to him Thoas,
 A douȝti kyng,—his cosyn was,—
 He sayde : ‘ Cosyn, I haue meruayle,
 We are not worth a scynayle 6856
 A-ȝeyn that man, that ȝonde fyghtes
 Vndir vs alle with myght & scleghtes ;
 He sles oure men by fyue and six,
 He countes hem as thei were a kex ; 6860
 He weries not, ne belynnes nere,
 But lastes euere In his wode gere,

Thelamon and
 Sir Padon
 (i. e. Sarpedon)
 meet,

and knock
 each other
 down.

Hector kills
 many Greeks.

Achilles and
 his cousin
 Thoas resolve
 to attack
 Hector,

Ryght as it were enchauntement ;	[lf. 102.]	6863	
Many a knyȝt hath he schent.		6864	
Go we to him on a closter,			
Oure myght on him let vs now muster !			
For now I hope and wot right wele,			as they think
His myght be passed som dele ;		6868	he is now tired.
I trowe now wel, he be myghtles,			
Or oure godis be not rightwes,			
And he of myȝt is more than thay.			
Go we and loke, what we do may !		6872	
And so schal we on him be wroken !'			
When Achilles hadde thus spoken,			
T Hese kynges two with-oute abode			
As-tide thei to Ector rode,		6876	
And layde on him as lytherlynes ¹			They fall
Many a strok the two cosynes,			upon him,
Achilles and kyng Thoas ;			
Thei roffe his helme In that cas,		6880	break his
That hadde ben made of tre or lether,			helm,
Hit greued not him of a feder ;			
Thei brast his helme In many a stede,			and wound
And made his blode aboute him sprede.		6884	him in the
¶ Thei did bothe certis ther myght,			head.
To him sle or take In that fyght			
With many a knyght bothe fat & megre.			
But kyng Toas was on him egre,		6888	
Off Ector heued his helme he drow ;			
But Ector ȝaff him strokes y-now,			
With tene smot he that lorer,			
That he brast helme and his viser,		6892	Hector is
And halff his nase he did of-kerue,			angry with
Off suche a seruice he did him serue ;			Thoas, and cuts
Thoas fel to grounde thore,			off half his
For he was wounded swythe sore.		6896	nose.

¹ MS. *lytherhynes*, but the down-stroke of the second *h* is crossed.

Hector's
brothers
come to his
aid,

ECtor brether come then alle, [lf. 102, bk.] 6897

Thei saw Thoas by Ector falle,
Thei ride to him and alle that other
And help right wel Ector, her brother ; 6900

slay the
Greeks,

Thei fauȝt with Gregeis meru[el]ously
And bare hem doun dispitously ;

¶ Achilles wolde no lengur abyde.

take Thoas
prisoner,

Thei toke Thoas In al his pride 6904

And ladde him to Troie to here prisoun,

Thei caste him In a depe dongoun,

Thei thrat him alle, tho he was tan,

For ther brother Cassibalan, 6908

That he hadde sclayn with glad spede,

Thei him be-hight In alle mede.

¶ Antenor and Dephebus

Lad him to Troye ful greuous 6912

Of his woundes and his takyng,

And also of his presonyng ;

Thei lefft him ther In sicur warde,

And went aȝeyn to her standarde. 6916

and wound
Thelamon.

¶ Kyng Thelaman at that rescous

Was born to grounde as a mous,

The bretheren him threw to grounde tho,

For he assayled Ector also 6920

With kyng Thoas and Achilles ;

Him hadde ben better haue ben in pes,

For suche a wounde thei him be-tauȝt,

That he leffte bothe mayn and mauȝt. 6924

Thelamon is
borne to his
tent.

Thei bare him to his Paupyloun,

Til he come ther In a ded swoun.

Menelaus kest al his wit,

How he myȝt Paris best hit ; 6928

¶ Paris saw wel his waytyng,

He was war of his laykyng,

- Off his euel wil was Paris war ; [lf. 103.] 6931
 His bowe he bente al redi thar, 6932
 He set ther-In a kene beket
 And to Menelaus he hit schet ;
 That hed was mad with foule venym.
 Paris wel euene schot at him, 6936
 And he fel down, as he scholde dye,
 The blod ran out of his eye.
- ¶ Paris at him euel taysed ;
 Fro the grounde his men him raysed, 6940
 And bare him home to his hale,
 And laide him down In-myddes the sale.
 To him come sithen surgiens
 And other noble ficiens ; 6944
 His wounde ful wisly then he soghte,
 When thei were to him broghte.
- ¶ Thei 3af him drynke & gode medecynes,
 And slaked him then of his pynes, 6948
 Thei schof aboute wel soffte his flesche,
 With good wateres thei him weche,
 Thei greythed him gode oynement.
 When he was dyght, his stede he hent, 6952
 And rod a3eyn to that stour,
 And sought Paris with semblant sour ;
- ¶ He swor by goddis dyng[ne]te,
 He schuld on him wel venged be. 6956
 When Paris hadde with him thus toyled,
 Off his Armes he him dispoyled,
 He cast of al his armure,
 And faugt with him In cors pure, 6960
 With bowe and arwe fedred with po,
 He wrought amonges hem mechel wo.
- ¶ Menelaus was wel war,
 That Paris thenne non armes bar, 6964

Paris wounds
Menelaus in
the eye with a
poisoned
arrow.

Menelaus is
brought to his
tent,

where his
wound is
dressed.

He attacks
Paris anew,
who now
fights without
armour.

- But was al naked In his clothes ; [lf. 103, bk.] 6965
 He swor his dethe with gret othes,
 A stalworth spere to him he kipped
 With stelen hed that wel was tipped. 6968
 I hope wel Paris ded hadde ben,
 Ne hadde Eueas gon be-twen,
 That he myght not Paris come to,
 For no-thing that thei myzt do. 6972
 ¶ Eueas thanne hath led hom Paris
 With mochel folk to Troye y-wis,
 That Menelaus met him not with,
 For he nas y-armed nother lym ne lyth. 6976
Ector saw al that fare,
 How he was lad to Troye al bare.
 To Menelaus 3aff he tent,
 To scle his brother how he hadde ment ; 6980
 Ector therfore was sore greued,
 Ther-fore his helme In-two he cleued,
 Thorow his coyfe his gode swerd bot ;
 Menelaus ther-fore not flote, 6984
 Ne hadde no wordes him to speke,
 Ne hadde no myzt him-self to wreke.
 ¶ Ector wolde haue taken him fayn,
 He put ther-to myzt and mayn ; 6988
 But ther come many a moder barne,
 Duk and kyng,—I the warne,—
 With alle her kny3tes, him to rescowe,
 For he lay stille as a sowe ; 6992
 Ther come mo knyghtes to his defence
 Than ben now In alle Tarence.
 ¶ On Ector alle thei gan leye,
 Many a body he did ther dye, 6996
 Many a man to dethe gos,
 For thei lette him of his purpos ;

Eneas separates Menelaus and Paris,

and leads Paris home.

Hector wounds Menelaus,

and would have captured him,

if many Greeks had not come to his rescue.

¶ *Hic Greci fugerunt.*

He sclees hem & falles that he rechis, [lf. 104.] 6999

Delful strokes he hem be-teches, 7000

He maymed hem and ouer-al slees,

That he hadde neuere more pees,

Many a man he ther spilles;

The Gregeys fleis ouer dales & hilles, 7004

As faste as thei may ride,

Toward her tentis on eche a side.

ECtor after euere chases,

At eche a lepe his stede vnbrasis, 7008

Thei fledde him as hare doth hound;

Men myzt haue filled a gret dromound

With bodijs that he sclow chasand,

And euere he folowed manassand. 7012

He swar here deth by bok and belle,

He nolde neuere sese hem to qwelle;

Scholde neuere man ne creature

Haue went fro¹ that batel sure, 7016

¶ Hadde thei of Troye had day-lyght,—

So were thei ferd and discomfyght;—

But sterres ros vpon the sky,

Ector lefft his chase for-thi 7020

And turned hem to his Cite,

With kyng, duk, and his meyne;

And did sone off hem her harneys

& set hem down on benche & deys², 7024

And made her bones nesche and souple,

For ther was many a worthi couple,

For gret trauayle that thei hadde had

Off thaire restyng were thei glad. 7028

Now is Ector comen to halle,

And the stedis stabeled alle,

Thei ar vndight and set In stable;

Then was reysed many a table, 7032

But Hector
puts the
Greeks to
flight,

and only night
ends the
battle.

The Trojans
return to
the town.

¹ MS. *for*. ² This line written in the margin very neatly, but by the same hand.—The last line of this MS. page (not printed here) is repeated there on the back of the leaf as first line.

- The Trojans go to supper. The bordes were layd, the clothes spred ¹, [lf. 104, bk.] 7033
 And thei are set and richely fed
 With mete and drynke, gret plente,
 With vernage, Cret, and clarre, 7036
 With other drynkes and riche metes.
- Priamus bars the gates. ¶ But Priamus no-thing for-ȝetes
 To make thaire ȝates fast—
 He was of the Gregeis so sore agast,— 7040
 With many bare and many a croke,
 And men y-nowe the ȝates to loke,
 That alle men that were trauayled
 Schulde, when Gregeis hem assayled 7044
 With noyse or cry or any affray,
 In thaire bed [be] ther thei lay.
- His men feast. ¶ The ȝates he keped, and thei ben sere
 To ete and drynke and make gode chere, 7048
 To ete & drynke can thei not sese,
 Thei were serued with many a messe,
 With many noble diuers rost,
 With mete bakyn, sothen, and tost. 7052
- They go to sleep. **T**He clothes were drawnen, when pei had eten;
 Kyng and duk, and alle that ther seten,
 Layd ² be-side hem bothe gerdel and pouche,
 And wente than alle to thaire couche, 7056
 And held hem vnder couertoure,
 And slepte wel a gode mesure,—
- In the morn-
ing Til nyght was gon, and sonne schon wyde,
 That men myȝt se on eche a syde. 7060
- Priamus tells them to rest that day. ¶ With mechel noyse thei hem atyred,
 Thei hadde long slept and were en-tyred,
 And as thei her armure held In hande,
 Kyng Priamus sente his tithande, 7064
 That thei schulde be that day In pces
 And make hem alle wele at es.

Priamus send

¹ This line is in the MS. a repetition of the last line of the preceding page, where only *leyd* is written instead of *layd*. See footnote 2 on preceding page.

² MS. *layd*.

- ¶ Priamus sende his messengeres, [lf. 105.] 7067 Priamus con-
And afftir his priue counseleres, 7068 vokes a parlia-
To kyng and duk and to Ector, ment.
And afftir Troyle and Antenor,
Til Dephebus and Eueas,
Paris and Polamydes, 7072
That thei scholde come to his Paleis,
To here his consayl ther alweis.
- ¶ Thei spedde hem faste euerychon :
Thedir is comen kyng Monnon, 7076 The sons and
Gode Ector, and many another, privy coun-
Troylus, and Dephebus his brother, cillors of
To Priamus that were priue, Priamus
What he wolde, to here and se. 7080
When thei were y-comen alle
To Ylion In-to the halle, come to his
Thei sat hem down on that days, hall.
Thei were stille and held her pays; 7084
Saue Priamus, that kyng corouned,
Was non of hem that o word souned.
- H**E spak to hem with glad chere
And seyde: 'lordynges, 3e are me dere; 7088 He addresses
With-oute 3oure wil and 3oure assent them :
Wol I not do, so haue I ment.
I schal 3ow telle myn herte wille,
What is my resoun and my skylle, 7092 'I'll tell you
Whi I haue sent afftir 3ow ; why I sent for
Sittes stille and herkenes now ! you :
- ¶ Me thinketh oure goddis speciale
And haue vs 3euen gret riale, 7096
For vs haue thei mechel wrought ;
To honour hem ful wel we ought.
Thei loue vs wel specially,
And worchin for vs rially, O j 7100 We must
thank our
gods much,

Ther-fore schal we on alle wyse [lf. 105, bk.] 7101

Do to oure goddis sacrificise

With riche offerand and gret dispense,

And hem worschepe and do reuerence. 7104

¶ We mot nede hem glorifye,

that they gave
us our foe,
Thoas, as a
prisoner.

That hath vs sent oure enemye

And schamely lyght In oure prisoun,

That vs hath don gret tresoun 7108

With force and armes and cruelte,

That wolde sle bothe 3ow and me,

To robbe oure goddis, and oure Cite brenne,

And oure wyues ledde henne, 7112

And make oure childer thral and cherles,

That schulde be kynges, dukes, and Erles ;

And we hem ones greued,

By alle the gode non ther leued ! 7116

I think it
right to put
him to death.

¶ Me thinketh by resoun, and 3ow thynk als,

That this freke and traytour fals

Be 3oure consayl and Iugement

With-oute the toun be ybrent, 7120

Or fle him quyk al by the lawe,

Or with wilde hors him to-drawe,

Or elles hong him on galowe-tre,

That wolde distroye 3oure Cite ; 7124

And so schal alle these other drede.

What do you
think of this ?

What sey 3e now, what 3e rede ?

¶ Lete se now, what dethe demes,

Wheche deth of thes him best semes ? 7128

Schal he be qwartered¹ with a knyff ?

To se him ded, were al my lyff !

Ther was no kyng that croune bered,

That Priamus that tyme answered 7132

With word, whan he was demand ;

But sat stille as dere on the land,

¹ MS. *qwarteler*.

But were of that strong stonayd, [lf. 106.] 7135 All are
Of hem alle no word thei sayd. 7136 astonished and
silent.

Eueas was wis, witti, and lered,
To speke than was he not fered,
He saw the kyng hadde wratthe I-tane
For the dethe of Cassibalane, 7140
The kynges sone, he loued best ;
For wratthe him thoght his herte brast.

¶ By-fore the kyng Eueas stode,
And spak to him with milde mode, 7144
And sayde to him as the wyse :

‘Nolde god, that any of thise
Schamful dethe that to him deme !
Hit is wel better that 3e him 3eme
Hole and sound In gode sauete,

For we wot neuere,—no more wot 3e,—
What may be-falle som tyme to 3oure,
How it wol schape to vs and oure. 7148

as we do not
know what
may happen to
us and ours.

¶ The doughtiest man that euere was born
May falle, be tan, or elles lorn
Among his fos be chaunce and happe.
God made neuere so dou3ti a schappe, 7156
That was so michel of strengthe & myght,
Geaunt, champioun, ne other knyght,
He mot be take In batayle ;
Al day we sene it, no mervayle ! 7160

¶ Ther-fore, sire, I do not rede
That 3e do thus Thoas to dede,
For 3e wot wel, my lord the kyng,
That kyng Toas and his ospryng 7164
Is comen of alle the beste lynage
Off hem of Grece that ben of age ;

Thoas is a
relative of
almost all the
Greek nobles.

Alle the gret blod of Grece
Ben some his Emes, and some his nece, O [ij] 7168

If one of ours
should come
into the same
case, you cer-
tainly would
not like him
to be judged
thus.

Therefore I
advise that we
keep him as a
prisoner, in
order to
change him
for one of our
folk, if oppor-
tunity should
arise.

Hector
supports this
counsel.

Priamus says:
'They will
deem us
cowards if we
do so.

Alle of his kyn, and to him longe, [lf. 106, bk.] 7169
Ther is non gretter hem amonge.

So thei wolde do to oure frende,
Iff any come In here bende, 7172

And 3iff vs the same Iugement,
The beste of vs if thei mowe hent;
Off som of oure hit myght be-tyde,
3e wold not for al the world wyde 7176

Se him haue suche a chaunce
For al þe lond of Spayne & Fraunce¹.

¶ I rede therfore, kyng Thoas saue;
The same a-3eyn 3e mowe it haue, 7180

3e may 3it kyng Thoas chaunge
For on of oure or for som strange.
Ther-fore, lord, if I durst it say,
I wolde 3ow rede and also pray, 7184

That 3e wolde kepe kyng Thoas wele;
Hit may be-quyt 3ow euery dele.

¶ Gode Ector, assente ther-to
And rede thi fader, to do right so! 7188

He radde his ffader "that consail holde
That Eueas hadde ther tolde";—

'I holde his consail gode and trewe.
Iff 3e him se, hit may 3ow rewe; 7192

For if any of 3oure be y-take,
We may him chaunge and so pees make.'

Priamus held him not payde,
That Ector thus to him sayde; 7196

In his entent 3et he lefte
And sayde to Ector wrothely effte:

'And if we do with Thoas thus,—
What schal oure enemys saye of vs, 7200

That we haue of hem suche awe,
That we dar not do the lawe?

.²
And therto amonges hem be wel ffawe³; 7204

¹ This line inserted in the margin, like l. 7024.

³ The last word, *ffawe*, on erasure.

² No gap in MS.

Thei schal drede vs the lesse [lf. 107.] 7205

And holde vs ferd and hertlesse.

But not-for-thi! a-3eyn my wille,
I schal assente 3oure consail tille." 7208

But notwithstanding, I
will assent to
your advice.'

And so was Thoas saued fro ded
Thorow gode Ector and Eueas red.

And Eueas 3ede to Eleyne, to se
That curtays quene of gret bewte. 7212

Eneas goes to
Eleyne.

K yng Thoas herte be-gan to qwake,
He wende to be hanged al nake;
But Ector wolde he were saued.

Priamus wolde that Troye hadde be pauerd 7216

With hethen hond and euery a membre;

That he hadde bended or Septembre,

If he myzt haue had his wille;

But Ector wold not lete him spille, 7220

And thus hadde thei that conseil ent.

The nyght is comen, the day is went,

When night
comes,

¶ Euery man to his In owe,

The wayte be-gan nyght to blowe. 7224

Mone ne sterre saw man non,

The cloudes haue hem ouer-gon;

It wex al dym with derk cloude,

The wynde be-gan to blowe loude, 7228

the wind
begins to blow
hard,

The wynd turned In-to the west,

Hit made a wonder gret tempest.

Among Gregeis blew many a blast

And alle ther tentis to grounde cast; 7232

and a great
storm beats
down the
Greek tents.

So wonderly the wynd it blewe,

That alle here tentis ouer-threwe;

Al 3ede to grounde bothe tent and hale,

Here ropes vayled not of a schale. 7236

Wo is hem In here¹ sclepes,

The wynd brast bothe tre and ropes, O [iij]

¹ MS. hem.

	Ther was no stake that fast held,	[lf. 107, bk.]	7239
	Nother of Paumloun ne of teld.		7240
	Hit was as derk as helle,		
	Might no man se—the sothe to telle,—		
	To set a-ȝeyn teld ne tent;		
	Thei were almost with wedir schent.		7244
It thunders,	¶ It be-gan dredly to thunder;		
	Thei hadde nouȝt to hele hem vnder.		
rains, snows,	Hit blew, it rayned, and eke snewe,		
	Thei turned for cold bothe hide & hewe;		7248
hails,	It thundred loude, it ffres, hit hayled,		
	Michel wo that nyght hem ayled;		
and lightens,	It lygthned vp In the firmament,		
	As al the world hadde y-brent;		7252
	Hem thought, the sky had y-brend al opon,		
and the Greeks are very much afraid,	In-to the erthe thei wolde haue cropon		
	For sorwe, and wo, and gret turmentes		
	That thei hadde of the elementes.		7256
	A fter that be-gan it rayne,		
	As al the world scholde be sclayne;		
	As water rennes In a goute,		
	The sky gan falle hem aboute.		7260
	Vp In the sky thei it hadde lade,		
	Men myght with-Inne a wyle wade		
	A-mong the hors vp to the hamme,		
	Than lefte no man synge his gamme;		7264
They think Noah's flood has come again.	¶ Thei were a-ferd of Noye flode		
	Hadde comen a-ȝeyn, thei vndirstode.		
	Al was fir in the firmament,		
	As it scholde the world haue brent;		7268
	The stedes starte out of here stalle		
	And ran aboute faste with-alle,		
	Men wende, that thei hadden ben wode;		
	The sky was as red as any blode.		7272

- Hem selff to helpe thai ne myȝt, [lf. 108.] 7273
 I-wis thei hadde a vile nyȝt;
 It myȝt haue ben no worse wedur,
 Off heuene & erthe hadde gon to-gedur. 7276
- ¶ Thei banned & cursed alle tho,
 That made thedur hem for to go
 Fro thayre gode and fro ther wiff,
 To lede ther so karful lyff. 7280
- Lord, the sorwe that hem was with!
 That nyȝt hadde thei non other grith,
 Thei quok for cold, thei were al wete,
 Thei longed sore afftir hete. 7284
- I**N sorwe and wo the Gregeis are,
 For drede of dethe thei droupe & dare;
 That thei come ther ful ofte thei playn,
 Thei hopeth ful wel to be a-tayn 7288
- To neuere se thing that thei owe,
 Wiff ne child, moder ne mowe.
 Thei sorwe thus, til hit be day;
 "And her ffrendes"—thei seyde ay— 7292
- "That lay ther dede, and som were roten,
 Some smetyn, & some were schoten;"—
- ¶ 'Alas!' thei seyde, 'this foul vnwit,
 We were with sorwe so combred and knyȝt! 7296
- Whan that we passed the Grekysche see,
 We knewe ful lytel Ector poustee;
 Hadde we knowen,—as we do now,—
 Than hadde we wrought afftir oure prow, 7300
- And saued vs, and we dispende;
 For now may vs no man amende,
 Thes wederes done vs mechel tene.
 What wonder is, of we vs mene? 7304
- We leue oure lord and oure frende,
 And we ligge here in stormes and schende; O iiij

The Greeks
curse those
who made
them go to
Troy, and
leave their
wives,

whom they
will never
see again.

They bewail
their sad fate.

Er we wende hen, we schal be sclayn ; [lf. 108, bk.] 7307
 Litel wondir is, of we vs playn. 7308

A Ector, that we ne hadde knowen
 Thi douȝtines, er we hadde sowen !
 , Schulde neuere kyng ne Emperour,

Duke ne knyȝt, ne vauesour, 7312

Haue made vs passe the salte strem

For alle the gode of Ierusalem !

Thei made gret del and playnyng ;

But it be-gan to leue raynyng, 7316

When the
 storm ceases,

¶ The wynd sesid the gret blast,

The snewyng then no lenger last,

The tempest then be-gan to sese,

The thonder slaked & held her pese. 7320

Thei were glad of the sesed tempest,

Thei were ful glad to cacche rest.

¶ The nyȝt is gon, the cloudes with-drawe,

next morning

The day be-gan for to dawe,

7324

The sonne schon, the wedir cleres ;

the Trojans

The Troyens then with brode baneres

¶ Were redi armed In the feld,

On stedes stronge, with spere and scheld ;

7328

The ȝates were open, and thei rod out.

and the Greeks

The Gregeis of hem hadde gret dout,

But not-for-thi thei hadde no nede,

prepare for
 a new battle.

Thei armed hem with mechel spede,

7332

And made hem redi to the fight—

With alle her power and here myght—

¶ A-ȝeyn Ector, that thei drede sore,

With alle here men bothe lasse and more

7336

Here strengthe to kythe, her myȝt to proue

Off hem of Troye that thei saw houe

In-myddes the feld, and hem abode.

When bothe parties to-gedur rode,

7340

¶ **Hic Rex Hupōn Troianus mortuus est.**

Delful dyntes thei deled and dalt; [lf. 109.] 734¹

Many in his armes swalt,

A direful
battle.

Er euen come and day was gon.

Suche batayle was ther neuere non 7344

Betwene two kynges on lande ne se,

Neuere was, ne neuere schal be.

B Othe parties ben y-dyght,
With scheld and spere and brynes bryzt, 7348

In playn feld on gode aray;

Ther is no speche of no loue-day,

For eche man wol on other be wreke,—

What bote is than of loue to speke? 7352

Achilles with his Murmindones

Achilles leads
the first
battalion;

Passed ouer dales and dounes;

He rides ouer dounes and dales

With alle his men out of his haies, 7356

With baneres brode and many a sygne,

With many a worthi knyzt and digne.

¶ The furst batayle sir Achilles

To lede that day for-sothe ches; 7360

Out of his tent he is now yssed,

To kyng Hupoun was he wel wyssed,

he meets with
Hupon,

A douzti knyzt of gret a-fere;

But him thoght euel that he come there: 7364

Hupoun was michel and long,

Hey and brod, mechel & strong,

He was mechel as a geaunt;

But him hadde ben better to haue ben at Gaunt 7368

Or haue leyn seke in his bed,

who had
better have
been at Ghent
or in bed.

Then he that day batayle hadde led.

¶ Achilles smot him with a spere,

That al his Armes gan to-tere, 7372

He smot him thorow bothe flesch & bone

And thorow his armes euerychone;

Hupon is unhorsed.	Thoow he were mechel and long, Out of his sadel he him sclong.	[lf. 109, bk.] 7375 7376
Hector fights with Octomene,	¶ To Ector rod kyng Octomene With hate and moche tene, He come to Ector faste fleande With a stalworthe spere In hande, He smot Ector, that his spere barst. 'The deucl the honge hard and fast!' Seide Ector, 'what eyles the? Whi hastow thus smetyn me?'	7380 7384
	¶ Ector was with him ful wrothe, He drow his swerd and to him gothe, And smytes him on a-nother manere; Of his scheld a ful quartere He carff a-wey at that strikyng; The stroke was smyten at his lykyng, He smote him down vnto his chyn, That men myzt se the tethe with-In.	7388 7392
and kills him		
Diomedes and Antipe fight	D iodemes and kyng Antipe, With-oute trompe or pipe Or any other Melodye, Thei redyn to-geder with gret envye; Here speres brast In splentes, But thei fel not with here dentes, With that Iustyng ne that Iornay. But thei zede not quyte a-way:	7396 7400
	¶ Thei drow here swerdes of here scaubërkis And smot on scheldes and hauberkes, The rynges barst, the nayles out, Thei were strawed al a-bout; Her woundes bledde, her flesch was tamet, The holdest of hem ful sore was lamet. But at the laste be-tydde it so, That Diodemes smot In-two	7404 7408
and wound each other.		

Thorow douȝtines duk Antipe gorge,	[lf. 110.]	7409	
With his swerd—was fair of forge,—			
That he fel ded on gresse and rote,			Antipe is slain.
Off that wounde he hadde no bote.		7412	
G lorious kyng lord Ihesu !			
Who-so hadde sen Ector vertu,			Hector slays many Greeks.
How he the Gregeis ther reuerced ¹ ,			
Helmes and hauberk how he persed,		7416	
How he hem sclow by two and on,—			
He wolde haue sworn by Peter and Ion,			
By Marie bryȝt and persones thre :			
That god that is In vnite		7420	
Made neuere man that was so goode,			
Ne so many schedde of mannes blode,			
Ne non so strong as Ector was.			
By him myȝt no man pas,		7424	Nobody can escape him.
That he myȝt take or hent,			
That the lyff a-way ne went.			
Ector slees the men of Grece,			
Thei dyed thikkere then men dryues gece		7428	
To chepyng-toun for to selle ;			
It is a wondur for to telle,			
What men he sclow In felde,			
A-mong his foos how he him welde.		7432	
T Her come two kynges In that batayle,			The brothers Episcropus and Cedius attack him.
That saw Ector aboute rayle,			
As faucoun flees afftir drake,			
A-mong Gregeis gret murdir make ;		7436	
He made hem fle for drede a-ferd,			
As hound dos dere of his herd.			
That on was kyng Episcropus,			
That other his brother Cedyus ;		7440	
Thei rod to Ector bothe at ones,			
For to cleue him bothe flesch and bones.			

¹ MS. *reuerced*.

- But Ector 3aff off hem riȝt nouȝt, [lf. 110, bk.] 7443
 Thei fond bothe that thei hadde souȝt; 7444
- Episcropus
 defies Hector;
 Episcropus, that ape and owle,
 Spak to Ector wordes foule,
 He called him "fitz-a-putayn¹,"
 And seyth: "he was a cherl velayn." 7448
- ¶ Than seide Ector: 'as I am knyȝt,
 Thow schalt of me haue a foul dispit,
 Of me, thow kyng Episcropus,—
 Thow hast defouled me thus!' 7452
- E**piscropus Ector defies.
 'Fals ataynted traytour, thow lyes;'
 Saide Ector, 'I was neuere thral,
 I am fre, and my kynde al; 7456
 In al my kyn is no throle,
 But kyng and duk, knyȝt & erle;
 My ffader is a gentil kyng,
 Suche is non In thyn ospreyng! 7460
- ¶ Fyftene kynges, genteler than thow,
 Doth him omage and fewte now;
 And I, his sone, knyȝt, and Air,
 Vndir me is man and mair, 7464
 Duke and Prince, and knyȝtes strong,
 And alle that euere to him long.
 My moder is a gentil quene,
 A trewe lady, and euere hath bene; 7468
- ¶ Sche did her lord neuere falshede,
 But euere was trewe In word and dede.
 It semes wel thanne, that I am fre,
 I may be skyl no cherl be! 7472
- And that thow schalt wite, if I the take,
 Thi proude wordes schal I slake.
 I drede neuere man of thi nacioun,
 Whi scholde I now fle a glotoun, 7476
- and
 threatening
 Episcropus.

¹ MS. *fitz aputayn*.

¶ *Hic Ector occidit Episcopum Regem et Cedium Regem.*

Suche a caytyff, suche a wrecche! [lf. III.] 7477

I holde the not worth a fecche!

¶ Then was wroth Episcropus

That Ector spake to him so spitous; 7480

Dispitusly Ector he myssayde,

And sadly to him he layde

With al his strengthe and al his myght,

With Ector sone he gan to fyght. 7484

Episcropus that schrewe vnorne

Might not his word performe;

Episcropus
replies, and
begins fighting
with Hector.

¶ Ector sone to him gan take,

He thoght him venge of that wrake; 7488

Ector bare his sword on hye,—

For he hadde no spere him bye,—

He ȝaff the kyng Episcropus

Suche a recumbentibus, 7492

He smot In-two bothe helme & mayle,

Coleret and the ventayle;

He carff him doun In-to his vent,

That to the deth sone he went. 7496

Hector cuts
Episcropus
down,

¶ 'Thow art now dede and ouer-thrown,

Thi bostful wordes that thow blowen,

Velenly thow hast thi mede;

To myssay thow efft take hede!' 7500

kills him,
and scorns
him.

CEdius saw his brother sclayn,

The swot ran doun—so doth the rayn—

And of his eye doun by his lere,

For his brother that was him dere. 7504

'Alas,' seide he, 'that euere I was born!

I se my brother In-sonder schorn,

I schal him venge—what-so be-tydes—

Thoow my hert brest out at my sydes.' 7508

A thousand knyghtes that douȝti were

Cedius hadde with him there;

His brother
Cedius, who
has 1,000
knights,
resolves to
avenge
Episcropus's
death.

- Alle he called to him tho, [lf. III, bk.] 7511
 And many other Gregeis mo; 7512
 And asked him: "what was his wille?
 Whi he so called and cried him tille?"
 ¶ Thei asked of him: "what him ayled?"
 Cedius tells his Greeks that he must take revenge on Hector for his brother's death,
 And he seide: "his lyff him ffayled, 7516
 No-thing In erthe myght do him bote,
 Er he saw Ector on his fote,"—
 'For he hath slayn my dere brother,
 Episcropus, and many other; 7520
 And him folwe I thus aboute,
 To seche Ector among the route,
 and kill him. And leue him not, vnto he be founde,
 Ded or slayn, or cast to grounde.' 7524
 ¶ Cedius then with-oute lesyng
 Souzt Ector faste with gret sikyng;
 A thousand knyghtes rod with him than
 With many another dougti man, 7528
 To seke Ector and him wounde.
 they find Hector, Thei ȝede him to seke & sone him founde,
 And of his stede thei bare him doun,
 And ȝede to Ector alle en-viroun; 7532
 And that me thenke no meruayle,
 For he wist not of here consayle.
 unhorse and surround him. **E**ctor was to grounde I-bet,
 A thousand knyghtes thei on him set, 7536
 To seke him ther thei all hadde thoght,
 For her euel wil ful thei boght.
 Cedius strikes many blows at him. Cedius strok to him wel offte;
 Ector saw his arme on loffte 7540
 Al redi him for to strike,
 Then gan Ector sore myslyke;
 ¶ Than seide Ector to Cedyus:
 'Wenestow to sle me thus? 7544

- I sette at nouȝt alle thi Coueye, [lf. 112.] 7545
 Whil I may se ȝow with myn eye !'
- ¶ Ector ȝaff kyng Cedius on Cedius's arm
 And cleff a-two his schuldir-bon, 7548 is cut off by
 That hond & arme bothe fley a-way ; Hector.
 The kyng fel a-down, and ther he lay.
- T**Hen come thedir Menelaus, Most of the
 And also the stronge Archilaus, 7552 Greek kings
 And also the stronge Thelamon now come
 With many a knyȝt, & kyng Makaron, together
 The noble kyng Diodemes
 With many a thousand, & Vlives ; 7556
 Ther come also the riche Athene,
 The noble man Duk Mescene.
 The riche kyng ther Emperour,
 That was her alther gouvernour, 7560
 He come down with the rerwarde
 Strong and yrus as any lyparde.
- ¶ These kynges comes with here batayles,
 Eche man thanne Ector assayles ; 7564 and assail
 Thei died faste on euery syde. Hector.
 Alas now ! how schal Ector abyde A great battlo,
 These kynges alle and her power,
 Whan hem come socour fer and ner ? 7568
- ¶ Prime was past, hit was Midday,
 And ney-honde none—as I ȝow say.
 Whan alle that armes bere myght—
 Off hem of Grece thei fayled lyght— 7572
 Were comen down to that batayle
 With men & hors and pedayle,
 With bowe and Arwe and alblast ;
 Then were the Troyens sore agast, 7576 the Trojans
 For thei hadde fouȝten for the best are much
 Al the day with-ouen rest. afraid.

¶ *Hic Achilles interfecit Phillum Regem.*

The Greeks
are fresh, the
Trojans weary.

For then were comen the kynges alle [lf. 112, bk.] 7579
And begonne on hem to falle, 7580

Thei were ffresch, these other wery.

Then were the Troyens al sory ;

Thei keped the Gregeys not-for-thi

And stode a-zeyn strongly ; 7584

But thei myzt not endure so longe,

The Gregeis were that tyme so stronge,

The Trojans
are put to
flight.

That thei be-gan so to fle.

It myght with hem no better be, 7588

So weri thei ben and ouer-charged,

Here socour foule fro hem targed.

¶ Achilles folwed and alle hise,

Achilles slays
Phillus.

He ouer-toke the kyng Philluse ;

7592

Phillus turned and with him fau3t,

But suche a stroke Achilles him rau3t

With his hondes sicurly,

That he fel dede ther sodanly. 7596

Ector saw that Phillus was ded,

‘ Alas ’—seide he—‘ that I ete bred

That euere was mad of corn of whete,

That I schulde se my men so bete ! 7600

I may not longe it suffry

Off that Achilles with his sculkery.’

He turned and loked his men toward :

Thei flowe the while faste a-weyward, 7604

Thei wolde not bide be doune ne dale,

For that the Gregeis were so fale.

¶ Then myzt men se the Gregeis ride,

Hector is
surrounded by
the Greeks
under Alpenor
and Doryus.

Thei closed Ector on eche a side,

7608

Some be-hynde and some be-fore.

Ther was a kyng—het Alpenore—

Another also het Doryus,

7611

Thei were to Ector enyous ;

{ On eche }

- On eche a side Doryus him strikes, [lf. 113.] 7613 Doryus and
With his spere ful harde he prikes; several other
Ector deled aboute lyueray Greeks strike
To alle that euere come In his way. 7616 at Hector.
- ¶ Then men myzt se swordes drawe—
Thikkere then trees by wode-schawe—
A-boute Ector, to bere him down ;
Thei thought he scholde neuere come to toun, 7620
But leue ther as a caytyff
Clene ded with-oute lyff.
- A Thousand swerdes aboute him clatered,—
As Masons hadde on stones bated,— 7624
But al was nouzt thei were aboute,
For hem alle hadde he no doute :
He deled a-boute him suche strokes,
That he carf bothe hed and chokes, 7628
Hond and foot & haterelle;
Many on ded to grounde felle.
He sclow for-sothe the kynges two,
And many a-nother knyzt also. 7632
- ¶ To scle the Gregeis hadde he neuere pees ;
He cried and seyde to Achilles :
'Thow sclow long er a kyng of myne,
Now haue I sclawe two of thyne. 7636
Come thi-selff to venge hem ;
I ȝeue of the right nouzt certeyn !'
- ¶ The Troiens thanne that were fled,
When thei sey how Ector sped, 7640
How he him-selff that stour mayntened,
With hem-selff ful sore thei tened ;
When he hadde sclayn the kynges bothe,
With hem-selff thei were wrothe, 7644
Thei turned a-ȝeyn on thaire enemys,
And died faste on bothe parties¹.

But Hector
slays many of
them,

and the kings
Doryus and
Alpenor too.

Hector
challenges
Achilles.

The Trojans,
seeing Hector's
success,

return.

P [j]

¹ Below the last line, upside down and very badly written, are the words :
'paphylun was an vter man bothe of leȝing & dissiuing' [? desseising].

¶ **Hic Amphimatus Rex Interfectus est.**

Eneas slays
Amphimatus.

AVeas thanne his sword out-drow, [lf. 113, bk.] 7647
A kyng of Grece ther-with he sclow ; 7648
Amphimatus his name was kyd

That Eveas ther to dethe dyd.

¶ The Troiens keuered a-3eyn the feld,
A3eyn the Gregeis fast thei held. 7652

A great Greek
duke

Ther was a duk of gret emprise,
That saw Ector hem alle to-brise
Alle tho of Grece that he myzt reche ;
Ful ffayn wold he take wreche. 7656

¶ He swore by him that sit in trone
And made bothe sonne and Mone :
“ He wolde him lette of his doying,
Off his slaw3t and his quellyng.” 7660

attacks Hector,

Wel boldely to him he Ioyned,
And with his spere faste ffoyned,
That his mayles barst in-sonder,—
That thoght Ector moche wonder ;— 7664
He drow his sword and hoked stille
And fau3t with Ector al his fille.

and presses
him hard.

¶ Gret myzt the duke schewed thore,
He layde on Ector strokes sore, 7668
He lettid him moche of his prowes,
Off his scleyng and his rebelnes.

Hector is much
annoyed and
ashamed.

¶ Ector was with-al anoyed :
‘ Now is my myzt strongly distroyed,’ 7672
Ector sayde, ‘ whan I schal thole
Off on that is not worth a cole
Suche vilony and suche repruse.
I may wel say, I am refuyse 7676
Off alle the kynges sones of Troye,
When that I suffre of suche a boye
Suche vilonye to me be done,—
Ne se I neuere sonne ne mone ! 7680

¶ *Hic venit sagittarius.*

But thou schalt dere thi strokes a-bye, [lf. 114.] 7681

Thi hardines and thi folye!

I schal kembe¹ thi zelowe lokke!

He 3aff the duk suche a knokke, 7684

That helm and coyfe In-sunder 3ede;

He cleue him doun vnto his stede,

That he fel doun on that other side.

'Now wil thou 3iff me leue for to ride, 7688

Where that I loue & thou not me lette!

Now hastow that I the be-hette!'

Now cometh a-nother kyng Episcropus

With many a knyzt a-venterus,

Out of Troie comes he ridande

With men of Armes thre thousande.

The Trojan
king Episcro-
pus arrives

with 3,000 men
and a quaint
Archer.

¶ With him come A quaynte Archer,

That mad is on suche a maner:

He is halff hors and halff man.

With hem of Troye thedir he ran;

This archer ran to fight al naked.

Herkenes now, how he was maked!

Fro his navel downward

He was hors, and man vpward;

As a hors hadde he foure fete

That he ran on, whan he schete;

Bak and bely of hors & tayle,

Thus was he maked saunfayle;

This Archer,
being all
naked,

is like a horse
from the navel
downwards,

¶ His [s]kyn was hard and no-thing thenne,

His pyntel was of hors-kynne.

And al that was fro the navel aboue,

Al was man—for goddis loue:—

Sides and ribbes, hed and hals,

Bak and brest, & visage als,

Armes, scholdres, chekes, & eres,—

Al was of man that he op weres.

7708

and like a
man from the
navel upwards.

7712

P [ij]

¹ MS. *kemle*.

- His voice alone
is not human,
for he neighs
like a horse.
- Saue that he hadde of man no voyce,—[lf. 114, bk.] 7715
As an hors made he the noyce, 7716
As it were an hors—for-sothe—he neyed.—
Many a man thorow him ther dyed!—
Tethe and gomes and mannes mouth—
- Nobody ever
saw such
a beast any-
where!
- Now lyues no man by north ne south, 7720
That euere saw suche a best
In feld ne toun ne in no forest!
- ¶ Al was of man bothe nese & throte,
And fynGRES als for his schote; 7724
But alle his membris lasse and more
Were al be-grownen with hors-hore,
Bak and bely, & legge and nase,
Brest, Armes, & his visage; 7728
As he were a hors, he neyes & ondas¹.
His eyen were lyke to brennande brondes;
He fferd, as he scholde men haue brent
- Sparks of fire
fly out of him,
- With spark of fire that fro him glent; 7732
His vice was red as any fir.
Bowe and arwe was his atir.
- W^Han he was comen, he bent his bowe;
Alle that euere him sawe 7736
Were ferd of him and strongly wondred;
The horses snored, as it hadde thondred—
So were thei of him agrysed,
So brend his eyen and dredful glysed. 7740
Ther durst not on loke to him ward,
Here hors turned awayward;
- ¶ Thei wolde haue fled out of the feld,
But eche a man his hors held: 7744
With mochel wo thei hem resteyed,
To make hem dwelle thei ofte assayed;
Thei held hem stille with bridel & reyne,
With mechel wo and mechel peyne. 7748
- and frighten
the Greeks,
especially
their horses,
- which are with
difficulty kept
quiet.

¹ Line 7739 after 7730 in MS.

T His Archer schotes & sendes Arwes, [lf. 115.]	7749	The Archer slays many Greeks,
He slees the Gregeis, as men take sparwes		
With lym or net or lymzernes,		
Hors & man that Archer ferdes;	7752	
And Ector slees al that he hittes.		and so does Hector.
Ther is no man that on hors sittes		
Off hem of Grece, that may restay		
Ther hors lenger, but fled a-way;	7756	
Ther is no man that ther abydes,		The Greeks flee to their tents,
But eche man awayward rydes		
To here tentis & Paelons.		
Achilles with his Murmondons ¹	7760	Achilles and his Myrmidons not excepted.
Vnto his strengthe a-veyward prikes;		
Ector faste afftir him strikes		
With hem of Troie; and that archer,		
He schet aboute him fer & ner	7764	The Archer pursues them, always shooting.
With arwes that were wel I-heded ² ;		
The Gregeis ofte In-sunder hem scheded.		
¶ A wonder chaunce he did hem thore:		
When thei of Grece discomfited wore	7768	
And to ther tentis a-veyward fledde,		
Her Archer faste Afftir hem spedde;		
The Archer hadde so smartly ronnen,		The Archer goes too far,
That he hadde lond of hem wonnen.	7772	
As he thus ran aboute schetande,		
He saw azein him come prikande		and is met by Diomedes.
Diomedes vnto his tentis;		
The archer thenne an Arwe out-hentis,	7776	
He smot at him—so was he thare—		
Diomedes was wel ware,		Diomedes doubts whether to ride on to his pavilion,
¶ To schote at him so was he prest;		
He wiste neuere, whedir he myzt best	7780	
To his paულoun for to ride,		
For he most ride that Archer be-side,—	P [iij]	

¹ MS. *Murmondous*.

² Line 7765 after 7766 in MS.

¶ *Hic Diomedes occidit sagittarium.*

or to go back,
and risk
capture by the
Trojans.

Or if he turned a-veyward,— [lf. 115, bk.] 7783

His enemys come on him bakward : 7784

For if he come a-monges her hondes,

For al the godis of Gregeis londes

Wold thei not lette the kyng quyk go,

With lyff and lym hem go fro. 7788

¶ He was In gret a-visement,

How he myght passe and be not schent ;

He saw be-fore him that foule best,

The Troyens afftir him with many a crest. 7792

The Archer
tries to slay
Diomedes ;

¶ The Archer was the kyng so hende,

To sle that kyng wel he wende :

To that kyng he gan to hale,

And drow an Arwe vp to the vale ; 7796

And as he was In his losyng,

Diomedes, that douȝti kyng,

Hadde his sword al redi drawe,

That many of Troie hadde done of dawe. 7800

¶ He strok his stede & to him rode,

but, before he
can shoot,
Diomedes slays
him with his
sword.

Ar euere arwe fro him glode :

He smot the best vpon the bak

And ȝaff him right an euell knak ; 7804

He smot his bak [right] in-sunder,

That he fel down his hors fete vnder.

When the
Greeks see the
Archer is dead,

NOW are the Gregeis fayn and bolde,

The Archer lyes vpon the wolde 7808

Sclayn and dede, as men telles ;

None is ther that langer dwelles,

they return to
the battle-
field.

Thei turned a-ȝeyn and toke the feld,

Thei droff Troians fro tent to teld. 7812

¶ To Ector rennes Achilles,—

But [of] him ȝeues he not two strees,

He kepte him and not for-soke.

A stalworthe spere to him he toke 7816

- And smot Ector with myght and mayn, [lf. 116.] 7817 Hector and Achilles meet and unhorse each other.
- And he smot him for-sothe a-zeyn,
That eyther fel down, er euere thei wiste,
That bothe her eres the grounde kiste. 7820
- ¶ But Ector was hurt the sorroure,
For he come doun fro the fferour
As he had ben a man [a-]rage.
He toke Ector at his a-vauntage, 7824
Wher-by Ector In his ffallynge
Toke wel more the brussynge,
And lenger lay his hors beside
Then Achilles dede that tide. 7828
- ¶ Achilles ros op witterly
And lepe on hors sicurly,
He layde his hond on Ector stede
And went a-way wel gode spede. 7832
- E**ctor was risen and vp-stode,
He loked aboute as he were wode,
And swor I-tened¹ and he sporles,
The blod ran out at his nase-throlles; 7836
When he fro him his hors saw lede,
Mouthe & nase began to blede,
For tene & wo his hew chaunged.
Ector afftir Achilles sewed, 7840
- ¶ Opon his feet faste he hyes,—
To his men faste he cryes :
'Se 3e not, how myn enemy
Ledes a-way my hors 3ow by? 7844
Iff he him lede thus fro 3ow alle,
Foule reproues 3ow schal be-falle!
But 3e him sonner ouertake,
3e bene not alle worthi an hake!' 7848
- ¶ Eche man than afftir rides,
Is none lengur that then a-bydes, P ii[ij]
- They all pursue Achilles.

¹ MS. & *tened*.

¶ *Hic Greci tenuerunt Antynorem Regem.*

Eche man afftir rides & rennes. [lf. 116, bk.] 7851

Achilles¹ thenne for tene brennes, 7852

Maugre his tethe the stede he lefft,

One of Hector's
brothers
retakes his
horse,

For Ector brother ffro him it refft;

He myzt no ferther for him go,

Therefore for-sothe he was ful wo. 7856

¶ Lord! so Ector thanne was fayn,

and gives it
back to him.

Whan he his gode stede hadde azeyn,

He wold not for his weyght of gold,

That Achilles it hadde hold. 7860

Many of Grece bowte his takyng,

Men myzt se thenne speres schakyng:

Hector takes
bloody
revenge.

¶ Ector selees and Ector felles;

His hors takyng dere he selles; 7864

He riues helmes and cleues hedes;

Ther is no Gregeis that him² [ne] dredes.

Ther died for him on that sond

Sixti that neuere layde on him hond. 7868

On the other
side of the
battle-field
Antenor fights.**A**ntenor rode aboute strikande,—

Fro Ector was he fer fyghtande

On that other half of that batayle,

And that was him to wrothe-haile: 7872

For thei of Grece opon him throng

And him be-closed hem among;

His men backward fro him frusched,

And many of hem to grounde crusched. 7876

¶ Antenor did that In him was,

But he myght not fro hem pas,

For thei of Grece were more then he:

The Greeks
take him
prisoner, and
send him to
their tents.

Thei toke him at that semble 7880

And sent him to her³ paulyons

With-uten any haulyons,

And held him In her prisoun.

Polydomas of gret renoun 7884

¹ MS. *Ector*.² MS. *that thei him*.³ MS. *his*.

Therefore was he ful sori,—	[lf. 117 ¹ .]	7885	
That was his sone, was him bi :			Antenor's son
His hert forsothe wex al cold,			Polimodas
When the tydandes were y-told.		7888	tries to rescue him,
¶ Gret meruayles tho in hem he wrouzt,			
Off his lyff as he nad rouzt,			
But he ne hade no space at his lykyng,			
For it was thenne ney euenyng ;		7892	
¶ The day was gon, thei hadde no lyght,			but is
For it was wel with-Inne nyght.			prevented by
To dwelle lenger ² thenne was not gode,			night.
The[i] leue flyghtyng, as hem be-hode,		7896	
And turned hom with weri bones,—			The Trojans
Eche man to his owne wones,—			return home
Vn-Armed hem, and wente to reste ;			very weary.
To house come many a weri geste.		7900	
¶ Thei layde borde & clothe & ȝede to mete.			They sup ; but
Polidomas myzt not for-ȝete			Polimodas
Off al that nyzt for no thyng			
His dere fader takyng :		7904.	
Ful litel he drank and les ete,			
The teres fel to his fete.			
¶ Off alle that nyzt myzt he not slepe,			
Al that nyzt he lay and wepe,		7908	weeps the
Til hit was day, the sonne gan schyne,			whole night.
Euermore dured his pyne.			
Then he ros vp, as most nede,			In the morn-
To arme him, his men to lede,		7912	ing he arms
Aȝeyn Gregais to fight to-morn.			himself to lead
Wo was him, that he was born,			his men
For sorwe and care and mornyng			against the
That he toke for his lordis takyng.		7916	Greeks.
¶ The nyght is passed, hit is day,			
The sonne hath dreuen the sterres away,			

¹ At the head of this page, not very distinctly : *Aynesworth*.

² was erased between *lenger* and *thenne*.

	Ther is no sterre opon the sky ;	[lf. 117, bk.]	7919
	The sonne is resen & schynes on hy,		7920
	Fair & bryȝt he schewes his bemes.		
The Trojans and the Greeks rise,	Thei risen vp of here dremes,		
	Off Troie and Grece [the knyȝtes] bothe ;		
	Many of hem schal be wrothe :		7924
but take no notice of their dreams, as they ought to have done.	¶ Hadde thei of here sweuen taken tent,		
	That thei hade wyten, what it hade ment,		
	When hardi thynges thei did mete,		
	Tho that schold her lyf for-lete !		7928
	But ther-of toke thei kepe no-tyng,		
They prepare for a new battle.	But busked hem In the dawying,		
	And Armed hem In sail & schiȝp ;		
	And than thei ȝede and toke a soȝ,		7932
	Thei ete a sop, and afftir dranke,		
	For In batayle thei wolde be strang.		
	¶ When thei wente out of here hale,		
	Many drank nother wyn ne ale		7936
	Affter that, ne ete, ne drank,		
	But layen ded & foule stank !		
	Eche man sclow other & felle down,		
Many of the Trojans who marched out were never to come back to town.	Many of hem come neuere to toun		7940
	Hole aȝeyn, as thei ȝede out ;		
	Some lefft his hed, and som his snout,		
	Some to-hewen and foule ferd with ;		
	Some les his lyff, and som his lyth.		7944
The battle begins.	W Han bothe parties to-gedir wore,		
	Thei smetyn to-gedur strokys sore :		
	When thei were comen out of her hales,		
	And thei of Troye out of here sales		7948
	And passed her ȝates & here dikes,		
	Eche man at other strikes ;		
	He drow his sward, and he his bowe,		
	Mechel sorwe ther was y-sowe :		7952

He anon, his knyff he drawes,	[lf. 118.]	7953	They wound one another with knives and spears.
—And he is ded,—and ouer-thrawes,			
He schakes his spere, he rides owerre,			
And he fel down I-hurt ¹ wel sorre,		7956	
He is ded, and he is slayn,			
And he is born thorow the brayn,			
He ses his lyuer and his entrelles ;			
Michel is the wo that hem ayles.		7960	
A ND thus ferde thei fro that thei ros			This direful battle lasts from morning till night.
Til the day a-weyward gos,			
And nyght was comen, and lyght was fayled.			
Ector euere aboute rayled,		7964	Hector—like a falcon— pursues and kills the Greeks.
As ² faucoun doth opon his pray ;			
The bodyes thikke aboute him lay,			
That ther lay with dethis wounde ;			
Many a knyzt fel to the grounde.		7968	
Ful sorily he hem ransaked			
Fro that morwe that he waked			
Til euen-tide that home he ȝede,			
For he hadde neuere so moche nede		7972	
To help and socour his meygne,			
As he hadde at that Iorne.			
¶ For Gregeis were so styff and stronge,			
That thei his men down sclow & sclonge,		7976	
As thei of hem hadde ȝeue right nouzt ;			
But euere among thei it dere bouzt :			
For Ector sclow hem al a-boute,			
Many Gregeis made he loute ;		7980	
¶ Ector hem sclow, as it were mys,			
Thei died faste on bothe parties			On both sides many are slain,
Off hem of Troye & of Gregeis,			
Thei lefft liggyng many karkeis.		7984	
Echon wolde other slo,			
Off Grece died fele, of Troye wel mo.			but more Trojans than Greeks.

¹ MS. *and hurt*.

² MS. *And*.

	Glad was he that ther ascaped.	[lf. 118, bk.]	7987
	The better side the Gregeis schaped		7988
	As for that day—as I herde telle.		
	With hem of Troye so it be-felle :		
Had not Hector been among the Trojans, all of them would have been put to flight ;	Ne hadde douȝti Ector ben,		
	Thei hadde not lefft a cyteseyn		7992
	With him In the feld, that thei nad fled ;		
	So were the Troiens sore adred,		
	For thei of Grece were so strongful,		
	That thei vnnethe stode hem a pul ¹ .		7996
he alone is victorious against the Greeks.	B Vt Ector mayntened his syde		
	For al here strengthe and here pride,		
	He brekes her hedes, her helmes & scheldes,		
	Ful nobly his men he ledes.		8000
	And thus he heldis with gret labour		
	Aȝeyn Gregeis al day that stour,		
Night ends the battle.	Til nyȝt was comen and day gon,		
	And thei departid euerychon		8004
	On bothe parties more and les,		
	For it was so gret derknes.		
	¶ Thei ȝede euen home to her hous,		
	Thei fond ther many a sori spous,		8008
	That sori were for here husbondis ;		
	Some lay dede on the sondes :		
Both the Trojans and Greeks bewail their dead.	¶ The wyues of Troye made gret mornyng ;		
	Amonges the Gregeis was gret roryng,		8012
	Thei blew and cried—as wilde bere brayes—		
	For her frendes that died tho dayes ;		
	Thei wende neuere that day abyde,		
The Greeks despair of ever returning home.	That thei scholde hom with her lyff ride,		8016
	To passe ouer the Grekissȝ wawes.		
	Thei hadde In honde wel carful sawes		
	A-mong the grete and the smale,		
	Al nyȝt ther-of thei hadde here tale.		8020

¹ MS. *apul*.

- ¶ That Agamenon was vp rysen, [lf. 119.] 8021
 That hadde Antenor In his prison;
 When he saw it was day cler,
 He sent out his Messanger 8024 Agamemnon
 To Priamus and to his baronage, sends messen-
 Trewes to aske and trewes to wage,— gers to
 Off thre monthes thei him besought, Priamus to ask
 Til the ded¹ to erthe was brought. 8028 for a truce of
 three months.
- D**omedes and Vlixes
 To Priamus were sent in pees,
 To aske this trewe, and make it stable
 On bothe parties with-oute fable : 8032
 That non of hem schuld other dere
 With non harm In maner of were
 Lastyng the terme of that trewe,
 And who-so did, it scholde him rewe ; 8036 Breakers of
 Thei be Iugement const[r]eyned the truce are
 To suffre therfore that men ordeyued.
- ¶ These kynges to here hors take,—
 Wel richely dyght ffor worschepe sake : 8040 The messen-
 Thei dede on robes that hem best payes, gers don very
 Off riche gold were alle the rayes, rich apparel
 Off riche scarlet were bothe here champes, (which is
 Poudred ful of golden lampes, 8044 described):
 With lilye-leues and flour-delys ;
 The robes were of mochel prys,
- ¶ Thei were parted with riche palle.
 The knyghtes were fair & cleue with-alle, 8048
 Here hodes dyght with gold ribanes,— hoods with
 Better weres non among the Danes ;— gold ribands,
 Thei were with gold wel I-fret, &c.
 The ffloures of gold on hem set, 8052
 With wilde bestes and fflyande ffoules,
 Liouns, lipardes, ernes, and owles

¹ MS. *he di?*.

	Off riche gold that louely schon ;	[lf. 119, bk.]	8055
They are adorned with most precious stones	In hem stode many a riche ston,		8056
	Saphur riche, and selidone,		
	Erbe-de-bothe, & Cassidone,		
	And euere among the dyamaund,		
	Sewed wel with gode orfoyle-suand ;		8060
	¶ The frette of gold was like a belle,		
	So were thei gret & horrible ;		
of great value.	Worth michel gode thei were apraysed,		
	Thei were so couched and hye vp-raysed.		8064
	¶ Thei rode to-geder with-oute debate ;		
The Greek messengers ask for admission at the gates of Troy.	Thei are now comen to Troye 3ate,		
	In forme of pes thei aske entre :		
	" To lete hem In for charite,		8068
	That thei myzt wende with-out outrage		
	To Priamus on here message."		
	T He 3ates are opened and vndon,		
	The kyng[es] were leten In son,		8072
	Thei were I-kept with curtesye.		
Delon, a Trojan knight,	Ther was a knyzt of genterye,		
	A riche man, that het Delon,		
	A gret courser sat he vpon ;		8076
	He was In Troye bothe geten & born,		
	He saw the kynges come him be-forn.		
	¶ On his hors that he be-strode		
	A3eyn tho kynges he thenne rode,		8080
	And kept hem faire as knyzt curtays,		
leads them to Priamus,	And led hem In-to the kynges palays ;		
	He led hem bothe In-to the halle :		
	The kynges were at the mete alle,		8084
who is sitting at dinner with his coun- cillors.	¶ Priamus and his kny3tes of myzt ;		
	Ther-Inne was a louely sight.		
	When Delon broght thes messageres		
	To the kyng and his consaleres,		8088

To speke with him, her erand to schewe,— [lf. 120.]

Off his consayl were ther but fewe. 8090

¶ Delon broght hem to the bordis, Delon intro-
Thei gret the kyng with louely wordis, 8092 duces the
Thei told her erand and asked respit : Greeks.
“That alle myȝt reste, bothe knaue & knyȝt,
On bothe parties monthes thre
By siker hostage & gode surte.” 8096
They speak
their message.

With louely wordes and faire spekynges
Kyng Priamus answered the kynges :
¶ ‘I holde him certes with-oute manhede,
That loueth wrong or any falshede ; 8100
I dar of trewe make myn avaunt :
I schal helde siker that I graunt,
I schal holde trewes I vndirtake ;
I schal hem helde and siker make, 8104
That non of myne schal do ȝow skathe,
Nother late, erly, ne rathe
Lastyng the trewe ; and ȝe also
The same a-ȝeyn to me schal ȝe do. 8108

¶ But ȝe wot wel : It is not skylle, but says that
That I assente the trewes tille he must first
With-oute red of my consayle, consult with
Off my baronage, & myn avayle 8112 his barons.
That ar with me In myn enprise.
But I for ȝow now schal arise
And herkyn, what my consayl sais ;
So longe ȝe schal dwelle In peis. 8116
Iff thei assent, I graunt for me :
What thei wol say, ȝe schal sone se.’

¶ **P**riamus wol no lengur ete,
He settis a-way drynke & mete, 8120
For curtasie of his two gestis
He settis a-way borde and trestis.

¶ Priamus as-
sures them of
his trust-
worthiness
and assents to
their demand,

but says that
he must first
consult with
his barons.

Priamus re-
tires from the
dinner-table.

	He wolde thei were sone answerd,	[lf. 120, bk.]	8123
	That ther drecchyng hem not dered.		8124
Priamus calls all the Trojan nobles to- gether,	¶ Priamus did to him calle Kynges and dukes and lordes alle; Thei stode aboute him on a rowe, He spak to hem with wordes lowe: 'Wol 3e thus longe trewes fulfille?' Sayde Priamus—'say me 3oure wille: What schal I tille ¹ hem now say? Schal I seye: "3e," or: "nay"?' ¶ Avise 3ow now alle In-fere, Now 3e ben to-geder here: What is 3oure wit? how thenke 3ow? Hope 3e hit be for oure prow To graunt this trewe? wol 3e assente? Telle me 3oure best a-visemente!'		8128
and asks if he shall say 'yes' or 'no' to the Greeks' de- mand.	¶ The kyng[es] sayde by on name: "To graunt trewe, it was no schame,"— 'Sithen thei it aske at oure request, Hit is worschepe to oure behest; And we may reste vs the whiles, For we ben ful of woundes and biles, That ben ful of quytour & wores; We may the while hele oure sores. We wol the trewe graunte and hauen, Sithen thei comen hit to crauen.'		8132
All the kings say: 'It is no shame to grant the truce, as the Greeks have come to ask for it.'	¶ Ther was no lordyng In that halle, That thei ne graunte the trewes alle And wel apayed—saue Ector one; Ther-to spak he wordes none; He saw what thei alle thought, Therefore wolde he say right nought; He saw it was al ther ² lykyng To be In pes and haue restyng;		8136
They all assent, except Hector.			8140
			8144
			8148
			8152
			8155
		{ And not for }	

¹ MS. *telle*.² MS. *alther*.

¶ Hic Greci pecierunt pacem.

- And not-for-thi hit liked him ille, [lf. 121.] 8157
 That thei schuld ligge so longe stille,
 And for he was not al wel payd,
 To hem thus mechel Ector sayd : 8160 Hectorsays: 'I
 do not believe
 the Greeks;
- ¶ 'The Gregeis haue the trewes craue,
 For thei wolde her ded men graue ;
 I dar wel say : hit is not so.
 But I wol not the trewes vndo, 8164
 Sethen 3e alle the trewes wol holde ;
 I wole it be as 3e haue tolde ;
 But I dar say that thei thenke falsnesse ¹,
 Thei are purvayd of gret queyntenesse. 8168
- ¶ I wot ful wel, her mete hem fayles,
 Thei haue defaut of here vitayles ;
 Thei may not fyght, for strengthe hem fayles.
 Thei schal the whiles puruay vitayles, 8172 they are faint
 for want of
 food,
 and seek the
 truce only to
 obtain fresh
 provisions,
- Off corn, wyne, and other store,
 And be better thanne thei were ore.
 And we that while oure good schal waste,
 Hit wol vs faile now In haste ; 8176 while we waste
 all ours.
- Thei wol mis-lede ² vs with a trayn.
 What good be-houes vs to sustayn
- ¶ The folk that is with vs her-In ?
 Where schul we the godis wyn, 8180
 To mayntene vs and holde oure lyues ?
 I trowe that roste schal oure knyues,
 When we haue no bred for to kerue ;
 I not wher-of thei schal vs serue, 8184
 We may be serued with-uten brede.
 But now 3e haue graunted to take hede
- T**His trewes to holde, I say for me :
 I wole right wel thei holden be ; 8188 But as all of
 you assent, I'll
 not stand in
 the way.
- For I schal neuere a3eyn calle
 That thyng that 3e assenten alle.

Q [j]

¹ MS. *salsnesse* distinctly.² MS. *vs lede*.

	I wol 3oure hele and 3oure wel-fare; [lf. 121, bk.]	8191
	3if 3e mys-ferde, it were my care;	8192
	I wole right wel that we vs reste,	
	Then may we be bothe tacte & preste	
	A3eyns the terme the trewe comes out,	
	We may be thenne bothe styff and stout.	8196
I will not oppose all the others.'	I holde me payd of 3oure Iugement,	
	I wol not fro 3ow disasent.'	
The Trojans are very glad of the truce.	¶ Then were the ¹ Troiens mury & glád,	
	When thei leue of Ector had,	8200
	That thei scholde reste so longe;	
	Many man for Ioye songe.	
	Hit was gret murthe & Ioye	
So are the Greeks.	To hem of Grece and eke of Troye,	8204
	That trewe is tane and last so longe;	
	That thei myght bothe ride & gonge	
	To take her murthe and her solace,	
	Eche man is glad In that place.	8208
The Grecian messengers return with the good news.	T Hese lordes toke leue of the kyng	
	And wente hom al hying;	
	And to the Gregais hom he brynges	
	Off his trewis gode tydynges,	8212
	That thei of Troie hath graunt the trewes.	
The Greeks sing and dance.	Then my3t men here many glewes,	
	Pipe and Trompe, and many nakeres,	
	Synfan, lute, and Citoleres;	8216
	Ther was so many a daunce.	
They get fresh provisions,	Thei made tho gret puruyaunce	
	Off corn and hay, of wyn and otes,	
	And thei songen wel merie notes;	8220
and heal their wounds.	Thei hele her woundes In gret quiete,	
	With mochel Ioye thei dronke and etc.	
	And thei of Troye were as fayn	
	Off here reste, bothe kny3t & swayn,	8224

And hele her woundes at here layser,— [lf. 122.]	8225	The Trojans, too, heal their wounds.
Kyng[es] and knyzt[es] & kayser.		
And al the while the trewes held,		
The[i] speke to-geder In toune & ffield;	8228	
And that riche kyng Thoas,		Thoas is ex- changed for Antenor.
That with Ector takyn was,		
Scholde go quyte to his Pauyloun,		
And Antenor home to Troye toun.	8232	
¶ Ayther of hem the prisons hom sendes		Each side frees its prisoners.
With-oute raunsoun & with-oute amendes,		
For that on that other is gre;		
And so schal thei quyte be.	8236	
T He trewes is graunt & schal be holden :		During the truce all don rich robes,
Riche robes were then vnfolden :		
Many a coffre was vnstoken,		
To drawe out robes that were y-loken ;	8240	
Eche man his coffer vnsperes		
And takes gerdeles of riche barres		girdles,
With bokeles of gold and fair pendaunt,		
Wel anamayled with the mordaunt ;	8244	
¶ Many a broche and many an oche,		brooches,
To stike on hede and on pouche.		
Thei toke out rynges and made hem gay,		rings,
Thei leued In Ioye & mechel play,	8248	
The whiles the trewes last ;		
But al was lefft, when that past.		
Whil it was trewes, was many hode		and gay hoods,
Gayli wered with mochel gode ;	8252	
¶ When thei were gon, thei layde hem doun		but put them off when the truce ends, and take up arms.
And toke the stelen haberioun,		
The ketil-hattes and stelen hure,		
And layd away the gay pelure ;	8256	
Thei toke her spores with kene roweles,		
And leyde a-way the riche jeeues ¹ .		

Q [ij]

¹ MS. *reueles*.

¶ *Hic Ector ibat ad Reges Grecorum in tempore pacis.*During the
truce,

HIt was a day lastyng the trewes, [lf. 122, bk.] 8259
And eche a lord his clothyng newes; 8260
Ector was ffair and semely dyght.

The day was fair, the sonne was bryght,
Merye synges the nyghtyngale,
The throstil, and the wilde wode-wale; 8264
It is gret loye to here the lark
In toun and feld, fforest and parke.

Hector pro-
poses to visit
the Greek
camp.

¶ Ector sayde: "that he wolde go
Achilles to se and other mo; 8268
He wolde with him haue daliaunce,
To se her hertes and her contenaunce."

He rides out
of Troy
with many
lords.

He rod him out of his Cite,
The lordes of Grece for to se; 8272

¶ With him ȝede many a riche lordyng,
Many a duke, and many a kyng.

Agamemnon
and the other
kings welcome
him.
Achilles in-
vites him to
his tent.

He was welcomed with gret honour
To Agamenoun her Emperhour, 8276

The kynges did him worschepe alle;
Achilles bed him to his halle,
Ful Inwardly he him be-sought:
"That he fro him departid noght, 8280

Til thei to-gedir In his tent
Hadde dronken vernage and pyment,
And that thei myȝt to-gedur carpe;—
Hit were him leuere then note of harpe." 8284

Hector accepts
and goes with
Achilles;

¶ Ector graunted alle his prayeres,
He ȝede with him and alle his feres.
When thei were comen and alle doun set,

they drink
wine and make
merry.

The wyn was asked and forth y-fet; 8288
At here comyng thei made fair wedur
And spak of many thynges to-gedur.
Achilles euere Ector be-holdes,
His legges anon on crosse he foldes, 8292

For he was naked, he was fayn.	[lf. 123.]	8293	
He myȝt not his tong constrayn,			
He most nedes say out his wille,	[lf. 132.] ¹	8295	
He myȝt not holde his tonge stille;		8296	
And that was mochel his vilony,			
He sayde to Ector al an hy:			Achilles ad- dresses Hector:
¶ 'Sithen I se the, I haue desired			
To se the, Ector, vn-atired;		8300	
And now hastow me loyful maked,			'I am very glad to see thee unarmed.
Now I se the vn-dight and naked.			
And I hadde sclayn the,			
Then wolde I fayn be;		8304	
And I haue ofte assayed my myȝt,			I have often tried to slay thee,
When we haue met to-gedur In fight;			
Ful sorefully hastow me gret,			
When that thou with me has met ² ,		8308	
Mi blod thou ³ hast ofte y-tamed,	[lf. 132, bk.]	8309	but thou woundedst me often.
I haue of the wel ofte be lamed,			
Many a strok has thou me payed;			
By thi strokes haue I assayed		8312	I know thou art stalwart and strong.
That thou art stalworth and strong;			
Thoow I the hate, I do the no wrong,			
¶ I am ȝit hurt of thi strykyng.			
Hit were therfore al my lykyng,		8316	
That I myȝt scle the with my hond:			
I hate the mochel, for my frend ⁴			I hate thee much, because thou slewest my friend Pa- troclus, whom I loved much.
That thou sclow the formast day			
In thi wodenes and thi deray.		8320	
Patrodus kyng I loued wele;			
Many sore mete and mele			
Hastow made me for to ete,			
¶ His dethe may I not fforȝete.		8324	
But if I leue fully a ȝere,			No full year will pass,
His dethe schaltow bye wel dere,			

¹ For the disorder of the MS. from here to line 9124 consult the Introduction, and my paper in the *Engl. Stud.* 29, p. 390 sqq. ² R iiij below this line in the right corner of the page. ³ MS. *that thou*.

⁴ e might be o.

before I take revenge for his death,'	With my hond schal I the sclo,	8327
	That hath brougt me In this wo ;	8328
	For me to sclo euere thow thenkes,	
	And ther-a-boute faste thow swynkes.'	
	E ctor sat & held his pes,	
	That herkenes alle that he seis,	8332
	Til he hadde saide his gret gole :	
Hector an- swers :	'Hastow no more to say to me ?	
'Hast thou finished all thou hadst to say ?	Hastow sayde what thow wilt ?	
	Thow puttist vpon me gret gilt	8336
It is not courteous	But me thynke it is no curtesye,	
	But vnmanhede & vylonye !	
to invite me to drink with thee in thy tent	Thow bad me come to thi paulyons,	
	To drynke with the Murmindons ;	8340
	Thow prayes my kny3tes and my burgeis,	
	To drynke here with thi Gregeis ;	
	¶ <i>Hic Ector respondit Achillem</i> ¹ .	
	For vylonye I trowe thow lettes,	[lf. 133.] 8343
and then to threaten me.	That me among thy men thow threttes.	8344
	Sicurly I schal thurste sore,	
	Or I drynke with the eftt more !	
	Thow schalt here me no more chide,	
But I don't care for thy pride ;	I 3eue [ri3t] not of thi pride :	8348
	¶ By him that made al mydelerd !	
I am not afraid.	I am of the no-thyng aferd,	
	I 3eue not a threden lace	
	Off thyn euel wil and thi manace !	8352
	Wel I wot and am certayn,	
	Thow wolde be glad, hadde thow me sclayn ;	
	Offt hastow me assayled,	
	When thi wille hath not a-vayled.	8356
I know thou wouldst be glad to have slain me ; but whenever thou attack- edst me,	¶ Ther was neuere theff In no hostage,	
	That wayted better his a-vauntage,	
	To do his stelthe and his robrye,	
	Than thow waytest me In skolkerye ;	8360

¹ This rubric is head-line of lf. 133.

But thou hast ben glad al-wey, to ride With broken hede and bloody syde.	8361	thou hadst to ride back with a broken head.
S Ir Achilles, thou art wilful' —Sayde Ector—'and vnskyful; No meruayle is—so god me saue!— Thoow I to the gret herte haue. Sicurly I haue no wrong, Afftir thi dethe thoow me long;	8364	
¶ Thow hates me with-oute desert, And that is knowen and apert. Me & myne thou wolde distroye, And art aboute me to noye In al that euere thou mayt, And waytes me with dissait With alle thi men bothe day & nyzt, For to sle me, ȝiff thou myzt.	8368	Thou hatest me, and sayest so openly; thou wishest to destroy me and mine.
It were therfore a-ȝeyns kynde, In my herte if thou schold fynde In any wyse to loue the, That to the dethe hates me : And if I may, I schal not slepe For thi proude wordes, or many wepe ; Iff I may leue two ȝer to the ende, Wel ffewe of ȝow schal hennes wende.	[lf. 133, bk.] 8376 8377 8380 8384	So I can feel no love for thee Before two years pass,
¶ I hope riȝt wel and me affye, That thorow my strengthe alle ȝe schal dye, Thow and alle the lordes of Grece ; I schal ȝow hewe al to pece.	8388	I shall slay all of you.
¶ And sythen thou [be] of such mode That thou fyndis thyn herte gode, That thou thi-self ¹ wil with me fight And ther thou wolde do thi myght,— Do, that vche a kyng and lord Off hem of Grece to this a-cord :	8392	If thou wilt fight with me alone, get the Greeks to assent to it.

¹ MS. *thi selff* distinctly.

	That thow and I to-geder don be	8395
	To-morwe erly, that men may se,	8396
	In feld ffyghtyng with-outen respite,	
	Til thow or I be discomfite.	
If thou be victorious,	¶ And if I falle In thi daungere	
	With any vn-hap or noun-powere,	8400
	That thi god suche grace the sende	
	That I fro the not defende :	
	I schal the swere good sothnesse	
	Opon my goddis more and lesse ;	8404
	And ȝit schal I the borwes ffynde,	
we all shall go away, and leave the land for you and yours.	That fader and Moder and al my kynde	
	Schal go a-way with-oute dwellynge	
	Or with-oute godis sellynge,	8408
	And leue the al with thyne and the,	
	And thei and I schal hennes fle.	
	And ȝit may thow almes the wyne,—	[lf. 134.] 8411
	For we do euel and mychel synne,	8412
	Off mannes blod that we don spille,—	
	Iff that thow wol holde ther-tille.	
But if I van- quish thee,	¶ Iff happe so with me schape	
	That thow may no wyse askape	8416
	Fro me with-oute discomfiture,	
	Make thi Gregeis make me sure	
assure us that the Greeks will leave this land.	By borow and book and sikur band ¹ ,	
	That thei schal wende out of this land,	8420
	And vs be her In gode quyete.	
	And but thow do, so thow be-hete,	
	I prayse the lasse than I dede ore ;	
	Iff that oure men schal fyght more.	8424
	But lete it be on vs y-done	
Let our fight- ing be to-mor- row before noon, and don't say "Nay."	To-morwe be tyme, or hit be none !	
	And wyn worschepe who that may !	
	God for-bede that thow say "nay" !	8428

¹ MS. *sikurband*.

A Chilles was gretly aschamed	8429	Achilles is very much ashamed
That Ector thus foule him defamed,		
He was a-schamed many-folde		
That he so litel by him tolde	8432	
Among his men ther In his halle,		
That he asked him fight amonges hem alle		
Be-twene hem two with-uten mo.		
He was Angwysched so for wo,	8436	and enraged,
That of his forhede barst the swote,		
That al his face ther-of was wote;		
He ferde as he hadde ben araged,		
That Ector him that batayle waged,	8440	
And seyde to him as man that yred :		and says to Hector :
'Thow schalt haue that thow hast desired !		'I agree !
I se riȝt wel thi couetise :		I see well why thou wilt fight
Thow settes on me In alle wyse,	8444	
¶ Hic Achilles iurauit & optulit cirotecas suas ad pugnandum cum Ectore¹.		
To fight with me In feld alone ; [lf. 134, bk.]	8445	with me alone.
I ȝeue not of the a bone !		
¶ But here my trowthe to the I plyght		But I accept thy challenge.
To-morwe erly with the to fight,	8448	
And therto here I ȝeue the þe gloue,		There is my glove !
Be-twene vs two alone to proue		
With strengthe or myȝt, whether thow or I		
In fight schal haue the victory ;	8452	
And therto here my gloue I bede,		
In trewe forward to holde this dede.'		
'And I hit take,' gode Ector sayde ;		'I take it up,' says Hector,
'For I was neuere so wele apayde,	8456	
In-to this world sithen I was brouȝt—		
By him that al this world hath wrouȝt !'		
¶ Ther is no man that spekes with tonge		
In al this world, old ne ȝonge,	8460	
Lered ne lewed ² , lord ne lad,		who is full of joy.
May telle the Ioye that Ector had,		

¹ This rubric is head-line of lf. 134, bk.

² MS. *lewel*, cf. l. 3578.

	Ne foule with his mury song,	8463
	As Ector hath his gloue to fong.	8464
	But that thyng myzt not be hid :	
The news of the proposed single combat of Achilles and Hector	Among the Gregeis it was kyd,	
	That Achilles hadde take on hande,	
	The next day afftir ffolwande	8468
	¶ To ffight with Ector man for man.	
runs through the Greek camp,	This thing wel swithe a-boute ran	
	Fro kyng to kyng, fro halle to bourre :	
	So it was seyde to the Emperoure	8472
	And alle that other kynges be-dene,	
and what con- ditions are agreed upon.	How ffight was taken hem be-twene,	
	¶ And no man myzt here ire a-swage	
	And thei hadde 3euen to-gedur wage :	8476
	And if it schape be-twene hem thore	
	That Ector discomfit wore,	
	Catel, godes, and the land	[lf. 135.] 8479
	Schal be-leue In Gregeis hand ;	8480
	And if it happe with Ector so	
	That Achilles he myzt sclo,	
	That he and his schul dwelle in pees,	
	And alle the Gregeis on a res	8484
	Out of that lond thei schul wende,	
	And ther no lenger schold thei lende.	
When the Greeks hear of this chal- lenge,	T Hes thinges were y-told and brouzt,	
	The Gregeis wondred In here thouzt,	8488
	Hem wondred of Achilles,	
	That he on that wyse graunted pes,	
	To ffight with Ector al alone ;	
they are very angry,	Ther-fore thei maked moche mone,	8492
	Off that couenaund that hem was told ;	
	The kynges seyde : "thei wolde not hold" ;	
and are re- solved not to agree to the terms.	¶ Kynges and dukes and lordes alle	[lf. 126.] ¹ 8495
	Seide : "thei wolde a3eyn that calle,	8496

¹ For the disorder of the MS. at this place cf. Introduction.

Thei wolde for-sake it euery a dele,	8497	
Thei nold not so put her quarele		
In a-venture ne In Iopardie."		
Thei seyde: "it was but folye";	8500	
Thei seyde: "it was not so done."		
Thei made hem redi alle & some,		The Greek
¶ Alle the lordes that ther ware,		lords go to
To Achilles for to fare;	8504	Achilles,
Thei hyed faste, wold thei not blynne,		
Er thei come to his Inne,		
Ther thei bothe to-geder stode.		
These lordes alle to hem 3ode,	8508	
¶ Achilles his wordis alle with-sayde,		and try to
Ther-with were thei euel ypayde		keep him back
Off his profre ne of his a-vaunt;		from the single
That he hem bad, wold thei not graunt:	8512	combat.
Thei wolde neyther putte lyff ne lym		
A-3eyn Ector for-sothe In hym;		
Thei seyde: "it was not equyte,		
That lyff & lym schuld so put be"—	8516	
' Off so fele kynges as are now here		
Be-twene 3ow In such manere.'		
T Roians come thedir gret won,		Trojans come
The lordes of Grece ben ther echon;	8520	with the same
Ther standes a-boute hem many hundre		intent.
To parte the kny3tes two In-sundre;		
Thei seyde echon at on assent: [lf. 126, bk.]	8523	
"Thei wolde not holde that Iugement."	8524	
¶ Ector my3t not the batayle haue,		Hector, on see-
He my3t no more ther-of craue,		ing that the
For thei of Grece with-sayd it alle,		single combat
Kyng & kny3t, bothe fre and thralle.	8528	will not be
Hit was no bote hem to greue,		allowed,
Off hem of Grece toke he his leue,		retires.

Hector and
his men ride
back to Troy
very angry.

¶ Opon his hors vpward he lyghtes 8531
And wente to Troie with alle his knyghtes, 8532
An-angered sore and alle his.
Thei of Grece toke ther-of no pris,
Hem angered sore that he come thore;
Achilles schold abyte hit sore. 8536
Thei wolde his hond were an harowe-tynde,
His herte a mylleston for to grynde,
His flesche & bon as assches smale,
Ther-of wolde thei zeue no tale. 8540

Alas! that
Hector did not
have this fight,

Alas Ector, what was the schaped,
When he fro the so skaped!
Fals fortune was not thi ffrend,
Whan sche deliyuered him fro hir bend; 8544
Sche made the Gregais alle say "nay,"
For sche hadde cast his endyng-day.
Kyng Priamus, where was thi grace?
Thi happe was take fro the, alas!— 8548
When thei of Grece that feyth vndid;
Hit hadde the vayled, hadde it be-tid,
And ¹ Hectuba, thi worthi quene,
And thi douȝter Pollexene, 8552
And also to Andromede,
Nadde no man no fight for-bede.
Alas! that it was so for-bed!
Elles schold ȝe ful wele haue sped. 8556

and that the
Greeks said
"Nay";

woe befell all
the Trojans in
consequence.

¶ *Hic Ector ibat ad Troianum* ².

It would have
benefited Troy
and all its
inhabitants,

A noble Troye, thow fair Cite, [lf. 127.] 8557
Hit hadde a-vayled alle thin and the,
¶ Thi toures hye and thi faire walles,
Thi ladyes alle with golden palles, 8560
And alle that woned with-Inne the,
Iff that batayle hadde y-be!
Fortune hated the so sore
And alle that In thi Cite wore, 8564

if that single
combat had
been allowed.

¹ MS. *That*.

² This rubric is head-line of lf. 127.

That he wolde not lette it be so, 8565

But sche wolde the and thine for-do ;

And ther-fore letted sche that batayle,

And elles not, I say saunce-ffayle. 8568

Ector is comen to Ilyoune,
Fro hem of Grece vnto his toune ;
In-to that worthy halle he gose,

The ladyes alle a-zeyn him rose, 8572

Thei kept him alle with gret honour,

Lord and lady and vauesour ;

Thei loued him alle with herte and mouth,

That any good or loue couth. 8576

For he on defendet hem alle,

That no harm hem did be-falle :

¶ The while that he was lyuande,

Thei were sicur of his hande, 8580

Thei hadde gret trist In his dede ;

The while he leued ¹, thei hadde no drede.

When he was ded, than ros here bale ;

Alle thei died by oure tale, 8584

¶ Alle were dede and put to prisons

And put In gret subieccions,—

Saue Eueas and Antenor,

Goddis curs haue thei ther-for ! 8588

Thei were saued and alle theires,

Seruaunt, mayden, wiff, and Ayres.

For thei dissayued her lige lord, [lf. 127, bk.] 8591

The deucl hem honge vpon a cord ! 8592

Haue thei neuere so good pardoun,

For thei wrouzt suche a gret tresoun !

HIt drawes faste toward the day,

The trewes wendes faste a-way ; 8596

Ther is no man that lengur lotes

Off these gay golden cotes ;

The Trojan ladies honour Hector on his arrival in Ilion,

as they know he is their chief defender.

After his death all died or were made prisoners,

except Eneas and Antenor, whom God curse !

They betrayed their lord ; the devil hang 'em !

The truce nears its end.

¹ First *e* corrected from *o* by the scribe himself.

	Thei garnysched here swerdes, speres, & clubbes,	8599
When the truce ap- proaches its end, they pre- pare again for a battle.	Eche man now his harneis rubbes, That thei be clene and Parisaunt ; Now is besy eche good seruaunt, Ther is no man that now is ydel: Some make redi sadel & bridel, Some her horses thei let scho ; Eche man lokes what is to do.	8600 8604
The women are very sor- rowful,	¶ Now eche man to fyght him 3ares, Now euery wiff ffor hir lord cares A-3eyn that nexte semble, For no man wot how it schal be,— When thei gon out at morwen-tyde, Who schal dye, and who schal abyde ?	8608 8612
and curse him who first began the war.	Alle curses that ilke man, On hem the werre furst by-gan, Fader and Moder and alle his kyn For sorwe and wo that thei ben In.	 8616
	¶ Thre monthes the trewes was tan, Now are thei passed, and no day wan ; And thei of Troye ben 3arked 3are Out of Troye for to fare ;	 8620
Hector arrays his warriors.	What folk he hath Ector assays, With-Inne the walles he hem arays ; Thei were arayed, er hit were prime. Dares says : he hadde that tyme	 8624
	¶ <i>Hic ordinant prelium Magnum.</i>	
He has 100,000 men and more.	Off kny3tes strong an hundred thousand [lf. 128.] That dou3ti were and wel fightand, With-uten 3emen and sqwyeres, With-uten bribours and arblasteres, With-uten men that were on fote— So god do my soule bote !	8625 8628
	E ctor then partied his men : To Troyle he tau3t thousandes ten Off dou3ti kny3tes In his ledyng ;	8632

He prayed : ' his god be his spedying,	8634	To Troilus he assigns 10,000,
And be his help and his gouernayle,		and wishes
And spede hem wel in that batayle,	8636	him good luck.
That him that day be-tyd not mys !'		
¶ He called to him then Paris,		Paris has the archers
With louely wordes he him be-tauzt		
Alle that coude on bowe-drauzt,	8640	
And alle that bare arwe or bire		
Be-tauzt he hem In here A-tire ;		
Thre thousand knyghtes that mechel were worth		and 3,000 other knights.
Off douzti men called he forth,	8644	
Armed wel opon here stedes,		
To be with hem In al here nedes,		
Fro men of armes hem to rescouere,		
For thei were most with-oute Armure.	8648	
¶ Then come Dephebus and Eueas,		Dephebus leads 3,000,
Ayther of hem her batayle has :		
Thre thousand knyghtes Dephebus ledis,		
Armed wele In iren wedes ;	8652	
But Eueas brynges with him wel mo ;		Eneas yet more,
Than be-gan thei for to go.		
¶ Ector has with him ffytene		Hector himself 15,000.
Thousandes knyghtes gode and clene,	8656	
To him-seluen that were reserued ;		
Euery an ost is dight and serued ;		
With his batayle passed the gates, [lf. 128, bk.]	8659	
Assayle he[m] furst he wole algates.	8660	
A Worthi kyng of Grece, Phillus,		The first battalion of the Greeks is led by King Phillus.
Was In the feld redy by this,		
With many a man on horse and fote,—		
To telle the nombre it is no bote ;—	8664	
The fferste ¹ batayle that day he ledde,		
Him hadde be better that he ne hadde.		

¹ MS. *ferthe*.

Then comes	Menelaus come afftir that	8667
Menelaus with	With spere & scheld and many a bat,	8668
7,000 men,	Dou3ti kny3tes thousandes seuene—	
	Here names alle can I not neuene :	
	¶ Thei toke the feld and passed the boundes	
	On stedes that were worth many poundes.	8672
Diomedes with	Diomedes with as fele	
7,000,	Kny3tes of worschepe and of wele	
	3ede forth afftir to that stour ;	
	Hem liked wel her gouernour.	8676
	¶ Now goth to ffyght Diomedes,	
Achilles with	And afftir him comes sir Achilles	
7,000,	With dou3ti kny3tes seuen thousand,	
	With brygt bryneis fair schynand.	8680
	Thei rode to-gedur wel sare,	
	Many a stalworthe kny3t thare.	
Xanthippus,	After him come Xancipus,	
Ajax Thela-	And Ajax Thelamanyus,	8684
monius, and	Agamenon with alle his ost,	
Agamemnon.	With many a kny3t ridande a-cost ;	
	The nombre was gret that come with him	
	Off hardy kny3tes stoute and grym ;	8688
	Ther was many on that Ector thret,	
	That bou3t thei sore, when thei met.	
	¶ The sonne schynes on euery a tre,	8691
	Hit is a fair matyne :	
	E ctor is out of Troie reden,	Ector is
Hector awaits	The Gregeis longe hath he a-byden,	[lf. 129.] 8693
the Greeks.	After hem on horse he houe :	
	Who-so-euer come furst, he wolde aproue.	8696
	Many an ost saw he comyng,	
	Rydande faste whil thei may fflyng,	
	With baneres brode and gold-be-gon ;	
	The sonne on hem wel faire schon.	8700

- And many an armes was ther reuersed; 8701 The Grecian
 Iff on bare sable hit was diuersed : banners and
 ¶ He bar of gold and of goules, 8704 emblems are
 He bare bestes and he bare foules, described.
 He bare apes and he bar cheuronne¹,
 And he of siluer with a cloue chestone,
 He bare a bend and he an horne,
 He bare his corneres gerone, 8708
 He beres grene and he asure,
 Engreled with a fair bordure,
 ¶ He beres an egle and he merelettis²,
 And he a daunce and he pelettis³, 8712
 And he hath rose & he has molettis,
 And he hermyn and he croselettis.
 And thus haue thei her armes schiffed,
 Ther baneres are wel hye lyfted; 8716
 Euery a lord his baneroure
 Biddis him go be-fore the stoure.
NOW are the Gregeis and alle of Troye 8720 Both armies
 Arayed In the feld and haldes hem coye; are arrayed.
 The formast ost assembled ner
 A wonder noyse that men may her
 Off staves & swordes and speres brekyng
 With-oute wordes or any spekyng. 8724
 A-3eyn Ector and his Troiance
 Ther were In the feld that tyme of Danes⁴,
 ¶ **Hic Ector occidit Phillum Regem⁵.**
 Off men of Grece kny3tes bold [lf. 129, bk.] 8727
 Horsed mo then the double-fold. 8728
 Phillis spredis bank and hirste,
 With mochel folk come he doun firste :
 ¶ The Troiens first Phillus assayled, 8732 The Trojans
 But with Ector euel he was hayled : first assail
 Ector loked and saw Phillis Phillus.
 Come ridande before alle his,

¹ MS. *chueronne*. ² MS. *more lectis*; but it seems to be the earlier form of 'martlets.'

³ MS. *perelectis*; the stroke through the tail of *p* seems to be a scribal error.

⁴ Signature in the right corner: **R.**

⁵ This rubric is the head-line of lf. 129, bk.

	Armed wel and gloriously ;	8735
	He rod to him dispitously,	8736
Hector assails and wounds Phyllus ;	He smot him thorow his doublet, Ryght as it hadde ben an net ; He hadde non Armes non so gode, That his stroke that tyme with-stode :	8740
Phyllus dies.	He bare him thorow bak and bely, Ther-of hadde many a man sely ; Phyllis fel to grounde al flat As a ded body, when he hadde that.	8744
The Greeks take ven- geance for his death.	¶ Off Phyllis deth was michel cry, Many a sword was houen an hy, Off Phyllis deth thei toke veniaunce : Ther was broken many a launce, Many an hed was thanne y-craked, And many a scheld al to-schaked, Schankes to-schyuered, bones y-broken, On Ector wolde thei fayn be wroken.	8748
His nephew Xanthippus	¶ When Xancipus that noyse herde, He wist wel that som mysferde Off hem of Grece that were fyghtand, With alle his men thedir drawand	8752
	And as he come thedirward, A wounded knyȝ brouȝt him tythand, That Phyllus was ded of Ector hand ² .	8760
	¶ <i>Hic Ector occidit Xancipum Regem.</i>	
	¶ Phyllus was that kynges Eme : [lf. 130.]	8761
	He stode as he hadde ben In dreme, He honged his heued as he hadde dremed, As he hadde died for sorwe hit semed ;	8764
rides to the battle-field to avenge his death.	He made for him gret wayment, He rod forth ful of mautalent To that batayle on his stede, To venge his deth, if he myght spede.	8768

¹ A line is wanting here, but no room left; but see note 2. ² *Hic caret* (i.e. *hic caret versus*) is inserted under this line in the margin by another hand; cf. note 1. Space is left for a line.

- ¶ He felde Troyens at his comyng 8769 Xanthippus
And sclow hem doun old and 3yng, slays many
He ferde as man that hadde ben wode, Trojans,
So he distroyed the Troyens blode ; 8772
To seche Ector wold he not blynne, and looks out
Til he him fond, he is vnwynne ; for Hector.
He fond Ector among the pres :
To seke the Gregais wold he not ses, 8776 Hector slays
As hongre¹ lyoun bestes vories ; Greeks like a
Ther nis no tre so thikke of chiries, hungry lion.
As Gregeis ligge aboute him couched,
All 3ede to grndonde that he out touched. 8780
WHen Xancipus of him hadde sight,
He wende he scholde haue made him lyght :
He toke to him a stalworthe spere,
Ector vnwarned doun to bere ; 8784
But sicurliche he my3t nouzt :
Xancipus that strok a-bouzt.
¶ Ector to him was wrothe y-now,
To Xancipus a strok he drow 8788 but is slain by
In his wodenes & In his wratthe, Hector.
That he fel ded doun In that patthe ;
His hed 3ede doun, & vp his breke,
The grounde sone gan he seke. 8792
Thei toke him vp & went homward
With gret care and sikyng hard².
¶ Achilles come thenne ffast ridande [lf. 130, bk.] 8795 Achilles with
As a deucl with foule semblande, 8796 all his men
With alle the kny3tes that he ledde comes up ;
A-boute Ector he hem spredde :
Ther was gret noyse and clamour,
The Gregeis for tene turned colour, 8800
That he was ded so reufully ;
Thei sclow thenne Troyens carefully. theyslay many
Trojans.

¹ MS. *honger*.

² Signature in the right corner : R.

The Trojans begin to flee.	¶ Troyens be-gan to faile faste, Thei myzt not wel lengur laste, So were Gregeis manye and stronge, The Troyens than a-bacward thei thronge.	8803 8804
Hector alone fights on,	B Vt Ector stode a-mong hem alle : He sclow Gregeis and made hem to falle, He droff a-bak bothe 3onge & olde, And made the Troiens her place to holde.	8808
and makes them keep their place.	Troiens abode In gret perel, In many stedis to dethe thei fel, So thei werei thei be-gan to go.	8812
Achilles slays many Trojans, and the dukes	Achilles thanne be-gan to sclow The Troiens, faste he hem rebukes, He sclow of Troiens two gode dukes :	8816
Euforbis and Lataon.	¶ That on was duke Euforbis, A noble knyzt and a vertuus ; That other hight duk Lataoun, A gentil lord, a stalworth man. Thei were men of gret vertuse, Doughti, strong, and [of] prouese.	8820
It is a wonder that the Tro- jans are not all killed.	It was wonder thei myzt a-byde, The Troiens were so fewe that tyde, That thei nade ben alle quelled, Hit was gret wonder how thei dwelled.	8824
But Hector rallies and defends them against the Greeks,	¶ But Ector held euere the felde, He 3aff of hem alle nouzt a nelde ¹ ; The while that he hadde his hele, Ther he sclow Gregeys as vn-vele, And Mayntend wel that stour With gret trauayle and labour.	8828 [lf. 131.] 8829
though he is surrounded by many of them.	T He stour was strong, thei blew & blustred, A-boute Ector the Gregeis clustred Ryght as thei drow aboute a swarm, He toke of hem that tyme gret harm :	8832 8836

¹ MS. *nouzt alle anelide*.

Some dartes at him selong,	8837	Many Greeks attack Hector ;
Some with swordes at him flong,		
Thei ȝede him a-boute and made hote,		
Many a man on him ther smot ;	8840	he kills many of them,
And he ȝaff hem aȝeyn suche pattis,		
That thei fel down as dede cattis.		
¶ But not-for-thi so it be-fell,		
That he was hurt at that turpetf,	8844	but is him- self severely wounded in the face by he knows not whom.
But he wiste neuere vnnethe of wham,		
Ne how, ne whenne that it cam ?		
In his visage was he smetyn—		
As I fynde of him ywreten,—	8848	The blood runs down his face,
That blod ran out gret plente,		
That hit was meruayle for to se :		
It bled faste as it were wode,		
Vnto the ground ran the blode,	8852	so that he cannot recog- nize anybody.
Ouer his eyen the blod so ran,		
That he myȝt knowe wel no man.		
¶ The Troiens then that gan se,		The Trojans flee.
A-weyward faste gan thei fle ;	8856	
Thei were a-ferd and discomfit,		
When thei saw Ector so dyght.		
Ector was ful lothe to fle,		
Iff it myȝt any other be ;	8860	
But he was dreven backward streght,		Even Hector is driven back, as his eyes are blinded by the blood running down his fore- head.
For he myȝt not se to flyght ¹ :		
Hadde not his visage ben reuen,	[lf. 131, bk.] 8863	
He nad not ben bakward dreuen ;	8864	
He fauȝt aȝeyn with mychel pyne,		
But whan he lyfft vpward his eyne		
Toward Troye and se ther stande		
Opon the walles to hem lokande	8868	
¶ Hectuba that gentil quene,		
And his suster Pollexene,		

¹ In the right corner the signature: R.

262 *Hector sees the Queens on the Walls of Troy and returns to Battle.*

When Hector sees the Trojan ladies on the walls of the town,	And his wiff dame Andromede,	8871
	And hende Eleyn so fair In wede,	8872
	And saw Gregeis him bakward dryue :	
	‘ Alas ! ’ he sayde, ‘ I am on lyue !	
	I wolde I were with-ouen lyff !	
	I se be-fore me stonde my wiff	8876
	And alle these other faire ladyes,	
	And beholden bothe parties	
	And haue be-helded alle oure dedes ;	
he bewails his weakness,	And for my visage a littil bledes,	8880
	¶ Thei se now me on bak be-set,	
	Mi vylony it wol be ret.	
and wonders what they think of him.	What may thei wene but I be saynt,	
	Fals of herte, and a-taynt,	8884
	Or of the dethe that I haue drede,	
	That I thus fle for that I blede ?	
	But be him that made alle thyng,	
	Tre to growe and gras to spryng !	8888
He resolves not to leave the field before taking re- venge.	I schal hem quyte her trauayle,	
	Iff that I be hole and hayle.	
	¶ Out of this ffield I schal not wende,	
	Or I be venged with my hende ¹	8892
	Off this schame and vilonye,	
	For therfore schal many dye.’	
	Ther is no man that euere was wroght	
	May say that schame that Ector thoght,	8896
	When he vpon the ladyes lokod ;	[lf. 132.] 8897
	It was meruayle so his body croked,	
	He swat for tene, for wratthe he schoke,	
So he returns,	That he that schame be-fore hem toke ;	8900
	Some of hem her deth schal take,	
	Er it be nyzt, for that wounde sake.	
and on seeing Mennon press- ing the Trojans hard,	¶ Ector be-held how kyng Mennon	
	How the Troiens fast vpon,	8904

¹ MS. *honde*.

- As man that were out of his wit ; 8905
 He vowed to god : "it scholde be quyt
 Alle the harm that he hadde don
 To him and his, er it were non." 8908
 'Thow hast,' he seide, 'my men defouled,
 Me and myne bakward retroyled ;
 ¶ Sithen thow dos harm, thow schalt haue some :
 Were the fro me, for now I come !' 8912
 Ector rod to Mennon than
 And brake his hede and his pan,
 That of [his] hede ran blod y-wys,—
 That were euel for Mennon this : 8916
 A man schuld not so sone say "trayse," [lf. 123.]¹ 8917
 As he fel ded & held his payse,
 That neuere so moche that he ones quycched
 Ne his lymes ones clecched. 8920
 ¶ Achilles hadde than sorwe y-now,
 When he saw how Ector sclow
 The kyng Mennon, his cosyn dere ;
 A lothely cry men myzt then here 8924
 That thei of Grece among hem made,
 When thei saw Mennon ded & fade.
 His tethe for tene Achilles gnastrid : is very angry,
 'Many a gode,' he sayde, 'hastow maystrid 8928
 And ouercomen with thi prowesse,
 And sclayn fele In thi wodenesse.
 ¶ Ther may no-thing me to Ioye brynge,
 Til I se the at thyn endyng.' 8932
 A stalworth spere off wonder tre—
 That was gretter than other thre—
 Achilles toke to him tho,
 For he thought Ector to sclo : 8936
 ¶ He smot Ector with al his mayn,
 For he wolde him fayn haue slayn ; and smites
 Hector with
 all his might.

¹ For disorder of MS. at this place cf. Introduction.

- Achilles wounds Hector, but is not able to unhorse him,

 though his spear is broken.

 Hector breaks the helmet of Achilles and wounds him,

 so that he almost sinks down.
- Thorow his scheld his spere droff¹, 8939
 That his hauberk al to-roff, 8940
 And depe In-to his flesch it ran,
 That the blod fast out span.
 ¶ But 3et he bar not Ector down
 For his prise and his renoun, 8944
 3et he hadde no spere that tyde
 That he myght a3eyn him ride.
 A chilles spere in-sonder barst,
 But Ector was not down cast²: 8948
 ¶ **Hic Ector & Achilles pugnauerunt**³.
 He held his hors & sat ston-stille,— [lf. 123, bk.] 8949
 Achilles my3t [him] not kylle,—
 That strok abode he hertly
 And smot to him a-3eyn smartly : 8952
 ¶ Opon his hed he leyde suchē dyntes,
 That helm and Coyfe brast al In splyntes,
 The blod brast out at his eris.
 Hadde he laste longe In his wode geris, 8956
 Achilles hadde 3euē vp his dische,
 Hadde he neuere eten flesche ne fische
 He my3t not the strokes susteyne,
 But held his hors with mechel payne, 8960
 That he fel not down at ilke a braid,
 With euery strok that Ector layd
 Opon his hede, so sete thai sore,
 With mechel strengthe his my3t thai wore. 8964
 ¶ On euery a side Achilles schakes
 With euery a strok that he ther takes,
 Now be-fore and now be-hynde,
 As levis waggēs with the wynde. 8968
 E Ctor saw Achilles wagge
 As with the wynd doth the flagge,
 On euery a side he louted lowe,
 He was In poynt to ouer-throwe 8972

¹ MS. *to roff*.

² In the right corner the signature : Q.

³ This rubric is head-line of lf. 123, bk.

With eche a strok that he ther toke,	8973	
Out of his sadel almost he schoke,		
He myzt not sitte stille In pes.		
Then seyde Ector : ' Achilles ! ¹	8976	Hector speaks to Achilles,
Achilles !' Ector seyde he,		
¶ ' Whi coueytes thou to fight with me ?		
When thou sese tyme, on me thou sekess.		
I trowe right wel that thi hed akes ;	8980	
I schal the sclo, hadde I layser ;		
Ne scholde of thin ost kyng ne Cayser		
¶ <i>Ad huc bellum</i> ² .		
By heuen tyde thi lyff scholde saue, [lf. 124.]	8983	
That thou of me thi deth schuld haue.'	8984	
¶ Achilles myght him not answere,		but he cannot answer, as
For thenne come Troyle with many spere,		Troylus separ- ates the two
With many spere and many a darte,		heroes.
And made him and Ector departe :	8988	
Troyle rod euen be-twene hem two,		
For he Achilles thought for-do.		
A wonder stoure ther was by-gonnen,		
Er man myzt a forlong haue rennen,	8992	
¶ Ther were fyue hundred knyghtes slayn		Five hundred Greeks are slain,
Off hem of Grece opon the playn ;		
Thei hadde but litel to-geder streuen,		
Er thei of Grece were backward dreuen.	8996	the others are driven back ;
But Menelaus, when he beheld		
How thei of Grece had lorn the feld,		
Opon his stede the kyng him dresses,		
To Troiens euen he him gesses ;	9000	
He lased his helm, his spere he rygtes,		Menelaus comes to their rescue.
And rides thedir with alle his knyghtes.		
H E halp hem wel and wan hem erthe,		
He felde the thridde & sclow the ferthe ;	9004	
He and his bare Troiens ouer,		
And hem of Grece made hem couer		

¹ MS. *Achilles Achilles.*

² This rubric is head-line of lf. 124.

	And tok the feld the Troiens opon.	9007
But King Odemon comes from Troy with many soldiers;	But then come thedir kyng Odemon Out of Troye with mechel folk, He spared neyther the appul ne the colk, Vn-til he come to [the] Melle :	9008
	Many a man then myzt thei se	9012
	¶ Set vp the fet and doun the hed, And many lefft among hem ded.	
he meets Mene- laus,	To Menelaus Odemoun rode, And Menelaus him abode ¹ ;	9016
	But Odemoun, that doughti kyng, [lf. 124, bk.]	9017
	Toke Menelaus In that swyng	
unhorses and wounds him sorely.	And him bare ouer his hors tayl : He 3aff him there suche a wassail, That he lay longe In colde swot ; Odemoun on his face smot And wounded him among alle hyse, That he myzt not wel vp aryse.	9020 9024
	O Demoun ffelle Menelaus, And that be-held douzti Troylus : He saw the kyng on grounde lyand,	
When Troylus arrives,	Troyle come faste thedur ridand, He wolde him take wonder ffayn, That he myzt haue lad him to Elayn ; He departid alle the route,	9028
he and Ode- mon try to take Menelaus prisoner,	He and Odemoun were aboute To take the kyng, and so the[i] did. But not[-for-]thi it so be-tid, That thei that tyme so wel not sped, Out of that pres thei him not led :	9032 9036
but are not able to get him out of the press.	¶ For ther was then so mychel pres— For-thi be-gan than to ences,— So fele batayles a-boute him spred, That thei were sone with hem so sted,	9040

¹ In the right corner of this page is the signature: Q. iiij.

- Thei myzt not lede fro hem not ferre 9041
 For al here myzt and her powere.
- ¶ For than come Diomedes doun
 With many a worthi bold baroun 9044
 And many a knyzt douzti In dede :
 When thei saw Troyle a-weyward lede
 Menelaus her ost outward,
 Thei hyed hem faste thedirward. 9048
 Whan he come ner, he stroke his stede,
 That he made bothe his sides blede :
 I trowe ther was neuere wilde ro [lf. 125.] 9051
 That ran faster then his stede tho. 9052
- ¶ He strok Troilus¹ so wonder sore,
 That fro his hors fel he doun thore ;
 And ther-fore was it no pris :
 He hadde a spere at his deuys, 9056
 And Troyle that tyme hadde non ;
 Thoow he hadde broke bak and bon,
 Me thynke it hadde ben litel wonder,
 Off Troyle lay his hors fete vnder. 9060
 He toke his hors and lad a-way,
 He sente it to the semely may,
 ¶ Vn-til Cresseide, pat² fair womman,
 That sumtyme was Troyle lemman : 9064
 A bischopis dougter that het Calcas,
 That sumtyme byschop In Troye was,
 Her mayster-byschop of the lawe ;
 But he was ferd of that sawe, 9068
 That ther god saynt Appollo
 In Delos yle had sayd him to³ :
HE sayde : " that Troye scholde be destroyed."
 He was therfore ful sore⁴ anoyed, 9072
 He durst not wende to Troye azeyn
 For fferd he scholde haue ben slayn :

They are prevented from doing so by Diomedes coming up with many knights.

Diomedes unhorses Troilus,

takes his horse, and sends it to Cressida, Troilus's late leman.

Cressida is the daughter of the Trojan bishop Calchas,

who was frightened by Apollo's prophecy, and went over to the Greeks.

¹ lus on erasure. ² Vn—pat on erasure by another hand.

³ MS. so.

⁴ MS. fulsore.

	He dwelled stille with the Gregeis	9075
	A-mong her ost—as Dares sais,—	9076
	Or elles to lese his lyff he wende.	
	Afftir his doughter theder he sende :	
Calchas bids Diomedes and Ulixes	¶ He <i>prayed</i> the kyng Diomedes	
	In here Message and Vlixes,	9080
	When thei delyuered the kyng Thoas	
	For the ffader of Polydamas,	
	That thei wolde preye kyng Priamus	
ask Priamus to send him Cressida from Troylus.	To sende hir him ffro sir Troylus :	9084
Priamus does so.	¶ Priamus <i>graunted</i> her prayeres [lf. 125, bk.]	9085
	And sent hir hom with-oute dangeres.	
Diomedes is in love with Cressida,	And Diomedes loued here sithen ;	
	In hir loue was he so writhen,	9088
	That he myght not his wille refrayn	
	And suffred for hir sithen payn.	
and so sends her the horse of Troylus.	To hir therfore Troylus stede he send	
	In token of loue and to <i>presend</i> .	9092
	O Pon the grounde ther he lay,	
	His stede was taken & lad away ;	
	Wo was him that it was so !	
	But he ne myzt not do ther-to :	9096
Troylus rises, and slays many Greeks.	But he ros vp and drow his blade	
	And rome aboute him he made,	
	¶ He sclow Gregeis with al his myzt.	
Hector has seen his fall,	Ector 3aff to him wel gode syzt,	9100
	He saw him wel to grounde go,	
	His stede ytaken and lad him fro ;	
	He was ney wod for ire and tene :	
	He wolde meruayle, that had sene	9104
	What wonder that Ector wrought !	
and takes revenge on the Greeks.	Many a man that stede dere boght ;	
	¶ He drow hem down, as men doth dere	
	In wilde wodis to lordis lardere :	9108

Thei fled away, as thei were wode ;	9109	
Ther was no man that lenger stode,		
Off here lyues hadde thei ¹ gret doute.		
Achilles fledde with alle his route,	9112	Achilles and all the Greeks flee to their tents ;
And so did alle these other Gregais,		
Than folued Ector and his Frigais :		
¶ But Ector euere afftir dryues,		Hector pursues them and slays many of them.
Many of hem he reues the lyues,	9116	
He droff hem home riȝt to here hales		
And sclow hem ther riȝt In her sales ;		
He smot of bothe hondes & nayles, [lf. 126.]	9119	
Ne durst no man aske " what him ayles,"	9120	
Ne speke with him In that Ire		
For al the gode of here Empire !		
He hadde be ded and vndoyng,		
Hadde thei sayd any thyng.	9124	
The Grekes were in point of vndoyng ² : [lf. 135.] ³	9125	The Greeks would have been undone,
Ne hadde ther comen ther riche kyng,		
That riche kyng her Emperour,		
Agamenon, to here socour,—	9128	if Agamemnon had not come to their rescue.
Schuld neuere haue passed no Dane,		
Ne haue ben lengur in pat ⁴ wane.		
The peple was gret he with him brouȝt,		He brings with him many
On hem of Troye ful harde thei souȝt ;	9132	fresh troops ;
¶ Thei were f fresche and al day rested,		
Thei drow here swerdes ; whan thei brested		
Here stalworthe speres opon the Troians,		
Thei droff a-bak ⁵ the Dordanes	9136	they drive the Trojans back to the walls of Troy.
With strengthe of men vnto her dikes.		
Ector thenne aboute ffrikes,		
Ther were thlikkere aboute him men		
Then bestis In somer liggis In fen ;	9140	
He smytes of legges and lendis.		
Vnnethe ther is any man ⁶ defendis,		

¹ MS. *thei no*.

² This whole line by another hand on erasure.

³ For disorder of MS. cf. Introduction.
by another hand.

⁴ *in pat* inserted over line

⁵ MS. *a blak*.

⁶ MS. *men*.

	That thei nere sclayn and ouercomen [lf. 135, bk.]	9143
	For Gregeis that ouer hem were ronnen.	9144
Polimodas comes to the rescue of the Trojans.	But then come thedur Polydomas, That 3it In Troye al ffresch was, With wonder mychel quantite Off kny3tes, of men of gret surte.	9148
	P olydomas a spere hath lau3t With al the ost him was be-tau3t Out of Troye is he no ryden :	
He asks his men to help Hector well,	His men hath he prayed & bidden To help wel Ector In that stoure, That thei my3t haue for here labour	9152
and win his thanks for it.	Off Ector bothe loue and thonk ; He rides forth by brynke & bonk To assaut with that abuschement. Now are thei alle out of Troye went And comen alle to that semble With stour sembland & gret ferte :	9156
With sword and spear they fight against the Greeks.	Thei bresten here speres and drow her swerdes And beten on hem, as don herdes On weri bestis that drow In the plow ; Ther was amonges hem sorwe ynow.	9160
Diomedes, seeing Polimodas damage the Greeks,	¶ But Diomedes he beholdes Polydomas, how that he boldes ¹ Them ² of Troye with his sokeryng, And deres Gregeis with his fyghtyng And the feld make hem lese :	9164
assails him with a spear.	A stalworth spere to him doth chese Polydomas ouer to bere, That the Gregeis schuld not dere.	9172
But Polimodas	¶ Polydomas was wel perceyued Off his comyng, he him wayued And toke a spere stalworth & strong And met him so In that forlong,	9176

¹ The last four letters by another hand on erasure.

² MS. *Then*.

¶ *Ad huc magnum bellum.*

- That he 3ede doun & his hors bothe, [lf. 136.] 9177 strikes Diomedes down,
 Were he ther-of neuere so wrothe.
- ¶ Diomedes ful sore was hurt,
 But his stede ros, and he vp stert; 9180
 Polydomas ther-of was fayn,
 He toke the stede by the rayn, captures his horse, and gives it to Troylus.
 A-boute his hand the brydel he knyt
 And 3aff him Troyle, ther he fauzt 3it 9184
 Opon his feet with his enmys;
 Ther was no foule so merye on ris, Troylus, glad to be horsed again, attacks the Greeks anew, and slays many of them.
- ¶ Then Troilus was when he hors hadde;
 Lord In heuene, what he was gladd! 9188
 He takes that stede and sone on lepes,
 And sclow the Gregeis doun on hepes.
- B** Vt Achilles loked to Troyle, Achilles
 And saw how he be-gan to royle, 9192
 When he hadde hors, a-monges Gregeis:
 'This is no gamen,' Achilles seis;
 Achilles rod to him sone, comes up,
 For he wende wele he hadde done. 9196
- ¶ But Troyle was war of his comyng,
 He 3aff ri3t not of his thretyng:
 A stalworthe spere he to him sesed,
 And smot his hors and him so feses, 9200
 He bar Achilles quyte and clene
 Out of his sadel vpon the grene;
 He made Achilles to reste thore,
 So was he wounded wonder sore, 9204
- ¶ He made his eres the grounde likke.
 But he ros vp stoutly and quykke,
 As he no harm hadde y-lacched;
 Troyle wold with more haue macched, 9208
 He wolde haue hurt him fayn sarror,
 But the Gregeis held him then forror,

To Achilles he myȝt come noght, [lf. 136, bk.] 9211
 For-sothe to him, as he hadde thoght. 9212

AChilles is vpward copen,
 Opon his hors he is lopen :
 Him were leuere than al Lubik,
 That he myȝt Troyle to dethe strike ; 9216
 He and his smot at him alle,
 As men smeten atte balle.

he assails
 Troylus anew.

Hector comes
 to his rescue,
 and

¶ But Ector was ther-of war,
 How thei be-gan with Troyle to fare ; 9220
 He hied him thedir wonder swythe,
 When Troyle saw him, he was blythe :
 He ȝaff Achilles suche a dasche,
 That al his helm be-gan to crasche, 9224
 He smot In-to his serkelet.
 Now are thei to-geder met

fights with
 Achilles alone :

Among her men hem two alone,
 Thei delen dyntis wel gode wone ; 9228
 Be-twene hem two was gret hate,
 Thei haue be-gonnen a gret bate :

¶ Eyther on other be-gan to hewe,
 Here strengthe to kythe, her myȝt to schewe, 9232
 Dredful dyntis be-twene hem dele ;
 He is a fole, with hem wol mele !

both on horse-
 back fight
 with their
 swords

Thei are now bothe on hors-backis,
 Ether of hem on other hackis 9236
 With swerdes scharpē opon her scheld ;
 A strong batayle was ther In feld.

and tear
 each other's
 'aketouns.'

¶ Here Aketouns roff as hadde ben pokes,
 Ayther of hem on other strokis, 9240
 And tar here armes that were newe,
 A wicked brotthe thei ther brewe ;
 With swerdes gode that were trenchaunt 9243
 Fauȝt thei to-gedur by that hil pendaunt.

{¹Ector fyghtes}

Ector fightes with Achilles, He hewys his mayles res by res, He hewys hem alle In taterwagges,	[lf. 137.] 9245	Hector fights fiercely with Achilles,
His hauberk heng alle In ragges ; And he ȝeues him a-ȝeyn good pay, The grettest strokes that he may.	9248	
¶ But Ector ȝaff Achilles one And claff his flesch on-to the bone, Hit barst his helme & his coyfe eke, And it made him the grounde seke : The stroke was gret—as I ȝow tolde,— Achilles myȝt not his sadel holde, Opon his hors myȝt he not sitte, When sir Ector hadde him so hitte.	9252	wounds him sorely,
¶ He lefft his hors and fel to grounde And swoned sore In that stounde ; Top ouer tayl he gan loute. The Gregeis gadered him aboute, His Murmidones were alle agast He hadde be sclayn, for he was cast ; Thei stode aboute him alle fyghtande, For Ector scholde not come him hande, Til he were rysen & vpward couered : Many a man aboute him houered, His body al for to fende, That Ector schold not come him hende.	9260	Achilles swoons.
¶ Then myȝt men se strokes ride, Gregeis feld on eche a syde That thedir come In his defence, For thei made ther thanne resistence A-ȝeyns Ector & his Troians : He sclow that tyme a thousand Danes That then defended sir Achilles, Many on swalt In his owne gres.	9264	The Greeks and Myrmi- dons defend him ;
	9268	
	9272	many of them are slain by Hector and the Trojans.
	9276	
	s [j]	

- ¶ Ector wolde Achilles take, [lf. 137, bk.] 9279
 And the Gregeis defence did make : 9280
 Thei wolde rather dye right ther,
 Then Achilles I-take wer.
- Achilles fights
 on foot until he
 grows weary ;
 he is sorrowful
 that he cannot
 defend himself
 any longer. ¶ Achilles stode on fote & fauzt,
 Til he was almost out of mauzt : 9284
 ¶ He was careful and wel drery,
 For that he was so wery,
 He myzt not wel his scheld vp bere,
 He myzt not him fro Ector were, 9288
 He myzt not wel his breth blowe,
 He was In poynt to ouer-throwe ;
 His vertu hadde he clene lore,
 But Ector wolde not lette ther-fore. 9292
- Thelamon,
 Agamemnon,
 and Menescene
 come to his
 rescue, ¶ But than come thedir Thelamon,
 With alle his men Agamenon,
 And the douzti Menescens :
 That halp him wel a-zeyn Troyens, 9296
 With mychel wo and gret trauayle
 Halp thei him In that batayle.
- and bring him
 a new horse. ¶ Thei brouzt him hors, and brouzt him vp,
 He hadde lauzt many a pop, 9300
 For ther was many a strok zeuen ;—
 But it was welney euen.
- But nightends
 the battle, else
 Achilles would
 have died in
 the field. **E**ctor was sori that it was nyzt,
 Er thei of Grece were discomfit : 9304
 For hadde thei had the lyght of day,
 Achilles hadde not went a-way
 To [be] taken then vnto his teld,
 But hadde died In that feld. 9308
- The Trojans
 return to
 Troy ; the
 Greeks to
 their tents. ¶ Thei departid on bothe side—
 For it was nyzt and derk that tyde,—
 ¶ Ector to Troye ouer the downes,
 And Gregeis to here Paulyones. 9312

- The clothis were layd, and thei doun lyght: [lf. 138.] 9313
 To soper were thei alle dyght,
 Thei sette hem doun and ete & drank;
 Many hadde his clothis al blank 9316
 Off blod that thei hadde bled.
 Thei ete and drank & ȝede to bed,
 And rested hem, til the sonne vp ros:
 To Arme him there eche man gos, 9320
 ¶ The stour a-ȝeyn wolde thei be-gynne,
 For good on erthe wol thei not blynne;
 Her hors are brouȝt, and thei vp lepe,
 Thei ren to-gedre on an hepe, 9324
 As thei hadde don that day be-fore;
 Ther died be-twene hem many a score.
BOthe parties In the feld were prest,
 In pees wol thei neuere rest; 9328
 Eche man rides vnto his macche,
 Many a man here deth there lacche.
 Whan thei to-gedre were met with speres,
 Many on other ouer beres; 9332
 Thei drow here swerdes of good metal;
 Er it be nyzt, manye dye schal.
 Echon on¹ other ffaste doth bete,
 Ryght as threscheres doth on whete; 9336
 On smytes his felawe thorow the pap,
 And he ȝeues him a sori wap.
 ¶ Thei sclow or euen a thousand knyghtes,
 Men saw neuere suche other fyghtes— 9340
 Sithen In erthe god made man,—
 That of so litel thing be-gan!
 Ne so fele lordes with-uten fayle
 Were neuere slayn at on batayle, 9344
 Ne men of Armes and also naked,
 As were at Troye—sithen man was maked!

They take
supper and go
to bed.

Next morning
they arm
themselves
anew.

They begin to
fight again;

many are slain
on both sides.

1,000 knights
are slain.
Never did a
fight arise
from so little
cause!

Never were so
many lords
slain in a
battle!

S ij

¹ MS. *or*.

	¶ <i>Hic pignant .xxx. dies absque respectu.</i>	
They are wounded many ways.	Some were smyten of by the knes, [lf. 138, bk.]	9347
	Some thorow-out bothe thies,	9348
	Some lay dede, & som cast down,	
	And some lay wounded and brostoun;	
	Some In his body bar a tronchoun,	
	As it were put In with a ponchoun.	9352
They fight as long as they can breathe.	The while thei myghten endure,	
	Thei threw down men—I telle 3ow sure,—	
	Thei smyten hors and helmes barst,	
	The while the brethe wold hem last.	9356
	M ichel sorwe hem was a-mong;	
	Sicurly hit were to long	
The poet is not able to tell all their deeds;	Me to telle, and 3ow to here,	
	How thei fau3t echon In-fere,	9360
	I may not al the dedis devyse;	
no booke would be big enough to hold them.	Ther wolde no boke it al suffice	
	Alle here dedis for to holde,	
	Iff thai schulde alle be y-tolde,	9364
	And I schulde alle here dedis say,	
	How thei fau3t to-geder euery day.	
	The bible ne no Missale,	
	The legende ne no Iornale,	9368
	The Grael ne the Tropere,	
	Schold not holde here dedis plenere.	
They fight 30 days without respite.	¶ For .xxx. ^{ti} dayes with-outen pes	
	Thei fau3t to-gedur with-outen ses,	9372
	Al was sprad bothe dicke and bank	
	With dede bodies that lay & stank.	
In other tales men fight ten days,	Men redes In gestes of dou3ti men,	
	How thei fou3ten to-geder dayes ten,—	9376
	Euery day with-outen rest,—	
	To se whiche of hem were best;	
	Men tellen of Ywayn and Wade	
	In gestes that of hem ben made,	9380

After the 30 Days Priamus demands and gets a Truce for 6 Months. 277

How thei fauȝt a day or two,	[lf. 139.]	9381	
And afftir that more than so :			
Thei ffauȝt ffourtene nyght,			or a fortnight;
And that was kampiouns right.		9384	
¶ But I say : Ector and his feris,			but Hector
Achilles als & his comperis,			and Achilles
Thei fauȝt to-geder dayes thre,			and their men
And wold thei not in pes be ;		9388	
Thei fauȝt to-gedir fourtene nyght,			
And that was the Troiens right ;			
With-outen rest thei fauȝt al-weyes,			
Til thei hadden fouȝten .xxx. ^{ti} dayes—		9392	fight 30 days,
Euery day til it was nyȝt,			every day till
That neuere be-lan whil thei hadde lyght.			night separ-
¶ Now wol I of this thing telle,			ates them.
I may not alle here dedis melle ;		9396	
For mochel wo be-twene hem wex :			
Off Ector brethere were sclayn sex			Six of Hector's
With-In the dayes that thei so fauȝt,			brothers are
And Ector also a sore wounde lauȝt		9400	slain,
In his visage on of that day,			and Hector
Wherby Ector In his bed lay			himself
In Ylion a ful gret stounde,			is sorely
Er he were hol of that wounde.		9404	wounded in
T Hretti dayes when he hadde foughten			the face.
With-outen reste bothe euen & oughten,			
Priamus sente to the Gregeis			Priamus then
Kynges two that were curtays,		9408	demands a
And other lordes mo wente hem with,			truce for six
Trewe to aske a six monyth.			months, which
And thei it graunte al at her wille,			is granted by
Thei were fayn to holde hem stille		9412	the Greeks.
And rest In pes al that terme ;			
The trewes is graunt and holden ferme,	S iij		

	¶ <i>Hic ceperunt pacem ad inuicem per vj. Menses.</i>	
	And therto haue thei trowthes plyght: [lf. 139, bk.]	9415
No one is to harm a foe.	"That nother of hem be dayes ne nyght	9416
	Lastynge the trewes schal other wayte	
	With vilonye ne other desayte;	
If he does, he'll be hanged.	And if any man be gylti founden,	
	Hand and fote schal he be bounden,	9420
	On galowe-tre to honge hye	
	For his flashede and his folye."	
	¶ The trewes be graunt a ful half 3ere	
	Be-twene kynges, dukes, & bachelere,	9424
	Alle that on bothe sides wore :	
Now every- body heals his wounds.	Now euery man helis his sore,	
	Alle taken medycine that myster hade,	
	To reste that while alle were glade.	9428
	And Ector is to Ilion brouzt,	
	A riche bed ffor him was wrouzt,	
Hector lies on a bed in a great hall in Ilion,	He was leyd In that paleis,	
	That was of riche werk Sarsaneis ;	9432
	¶ His bed was made In that riche halle	
	And y-couered with many riche palle :	
	To him come fycisiens,	
	The beste of alle Troyens,	9436
	And soughte his woundes on eche halue,	
	And leyde ther-to plastres & salue,	
	And 3aff him herbes & gode raysyns,	
	And heled him vp with gode medysyns.	9440
	I N Ilyon Ector was layd	
	In that riche halle—as I sayd ;—	
and all the lords and ladies come to comfort him.	For alle these lordes & the ladies,	
	That were of worschepe and of pris,	9444
	Scholde him comforte In his penaunce	
	And with the speche do him legaunce	
	And of his Angwis and his sekenesse,	
	To come to him bothe more & lesse.	9448

Hit was an halle of gret noblay, <i>Aula</i> ¹ . [lf. 140.]	9449	The hall of Ilion has very high towers.
The halle ther-as Ector lay ;		
The toures were of out-done hight,		
I-made with wonder art and slight.	9452	
If thow wolt that halle discryue,		
Sicurly 3e wolde not leue		
The wonder werk of the Pyleres ;		
Men wolde holde hem grete lyeres,	9456	Men would not believe me, if I should try to describe them fully.
Man wolde wene that men did lye,		
And holde it alle for fairie.		
¶ But man wolde wene In his thoght,		
That suche werk myght neuere be wroght ;	9460	
For now is non so glorious,		
Ne non In this world so vertuous,		
As Ilion was the while it stode,		
I-set ful of stones and perles gode ;	9464	
Rofe and wal and euery a gable,		Roof and walls and all other parts
Dore and wyndowe, trestles and table,		
Courbel, beme, and euery a ston,		
With riche gold was vmybygon.	9468	are covered with gold
¶ Alle the walles of that wones		
Were thikke y-set with precious stones ;		and set with precious stones ;
A thousand rubies on a rowe		
Were set a-bouen on the wowe.	9472	
Ther stode a-long & eke a-crois		
Many a riche erbe-debois ;		
The matistre and a riche saphur,		
And other stones many & sur ;	9476	
Ther stode many a charbocke-ston,		
That as bryzt aboute hem schon		they shine at midnight as bright as a summer day.
In that halle aboute mydnyght,		
As doth the somerday lyght.	9480	
That halle was brode & long,		
Off semely werk sicur & strong,		

S iiij

¹ In red paint.

¶ *Qualiter palacium Regis Troiani factum est.*

Twelve alabaster columns support this hall;

Two hundred fet was it be-met. [lf. 140, bk.] 9483

On stones twelue was hit al set 9484

Off Alabaster that wele were wrouzt,
It was gret meruayle how thei were bouzt

Vnto that werk to rayse that ground,
It was meruayle where men thei found. 9488

¶ He was worthi be called a clerk,
That of twelue stones made suche a werk.

The halle flore was paued al
Thorowout with clene cristal; 9492

in every corner stands an image, as natural as if it were alive.

In euery a hirne was set a post
Off worthi werk with mychel cost;
On euery a post stode an ymage
As he hadde ben In fauntel-age;
Alle were wrouzt of gold ffyn,
Hede, body, visage, and eyn. 9496

¶ Ther was no man¹ In al that land
That he ne wende thei hadde ben lyuand: 9500

So vereili thei loked and smyled,
Many a man ther-with was giled;
Off here makyng and of here lokes
Many meruayles In his bokis. 9504

As Dares says, the walls were 2,500 feet high,

Dares wrot—I telle it 30w,—
That I wol not speke of now:

“The walles of that halle streyzt 9507

Were two thousand fet of heyzt, ¶ *Altitudo*

And 3it ther-to ffyue hundrid als,”— *Murorum*².

As Dares seis that neuere was fals.

and the towers reached the sky.

¶ Dares seis: “the toures were so hy,
That thei wente to the sky, 9512

So ney were thei the firmament

A-boue the cloudes verament,

A man that stode with-oute doute

On hem, myzt se al the lond aboute, 9516

¹ MS. *noman*.

² In one line, sign blue, words red; but on the left side in MS.

- And other londes a-cost also [lf. 141.] 9517
 On euery a side, that marches ther-to."
- ¶ Then were thei hye verament,
 Thei hadde nede of a good fundement; 9520 Every founda-
 Euery a ston of Marbil was tion-stone is of
 As smethe as any glas, marble.
 Euery a ston was smethe schauen.
 The walles were with bestes grauen, 9524 The walls are
 Ther was no best In wildernes, engraved with
 Forest, ne feld, more ne les, all sorts of
 That thei ne were ther wele entayled, beasts.
 Wilde ne tame non ther fayled. 9528
- B**Efore the dore was set a tre, ¶ Arbor ad Before the
 That fair and semely was to se: hostium¹. door stands a
 The tre was al of riche gold golden tree
- Fro the grounde vnto the mold, 9532
 And alle the bowes of that erberye
 Were siluer & gold with-outen lye; with silver
 For euere was on of siluer bryzt, and golden
 A-nother of gold that was so lyzt. 9536 boughs and all
 kinds of fruits.
- ¶ Ther was neuere fruyt that euere grewe
 That thei ne hongen ther In here hewe,
 But al was² siluer and gold with-Inne.
 This werk was mad with quaynte gynne. 9540
 In that halle ende was mad his dese,
 Richeli made it was alweyes: At one end of
 the hall is a
 dais;
- ¶ Ther was a bord of gret richesse,
 In al this world such another ther nesse³. 9544
 In that other ende of that riche halle,
 Wel fair vpright ageyn the walle,
 He let make a riche auter,
 But ther-on was neuere seid no sauter. 9548
 And afftir that he sette In that ende
 His god Iouys, he held his frende;

¹ Sign in blue, words in red (in two lines thus).
 that was.

² MS. *wesse*.

³ MS. *But al*

	For whan he wolde his help craued, [lf. 141, bk.]	9551
	He wende he myȝt him haue saued.	9552
This image of Jupiter is of pure gold.	¶ A fair ymage that kyng did make Off ffyn gold ffor his goddis sake; On that auter did he sette hit, Off pure gold was hit I-bet; Hit was .xv. cubitis long.	9556
It was set up with great festivity.	He sette hit there with mochel song, With ffythel, harpe, and mynstrasie, With mychel merthe and melodye.	9560
	¶ He spende on him gret tresoure, Certes he loste al his laboure. He made to him a redy way Off twenti greis of marbil gray, That he & other myȝt come him to, When that thei wolde him worschepe do.	9564
Twenty steps of gray marble lead up to the statue.	And thus was maked that riche halle, As I haue told to ȝow alle.	9568
Hector is attended on by Mennon, Hec- tuba, Eleyne, Pollexena, and Andromede,	E ctor liggis In Ilioun; At his hed sat kyng Menoun And Hectuba, his Moder, the quene, So did Eleyne and Pollexene; That louely lyff dame Andromede To Ector takes sche gode hede: Wel tenderly the knyȝt sche ȝemed, That fair lady that wel be-semed.	9572
Many kings come to com- fort him.	¶ Kynges fele a-boute come And comfort him alle & some Off his hurtyng & malady, For his sorwe were thei drery.	9576
Priamusburies his six sons,	Kyng Priamus let bery With careful herte and no-thing mury His sixe sones that died tho dayes, Euerychon be-sydes other he layes.	9580
		9584

¶ Hic Ector sanatus est.

- He bad that echon schuld haue [lf. 142.] 9585
 By him-self a riche graue : each one in a
 Here graues were sone y-made special grave.
 Bothe with schouele & with spade ; 9588
 And leyd hem ther-In bothe body & bones,
 And heled a-bouen with riche stones.
 And so was grauen eche a brother,
 A litel echon fro other. 9592
- ¶ Thei of Grece her riche kynges The Greeks,
 Graued also, here lordynges ; too, bury their
 And tho that were of lasse renoun dead.
 Thei gadered to hepes with-oute the toun 9596
 And brende her bodyes alle by-dene, —
 And made the feld of hem ful clene,
 That no styngk of hem schulde rise,
 Hem to dere on no wyse. 9600
- E**ctor heles and coueres faste, Hector soon
 His Angwys almost a-way is paste, recovers,
 He may bothe go & stande,
 In that halle is he walkande ; 9604
 And alle these other ben ner-honde heled.
 Delful dyntis were ther deled,
 When thei were heled and comen samen ;
 Ther by-gynne a grisly gamen : 9608
 Many on schal to the dethe wende,
 Er thei eft-sones make an ende.
- ¶ For Ector was fful sore a-greued
 That his visage was so cleued ; 9612
 He het his men for euene or od,
 That ther hors be faste y-schod,
 And her harneis redi dight,
 Her aketoun strong, her brynys bryght ; 9616
 ' That hors ne harneis 3ow not faile
 A-3eyn the tyme of oure batayle.'

When winter
ends,

WInter is went—as I wene— [lf. 142, bk.] 9619
The leues growen In greues grene, 9620
The floures sprede & spedly sprynge,

the truce is
ended too.

The thrustil sittes & mury synge,
The sonne is hote, the *terme* goth out.
The Troiens are bothe stiff & stout, 9624

The Trojans
and Greeks
prepare for a
fresh battle,
and array
their troops.

And so ar Danes and eke Gregeis :
Alle zare thei ben In here harneis
For to fare & that stoure mayntene,
But thei schal passe with moche tene. 9628

¶ The trewes is passed and alle *termened*,
And alle ben redy & haue dyned,
Many an helme is set on hede
That long er nyght schal ligge dede ; 9632

The ladies are
in sorrow
for their
husbands.

The ladyes for her lordes caren,
For thei wot neuere how thei schal faren ;
Thei made gret mornyng a-mong,
Thei tare hir heer, hir handis wrong. 9636

¶ The lordes hem busked & toke here caples,
Men brynge hem speres of gode maples,
And scheldes stronge thei brynge als,
To honge semely a-boute her hals. 9640

On Hector's
advice,

¶ Ector bad thei schulde ride,
Thei wol not lenger here abyde :
Thei riden forth out of the toun
With scheld and spere & gonfanoun. 9644

the Trojans
ride out of the
town.

The Greeks
gather before
the walls.

And thei of Grece were gadered alle
With-oute the dicke be-fore the walle,
In-myddis the feld ther standis her stale.
And thei of Troye riden doun a dale, 9648
Til thei mete to-geder bothe ;
Two hundred thousand schal be wrothe
Er thei do parte fro her frende,
That schal be sclayn, er thei thennes wende. 9652

Adhuc bellum¹.

N ow are thei bothe In the feld arayed,	[lf. 143.]	When both parties are arrayed,
Baneres brode ther ben displayed ;	9654	
On nother side was non so bold		
That thei ne be-gynne sone to cold,	9656	
Whan thei schal mete thore :		
The beste of hem a-bached wore,		
Saue Ector on that neuere was ferd ;		Hector opens the battle,
He 3eues of hem not a 3erd,	9660	
Off alle her fare, of thai were mo,		
For he blan neuere to wende and slo		
¶ Alle he myght mete with & ouer-take ;		
He be-gynnes a-boute him to make	9664	
Wayes to driue In bothe cart & wayn.		
Many Gregeis other gan frayn :		
“ How thei my3t slo him ther he rode ? ”		
But ther was non that him a-bode :	9668	
He 3ede down or lost his lyff.		
He sclow a thousand In that stryff,		and slays 1,000 Greeks.
When bothe parties to-gedur were ;		
Many a man died there.	9672	
¶ Ther was gret del to se hem mete,		
So fele fel down vndir hors fete,		
That neuere my3t afftirward arise,		
Thei made a schrewed marchaundise :	9676	
Eche slo other, as thei were wode,		A fierce battle.
Thei made no ruthe of mannes blode ;		
Some is cloven In-to the shere,		
Some has lorn bothe cheke & ere,	9680	The various wounds are described.
Some hath lorn lyuer & gut,		
Was many man ded down put,		
Many hath lorn eye & browe ;		
Euerychon wolde his frend rescowe,	9684	
Than comes he & he also		
And girdes his bak euen a-two.		

¹ In the top right corner, in a very fine hand.

Thus they
fight till night
ends the
battle.

And thus ferd thei fro that thei met, [lf. 143, bk.] 9687
Til the sonne was doun set¹ ; 9688
Thei blan neuere to smyte ne slo,
Many a bak thei made al blo.

Hector rides
thrice through
the Greek host,
and kills
many.

ECtor fyghtes with his enemys,
Thorow here ost he rod thris, 9692
Fro man to man a-boute he skyppis,

Never better
knight did
such deeds.

Thei fel afftir him as hit were shepis :
For siker, sithe erthe-by-gan,
Was not made a better man, 9696
That so stronge dedes In Armes did ;
Alas that euere him mys-be-tid !

Nobody can
resist him
save Achilles.

¶ Off man was neuere so moche reuthe,
For he was good & loued trewth ; 9700
Ther was no man that did suche dedis
Off alle the knyzttes that men of redis,
Ther was neuere man his strok myzt stande,
That toke a ful stroke of his hande,— 9704
Saue Achilles that strong knyzt,
For he was man of moche myzt.—
Ther was no side of al that ost
That he ne rode thorow ffor alle her bost. 9708

All Greeks are
afraid of Hec-
tor ; all know
his sword.

¶ He sclow to grounde al that he toke,
The beste of hem for drede quoke,
Thei were alle aferd of that on knyzt,
For he was man of moche myzt. 9712
The Gregeis alle his sword knewe,
Many a man to grounde he hewe ;
And tho he bar doun or ouer,
Ful ffewe a-zeyn ne myght couer,— 9716
Vn-til that lyff so sore he smot.
The sonne schon bryzt, the day was hot.
¶ Hit greued hem sore of Grece,
Thei sat toteryng as it were gece— 9720

¹ MS. *pet.*

- What for the strokes & the hete! [lf. 144.] 9721
 The Gregeis wel sore he gan bete,
 He made of hem gret martirdam :
 I trowe, sithen god made Adam, 9724 Since Adam's
 Dud neuere man so gret meruayles, days never man
 In fightes fele and gret batayles did so many
 He sclow so many grete of renoun, and great
 Armed with helme and hauberioun, wonders in
 As Ector did his owne hand, 9728 battle as
 The while he was In erthe lyvand. Hector did.
 ¶ Gret voyce was tho hem among,
 Swerdis ther on helmes rong, 9732
 Many an helme was ther clatered,
 And many hede al to-batered ¹.
 Ector makes of hem grete hepes, He slays many
 Fro man to man a-boute he lepis; 9736 Greeks.
 As thik as leue on the tre
 • He sles hem doun by two or thre.
 Thorow the feld hit is wel sene
 In euery stede ther he hath bene, 9740 One may well
 For it is layd with dede bodies see where he
 Thikkere than trees ar set In ris. fought: there
 ¶ He makes a-boute him roume & way. are heaps of
 Achilles wot not what to say, 9744 dead bodies.
 Offte hath he that day him met,
 But he myȝt neuere his proues bet,
 Ne he durst not for ferd of gyle
 Dele with him that ilke whyle, 9748
 And if he scholde not haue grace,
 To parte with him out of that place.
 The Gregeis saw this fare was nouȝt
 A-ȝeyn the dedis that Ector wrouȝt, 9752
 Thei myȝt not y-wis lenger endure,
 Thei swalt almost In her Armure ;

¹ MS. *alto batered*.

¶ *Hic Greci fugerunt.*

The Greeks flee ;	Thei fled euerychon, and that was best,— [lf. 144, bk.] The sonne was drawn to his rest, 9756 And that was fair to here be-houe,— For thei hadde elles euel proue. The Gregeis fled with michel hast ; Wo was hem that was the last,— 9760
Hector follows and slays them.	Ector sclow hem In that chace. Men myzt folwe hem by the trace Off dede bodyes he lefft ligande, The Gregeis he sclow fleande. 9764
He drives Achilles back to his camp	¶ Achilles was not then the laste, That he were then he hyed faste ; And Ector faste afftir him prikes, He drof him home vn-to his dikes 9768 And turned a-zeyn—for it was nyzt,— He fauȝt lenger than he hadde syȝt :
and then returnsto Troy	He rod to Troye with his prisonnes And lefft hem In her paulyonnes. 9772
with his prisoners.	E ctor is to Troy riden, Priamus him hath abiden. Off his mete and his sopere, Thei are now set to-geder In-fere, 9776 Thei are wel serued with many metis, With murthe & play thei sitte In setis : His fader him makes mochel Ioye, And so did alle that were In Troye. 9780
with much joy, and so do the other Trojans. He blesses Hector, and so do all the other lords and ladies.	¶ The fader blessed offte his sone ; He hadde ther many a benysone Off lordis faire & fre ladyse, Of knyȝtes kene and men of pryse. 9784 For ther died mo at that semble, That Ector sclow at that Iorne With his hand—as thei seyde alle— Then alle that euere fre and thralle. 9787

So fele

So fele men died then In o day	[lf. 145.]	9789	
Off no mannes hond—I dar wel say—			
In hard batayle that Armed were,			
As Ector sclow with his hand there;—		9792	
He was wel serued, honourd & kepe.			
When thei hadde souped, thei wente to slepe			After supper
And rest hem, til the sonne vp rose :			they go to bed,
Eche man then to arme him gose,		9796	and early next
¶ Thei toke her horses & here a-tyre			morning pre-
With swerdes gode aboute here swire,			pare for a new
And ryden forth vpon a res.			battle.
3it wol thai not be In pes,		9800	
Ten thousand schal her lyff for-sake,			
Er thei thenke reste to take.			
N OW haue thei taken the feld bothe,			The battle
Ful Irrous & Iuly wrothe.		9804	begins.
Thei are now ¹ to-geder met,			
Her speres ar broken, and arwes schet,			
Thei drowe her swordes of here scauberkes,			
Ther cleue scheldes & hauberkes,		9808	
The riche armure thei al to-kerue ;			
Ther schal a thousand er euen sterue :			
Echon other al to-drawes,			
Thei cutte In-two bothe lyuer & mawes,		9812	The several
¶ Hand & hede, lunge & mylte ;			wounds are
Many a gode man was ther spilte.			described.
Whil thei hadde day & myzt out se,			
Wolde thei neuere In pes be.		9816	
Thei fau3t thus clene dayes twelue,			They fight full
Til thei hadde nede here dede men delue,			12 days.
And thei of Grece mouth not ordayn			
To fyght for-sothe no more sustayn ;		9820	
So were thei ouercomen & taken			
And with Ector holden waken ² ,			

T [j]

¹ MS. *not*.
down.

² At the foot of the page are some scribblings upside

290 *The Greeks demand, and are granted, a Truce for thirty Days.*

The Greeks are wearied out by fighting and the great heat.	That thei most rest or elles dye.	[lf. 145, bk.]	9823
	It was past afftir the Maye,		9824
	The weder was hot, the sonne schon,		
	The Gregeis made ther-fore gret mone :		
	For thorow fight and the hete		
	Many on lefft that day the swete.		9828
After 12 days' fight,	T Welf dayes fau3t thei to-geder		
	With-uten rest In that hote weder ;		
	Be-twene hem died many a lord,		
	Whil thei were at that discord ;		9832
	Many a lord on ayther syde		
	Were ded In tho twelue dayes tyde.		
	The Gregeis my3t fyght no more,		
they ask for a 30 days' truce	Thei asked trewes with sikyng sore,		9836
	¶ Off xxx ^{ti} dayes thei faire be-sou3t,		
to bury their dead.	Til the dede were In the erthe brou3t,		
	And til that hete were al down ;		
	For elles hadde thei ben ded echoun :		9840
	So gret was thanne the hete In feld,		
	Thei my3t not lyue In tent & teld		
	That wounded were or hurtyng hadde.		
Oh, Priamus, how mad you were to grant the truce so lightly! All the Greeks would have been killed if you had finished that battle.	A, Priamus! that thow was madde,		9844
	When thow the trewes so ly3tly graunted!		
	For haddes thow thenne that batayle haunted,		
	Thei schulde haue died with gret vilte,		
	With swerd at that gret mortalite!		9848
	¶ But ffortune was thi foo mortel		
	And schop thi wo perpetuel ;		
	And for sche wolde thi blysse were down,		
	Sche made the graunte the trewes soun.		9852
	For sicur I wot with-uten drede :		
	The formast day the trewes out 3ede,		
	That thei to-geder In feld were met,		
	Her blis & Ioye for euere was let.		9856

¶ *Hic Priamus concedit pacem xxx. dies.*

- P**riamus hath graunted the trewe: [lf. 146.] 9857 Priamus grants the truce. The Greeks are very glad, thank their gods,
- The Gregeis maken murthe & glewe,
Thei were neuere of trewe so blythe ;
- Thei thanked her god fele sithe, 9860
For thei saued hem by her pauste
Fro that gret mortalite ;
Thei maken to him gret offeryng
With many broche & many ryng, 9864
And thanked hem of here dede,
For thei wende eftt better spede.
- ¶ Thei were ful fayn thei were at rest,
For thei ther-of hadde mychel brest, 9868
Thei heled her woundes lesse & more,
That woundes haue or any sore.
So were thei hole or thritti day,
For thenne was the grette hete away, 9872
And thei were styff & stout
To renne & ride al a-bout,
And do al thyng that mister was,
Thei dredde not the Troyens a gras. 9876
- ¶ Thritti dayes are now ful-filled,
Alas! noble Troye, thow schalt be spilled, 9880
Thrawen doun & ligge al wast,
For thow schalt lese thi lord In hast !
This is the day of thin vnwyn,
Alle may wepe that the ben In,
Kyng and quene that to the longe ;
Wele may thow wepe & leue thi songe! 9884
Alle Troiens may say: weylaway!
That euere come this Ilke day !
- ¶ Alas thi chambres & thi boures,
Thi faire haß and thi toures, 9888
Thi semely gates & thi faire walles,
And alle thi craftly corven balles !

T ij

¶ *Lamentacio super Troianos.*

Fair Ilion, thou must fall!	¶ Fair Ilyon that stondes so hye, So lowe as thou schalt sone lye! Suche a Cite was neuere non wrouzt, Al schal sone turne to nouzt; But thou may say as gode Iob sayde, When he with sorwe was be-layde: He cursed the day that he was borne For wo that was leyd him be-forne, He bad it turne to derknes And euere be as thesternes.	[lf. 146, bk.] 9891 9892 9896 9900
Thou oughtest to curse the day in which thou wast born, as Job did,	¶ And so may thou that day banne, That the batayle furst be-ganne, Afftir the trewes was y-past: Alas, that ne hit hadde lenger last For Troye that was wel mayntened! Hadde he that day him abstened, He scholde haue ben conquerour Off his enemys with gret honour!	9904 9908
Priamus, on this day thou shalt lose thy honour and all,	P riamus, this is the day That thou schalt lese thi noblay, Thi mayntenaunce and thi defence, Thyn honour & thi reuerence! This day thou leses thi seynorie, For gode Ector this day schal dye, That the defended and thi kynrede, Thi landes & thi manhede.	9912 9916
for Hector shall die!	¶ Now artow lord of thi landis, Many a duk byfore the standis, The hodes offe ¹ & bare the heued,— Sone schal it fro the be reued! That now bene thyne be trouthe y-plyzt, Schal leté of the wel sone ful lyzt! The auzt euere to curse that day, That fals god now the helpe ne may;	9920 9924
Thou oughtest to curse this day, when thy false gods did not help thee.		

¹ MS. *offte*.

At this nede may he not helpe	[lf. 147.]	9925	
No more then may a dogge whelpe ¹ .			
Mochel sorwe was the toward,			
When thei of Troye ride out-ward ;		9928	
And so was also thi faire wyff,			
Wherfore scho afftir lase hir lyff ;			
And Pollexene with-outen gilt			
Afftirward therfore was spilt.		9932	
¶ A, douzti Troyle, at euery a dede,			
Vn-to that day that thow take hede !			
What harme that day. to the be-felle !			
Thow may telle of thi tenselle,		9936	
And say, if thow be riȝt be halwed,			
Alas, that euere that day be-dawed—			
For to lese that the was leue & dere !			
For if he hadde lyued thre ȝere,		9940	
Thow haddest ben kyng of many a land			
Thorow strengthe of thi brother hand ;			
For whan he died, ȝe diȝd alle ;			
Suche hap was to ȝow be-falle.		9944	
A llas, lady dame Andromede,			
This is the day that thow may drede,			
This is the day of thi gret wo,			
For thow schal now thi lord for-go !		9948	
Thow schal lese the worthiest knyȝt			
That euere was wedded to any wyȝt ;			
For hadde he lyued, thow hadde be quene			
Off many a land—& that was sene,—		9952	
Thow haddest ben quene of Troye & dame.			
But now schal it turne al to schame,			
For thow scha[1]t falle In suche maystry,			
That the schal lede In vylony,		9956	
In sclaunder and In foule schendyng,			
Al thi lyff to thyn endyng.			

Much sorrow
was to come
on thee,
Priamus,
when thy
Trojans now
rode out, and
on Hectuba,
too, and on
Pollexena,
who lost their
lives.
Alas, Troylus !

He would have
become king
of many lands,
if Hector had
not died.

For Andro-
mede this is
the worst of
days,

for she will
lose that
worthiest
knight, her
husband.

¹ MS. *welpe*.

Alas, ye knights,	Knyȝtes kene that ben of Troye,	[lf. 147, bk.]	9959
	Now make murthe and mochel loye;		9960
now ye are bold for Hector's sake;	¶ Alle Are ȝe bold for Ector sake,		
	Gret is the murthe that ȝe may make,		
	ȝe drede no leuyng creature,		
	So ar ȝe sicur of him & sure.		9964
but ye will soon	But ȝit schal ȝe, or sonne go doun,		
	Alle that are In feld & toun		
curse the day of your birth!	Sey "alas!" for sorwe & care,		
Oh, citizens of Troy,	"That day that euere ȝoure moder ȝow bare!"		9968
	A , Curteis Citeseyns,		
	Trewe & triste gode Troiens,		
	Herde I neuere of no burgeis		
	That were so hende & so curteis.		9972
	Alas! me rewes ȝoure destene,—		
you were so liberal, and gentle, and courteous;	That were of ȝoure ȝiffes so fre,		
	Off noble blod & genterye,		
	Off gret manhede & curtesye,—		9976
but all this	¶ That ȝoure noblay & ȝoure largesse,		
	ȝoure curtesye & ȝoure richesse		
will turn to nought!	Schal turne to nouȝt, and ȝe also!		
	Fals fortune wol ȝow for-do,		9980
	For deth has sche y-schaped,		
	Sche wil no wyse that he be skaped.		
All of you will die, when Hector is gone!	And he be ded & fro ȝow gon,		
	ȝe ben dede euerychon!		9984
	ȝoure brochis brode & al ȝoure byes		
	That now ligges In ȝoure tyes,		
All your treasures will be given to the Greeks!	¶ ȝoure tresoure & ȝoure florayns		
	Wol sche dele to knyȝtis & swayns		9988
	Off hem of Grece that are ȝoure foos.		
	This is the day that all goos,		
	ȝoure gret noblay & ȝoure seygnorye		
	Schal urne to dele & waymentrye.		9992

¶ *Hic Andromeda vxor Ectoris sompniauit de morte ipsius.*

That louely lyff dame Andromede [lf. 148.] 9993

The laste nyzt the trewes out-3ede,—

That thei schulde ffight afftir the day,—

By her lord In hir bed sche lay :

9996

On the last
night of the
truce Andro-
mede dreams

A dredful dreme that lady dremed,

That In hir slepe sche cried & scremed.

¶ The while sche was In hir slepe,

Ector 3aff to hir good kepe,

10000

Sche was sore & sche was dredful,

To wakyn hir it was nedful ;

He waked hir & seide : ' swetyng,

Thow art ful ferd In thi slepyng.

10004

Whi fares thow thus ? what ayles the ?

Whi art thow ferd ? what may this be ?'

'Alas !' seyde sche, ' my gentil lord !

But thow wil do be myn acord,

10008

Sicurly thow ne art but dede,—

But thow wil do afftir my rede,—

And I am lorn for euere also,

And thi louely children two !

10012

that Hector
will be slain
in the next
battle.

For I am sicur be my dreme,

That I am lorn, and thi barne-teme ;

And thow art ded with-uten fayle,

If thow this day go to batayle.

10016

¶ For I wot be my drem to-nyzt :

If thow to-morne gos to fyzt,

With-oute the deth may thow not passe ;

Then may I say for the " alas !

10020

That I was borne !" for care & sorwe.

Be-leue at hom, my lord, to-morwe

And come not there,—I the be-seche !—

To my prayeres thow be my leche,

10024

She prays him
not to leave
her that day.

Be at home, til al be done !

For goddis loue here my bone !'

T iiij

- Hector blames Andromede : **F** I a debles ¹ !' seyde the knyzt, [lf. 148, bk.] 10027
 'Thow art drecched with som euel wyzt; 10028
 Hit is foly and vnsemyng
A man to leue on ² fals dremyng :
 Offt are men thorow hem be-swiked,
 And so was thow, whan thow scryked. 10032
 A man that liggis In slepe & dremes,
 It is not as hit thenne semes
 Off alle that euere he slepande thought;
 When he is wakyng, it is nought. 10036
 He is a fole that In hem leues
 Or any faith vnto hem zeues.
 ¶ Leue thi wordes & thy wepyng
 And holde thi pes, hit was slepyng ! 10040
 A thousand dremes men may dreme,
 And jiff he zeue to hem gode zeme,
 He schal not fynde what on be-menes,
 For no-thing falles as it schewes.' 10044
 ¶ The nyzt is went, the day dawes :
 Ector is wroth with his wyues sawes,
 His wyues wordes Ector dispises ;
 He toke his clothes and vpward rises, 10048
 He is wel wroth toward his wiff,
 He biddis here vpon hir lyff
 "Hir wepyng leue, hir wordes holde,
 That sche no more be so bolde 10052
 To crye ne wepe ne tales telle
 Off thynges that is not worth a schelle."
 ¶ Gret is the sorwe that sche makes,
 Sche wrynges hir hondes, hir hede schakes, 10056
 As wyght that was with wo y-wounden
 And In bales was sche bounden ;
 Sche drow hir heer & scratte hir face,
 Sche weped & cried and seyde "alace ! 10060

He bids her
not to believe
in dreams;

for 'It is silly
to take any
heed of them.'

Hector is very
angry with his
wife's silliness,
and bids her
stop weeping.

But Andro-
mede is full of
sorrow and
tears her hair.

¹ MS. *b*, distinctly, not *v*; cf. l. 10746.

² MS. *or*.

- That euere schuld sche abide the day!" [lf. 149.] 10061
 Sche wente as sche were wod a-way.
- ¶ To Hectuba, his moder, sche ran,—
 As sche hadde ben a wod womman,— 10064
 And to hir suster Pollexene;
 Thei wende that sche wod hadde bene,
 Thei asked "whi that sche so ferde?"
 'For tydandes that I haue herde 10068
 And sene also slepyng to-nyzt,'
 Saide Andromede, that bridde bryzt,
 'A dreame for-sothe that not lyes,
 That thus mechel signifies: 10072
 That, If my lord this day out gange,
 On lyue lyues he not lange;
 If he this day to batayle go,
 His enemys schal or euen him slo. 10076
 A-zeyn comes he on lyue no more,
 If he go out—be goddis ore!
- ¶ But thow that bare him of thi sidis
 And has for-don the Gregeis pridis— 10080
 Off Chiualrie he is the flour,
 And thi defence & thi socour,
 That saues the & thi housbonde,
 Thi tounes, thi toures, & thi londe, 10084
 Thi sones & alle thi doughtres als,—
 Let him neuere dye of no wyk-hals!
 Make him at hom this day to be,
 That he come not at that semble! 10088
 For be he ded & fro vs went,—
 That we were borne schal vs repent!'
- H**ectuba for ferd & drede
 Was ner wod, when Andromede 10092
 These tydandes whan sche hir tolde,
 For sche wiste neuere, how him to holde,

Andromede
runs to Hec-
tuba and
Pollexena,

who ask her
what ails her.

Andromede
relates her
dream,

and addresses
Hectuba:
'Thou who
hast borne
him, make
him not go to
the battle-field
to-day, as he
is the defender
of thee and
thine.'

¶ **Hic Andromeda narravit Regi & Regine.**

That he come not at that assaut; [lf. 149, bk.] 10095

Sche hadde for him ful mychel aut, 10096

Gret sorwe then made the quene;

And so hadde als dame Pollexene.

Pollexenasays: ¶
'Let us to the
king, and bid
him keep
Hector at
home'

¶ 'Go we,' sche sayde, 'to the kyng

And telle we him of this tythyng! 10100

For ther is non that so wel may

Make him to be at home to-day.'

The three
ladies go to
Priamus.

These ladyes thenne fair and fre

To Priamus zede then alle thre 10104

And grete the kyng—as thei wel couthe—

With louely wordes of thaire mouthe :

Andromede
relates her
dream to her
father-in-law,'**H**Erkene, sir,' seyde Andromede,
'Mi louely lord, my dreme thow rede! 10108

As I to-nyzt by my lord lay,

A litel be-fore the spryng of the day

A wonder drem gan I mete,

That doth me thus to me to wete,— 10112

I se qwat it sygnifie¹,—and implores
him to keep
Hector at
home.

And do ther-to som remedie,

To make my lord that he go noght

To that stede that he hath thoght. 10116

¶ For sikur! if that he go,

He is lorne, and we also!

Thow schalt [him] neuere with eyen se

Come a-zeyn on lyue to the, 10120

For my drem—that is hidous—

Openly be-menes thus :

That if he to-day to batayle ride,

He schal be ded by euen-tyde.' 10124

Priamus, on
hearing this
dream, begins
to weep.

¶ When Priamus that drem hadde herd,

As he schulde dye, for-sothe he ferd;

The water brast out at his eyen,

Him thoght he myzt for sorwe dyen, 10128

¹ *th* erased after the last word of this line.

- Him thocht his herte gan to breke ; [lf. 150.] 10129 Priamus is full
 He stode longe, or he myght speke, of sorrow ;
 For sorwe & care that he hadde hent,
 When he wiste what the dreme ment. 10132
 ‘ Whether I schal,’ he sayde, ‘ alas !
 Lese my Ioye & my solas,
 Mi defence & my socour,
 And lede my liff In dishonour, 10136
 In wo, & drede, & paynes strong,
 And alle that euere vn-to me long,
 ¶ Scholde I now lese my gode sone ?
 I schal him helpe, if I cone, 10140 No, I shall try
 That he this day go not to fyght to keep him
 On hors ne fote,—by god al-myght !— from the fight
 That he die neuere for vnhap. to-day ;
 For if he may this on day scap, 10144
 Wele wot I that he schal schende
 Alle his fos & saue his frende.
 ¶ For may he passe his destane,
 Conquerour then schal he be 10148 for, if he
 Off his fo-men, thei schal hem zelde escapes to-day,
 To him & his and fle the felde.’ he will van-
 quish all his
 foes by-and-by.’
THe sonne be-gynnes on hye to schyne,
 Troiens ar alle set to dyne, 10152 When the sun
 rises,
 Thei ben serued with many a coupe ;
 Euel schal thei or euen droupe,
 For thei schal se or euen ded
 The beste body that euere ete bred. 10156
 ¶ Ector ordeynes his batayles alle,
 He biddis hem Troyle to him calle ;
 And he come to him faste ridande,
 With helme on hed & spere In hande, 10160
 Armed wel In iren wede.
 Ector bad that he scholde lede

¶ *Hic incipit Bellum in quo Ector Interfectus fuit.*

- The leaders of
the nine Tro-
jan battalions
are: (1) Troylus,
(2) Paris,
- (3) Eneas,
- (4) Polimodas,
- (5) Sarpedon,
- (6) Episcropus.
[The (7) is left
out altogether.]
- (8) Forcius,
- (9) Philomene.
- Priamus gives
them leave
to go.
- The formast warde, the furste eschele, [lf. 150, bk.] 10163
And come a-zeyn with Ioye and hele. 10164
¶ He called to him Paris, his brother,
And bad that he scholde lede that other.
Afftir that he called Eueas,—
And he come a ful gode pas,— 10168
He seis : ‘ Eueas, I the bidde
That thou lede the batayle thridde ;
And thou the ferthe, Polydomas,
To helpe him when he nede has.’ 10172
¶ The ffifthe batayle Ector be-tauzt—
With alle the men that he ther auzt—
To Sarpedoun, that douzti kyng,
And other mo In his ledyng. 10176
¶ The sixte ledde kyng Episcropus,
A noble kyng and curtayus,
With many a douzti bacheler.
Ector bad hem come him ner 10180
A douzti kyng with visage grym.
The eyght batayle be-tauzt he him :
He hete Forcius—I vndirstande,—
He bad him lede the ward eyghtande. 10184
¶ The ix. batayle—as I wene—
Be-tauzt Ector to Philomene¹.
A douzti kyng of gret pouste,
Hardi of hert and gret bounte, 10188
And other kynges that comen wore
In help of Troye, that were thore.
P *Ryamus* the kyng [hem] seygned,
When Ector hadde hem thus ordeyned ; 10192
He zaff echon to that batayle
Leue to wende, her fos to assayle ;
For thei of Grece were comen be than
With-oute her diches, eueryche man, 10196

¹ MS. *Pollerene*.

And redi dight, & hem abode;	[lf. 151.]	10197	
And thei of Troye vnto hem rode.			
But he bad Ector al on hye,			Priamus bids
Heryng alle ¹ that were him nye :		10200	Hector stay inside Troy.
"That he ne scholde that day armes bere			
No entermete him of that were,			
But be at hom with him that day—			
On his blessing, & say not nay."		10204	
¶ Lord! so he wex wod wroth			Hector chides
Toward his wyff, purful & loth!			his wife,
When his fflader Priamus			
Be-fore hem Alle hadde bidden him thus :		10208	
Ful vilensly his wyff he chidde			
For that schame that sche him didde;			
But he wold not do his biddyng,			
He bade his men vnto him bryng .		10212	and orders
His hauberioun and his target,			his armour to
His Aketoun and his basenet.			be brought to him.
¶ His men did as he hem bad.			
When Andromede saw hir lord had		10216	
His Armure In hand to Arme him with,			
Sche cried out on kyn & kyth,			
That sche was brouȝt In-to this world.			
When Hectuba this word herd,		10220	Hectuba,
¶ Sche ran thedir as sche were wod			
Be-ffore Ector ther he stod ;			
Vpon hir knees tho fel the quene,			
And his suster Pollexena,		10224	Pollexena,
And Andromede kneled also			and Andro-
And broght with hir hir childur two :			mede with
That on of hem was ȝit so ȝong ²			both her chil-
That he ne coude speke with tong,		10228	dren, fall at Hector's feet.
He coude ete no bred of whete,			
He soukede then his moder tete.			

¹ MS. *alle*, probably meant for *Alle*.

² MS. *ȝong*.

¶ *Hic rogauerunt Ectorem quod non ibat ad prelium illo die.*

¶ The Moder spak to hir child [lf. 151, bk.] 10231

With herte fre & wordes my[1]d : 10232

Hectuba prays
Hector not to
withsay her
wish,

‘Sone,’ sche seyde, ‘loke the be-forne !

I am thi Moder that the hath born ;

Fourty wekes ȝede I with the

With paynes stronge, rewe now on me 10236

For alle that wo & al that pyne

I suffred for the and brether thyne.

With-say not here my beheste,

My comaundement, ne my requeste ! 10240

but to think
of her and his
wife.

Vn-Arme the at my prayere,

As thow louest me & thi wyff here !’

Pollexena and
Eleyne pray
him, too, but
all in vain.
Andromede,
on seeing this,

Pollexene & quene Elayne

Prayed him also,—al was In vayne. 10244

When Andromede saw al that,

How his Moder ther on knes sat,

Vpon hir knes sore wepande,

And quene Eleyne loude cryande, 10248

His sustres alle with sore chere,

And [he] wolde hem not here :—

¶ Sche toke the child In her lap

with her child
in her arms,

That was soukyng at her pap, 10252

By-fore his feet fel sche douer

swoons away.

For sorwe & care In a ded sowne.

When she
recovers,

When sche was rysen & sat on knes :

‘ This is thi sone that thow here ses,’ 10256

Seyde Andromede, ‘ & I thi wiff.

she begs Hec-
tor, for her and
her children’s
sake, to stay.

For him that made bothe deth and lyff !

Beleue at hom this day with me

And go not out to this semble ! 10260

¶ And if thin [mod] be now so hard

That thow of me haue no reward,

Rewe opon this ȝonge thyng,

Thi sones bothe that I here bryng ! 10264

- That I ne dye neuere ne thei euel ded, [lf. 152.] 10265 Andromede
Ne go so pore to begge oure bred . bids Hector to
In straunge land & In exile, her children
Saue me & hem fro deth vile! 10268 from a shame-
And lete vs now thin Armes of take ful death or
For thi louely childer sake! exile.
And leue her-Inne this day alone
That thow this day bere Armes none! ' 10272
¶ The ladies hadde gret pyne, The ladies
The water ran out of here eyzene, weep much;
That it wet that louely lere;
3it wolde he not hir prayeres here. 10276
His wiff wepes with reuful chere,
The teres fallen on hir lere,
Off hir eyen hit rennes out,
Thei wete hir chekes al a-bout, 10280
Sche ffalles offte In ded sownyng:
But he 3aff of hem no thyng,
¶ But Armed him & toke his stede, but Hector
And lep vp sone & fro hem 3ede; 10284 takes up his
Toward the feld he hyed him faste arms and goes
Fro the ladies, that he were paste. off.
WHen Andromede saw hir lord go, Andromede,
Lord god! what hir was wo! 10288 in despair,
Sche skrat hir face—as sche were wod— scratches her
Til it was ronnen al on blod, face,
Sche rente hir clothes & hir heer tare;
Mechel sorwe made sche thare, 10292
Sche was almost of hir wit.
The lady thanne hir clothes vp knyht,
¶ Sche ran to kyng Priamus, and rushes to
As sche that was ful angwisus ¹. 10296 Priamus.
So was sche blod and al for-scrat, She has so
That kyng ne none that by him sat torn her face

¹ MS. *ful of angwisus*.

- that they don't . Wiste In erthe what sche was. [lf. 152, bk.] 10299
 know her
 at first. When thei hir knew, thei seyde : ' alas ! '— 10300
 ' What ayles the, my derlyng ? '
 To hir seyde Priamus, the kyng.
 Before she can Er sche myzt speke, sche swoned ther,
 speak, she Alle hadde reuthe aboute hir wer ; 10304
 swoons. ¶ Thei were alle so sore meruayled,
 What that louely lady ayled.
 Then falling When sche was rysen, sche sat on knes,
 on her knees Hir heer was rent & torne In pes ; 10308
 she says, Sche cried loude and seide alweyes,
 crying : " Sche myght for no thyng be In pes."
 ' Why did you Sche seyde : ' sir kyng, whi sittes thow here ?
 let Hector go Wol thow now lese thi sone dere ? 10312
 to the battle ? Thow scholde haue ȝeuen to him entent !
 For riȝt to batayle he is went ;
 Now is he gon & fforward reden ;
 His stede Armed he is be-striden, 10316
 Vn-to the batayle for to gange ;
 If you delay Iff thow fro him dwelle out lange,
 long, you will That he fro the thedir may wende,
 never see Thow art for-done, & alle thi frende ; 10320
 him again.' ¶ Thow schalt him neuere se more on lyue,
 But thow ouertake him swythe.
 For be it so that he come thore,
 On lyue ne sese thow him no more ! ' 10324
 Priamus then The kyng anon with-oute abode
 takes his horse, To his hors that he on rode,
 and gallops And lepe vp sone with-uten tariyng
 after Hector. And rod afftir him with herte sikyng : 10328
 ¶ He priked his hors on the pament,
 That afftir his feet the fir out glent ;
 For no thyng wolde the kyng abide, 10331
 Or he sey him where he gan ride.

He rode

¶ *Adhuc Magnum bellum.*

He rode and toke him by the rayne, [lf. 153.] 10333 Priamus takes
And pulled his stede wrothely a-3ayne,
by the rein,

And seyde: 'Ector, thow art to blame!

I comaunde the In my goddis name,— 10336 and commands
him

In him that is so ful of myzt

And maked bothe day & nyzt,—

That thow no further go fro me,

But turne a-3eyn to thi Cite!

10340 to ride back
with him.

As thow art treuly my sone,

In my blessing & benysone!

Ector offte his fader with-sayd,

But he his stede to him brayd,

10344 Hector opposes
his father, but
is brought by
him to the
city against
his will.

And brouzt him thanne a-3eyns his wille,

With his praieres, the Cite tille.

In the paleys Ector doun lyght,

But he wolde not him vndyght

10348 Hector does
not doff his
armour,

¶ Off his armure & his a-tire;

He lefft at home with moche ire,

That he was not at that sauzt.

but stays at
home full of
anger.

The Gregeis with the Troyens fauzt

10352

With hardi herte and gret reddure:

Ther was be-twene hem a grisly stoure,

Many a knyzt on grounde ther lay,

Fight between
the Greeks and
the Trojans.

And many an hors ther wente a-way,—

10356

Her guttes trayled on the grounde,—

That neuere afftir her maystres founde.

¶ Troylus woundes Gregeis and sles,

And he by-holdes wel Diomedes,

Troylus meets
Diomedes,

He hadde to him wel gret envy:

10360

He thought to do with him Maystry,—

That him were leuere then gret catel,—

That he myght sle him In that batel;

10364

He hated him for his lemman,

Cresseida¹, that fair womman.

whom he hates
for Cressida's
sake.

V [j]

¹ *Cress*, possibly by same hand, on erasure.

- He toke a spere stalworth and strong, [lf. 153, bk.] 10367
 To bere doun Troyle a-mong the throng; 10368
- Diomedes and
 Troylus But Troyle saw him come ridande
 And toke a stalworth spere In hande,
 And rode to him with myzt and mayn,
 [And Diomedes him azeyn,]¹ 10372
- unhorse each
 other; That thei fel bothe upon the grene:
 And toke here stedis as knyghtes kene,
 ¶ And bothe her swordis out thei drow
 And ffauzt to-geder long y-now, 10376
 Til thei were stoned hede and brayn.
 That on that other wolde haue sclayn,
 Ne hadde than comen Menelaus
 With al his ost upon Troylus; 10380
 For he come thenne with gret meyne
 And made these knyghtes departye.
 And elles I trowe with-outen les
 Troyle hadde sclayn Diomedes! 10384
- they would
 have slain one
 another, had
 not Menelaus
 parted them.
Menelaus is comen doun
 With many knyzt and bold baroun:
 When his men with here Ioyned,
 Many a man was ther assoyned 10388
 Off ther lyff ther at her mote,
 That neuere aftirward come to bote.
- He meets
 Meseres, ¶ When Menelaus was In that presse,
 He saw a kyng—het Messeres,— 10392
 He smot that kyng vpon the scheld,
 That he fel doun upon the feld.
- and unhorses
 him.
 The Greeks
 gather round
 Meseres, When the Gregeis saw him falle,
 Thei gadered a-boute him alle: 10396
- ¶ Messeres wolde defende his cors,
 But sicurly he hadde no fors;
 Thei made a serkel al a-boute,
 That he myzt not go with-oute. 10400
 Thei toke that kyng a-mong hem a-none

¹ No gap in MS.

And with him gan a-wey gone,	[lf. 154.]	10402	
To lede him to here paulyouns			
And put him with ther other prisouns.		10404	
But Troyle by-gan theder to loke			Troilus, on
And say, how thay of Grece him toke :			seeing Meseres
He vowed to god, " he scholde be wo,			led away by
Or thei that kyng with hem lete go."		10408	the Greeks,
¶ He rode thedir with-oute dwellyng			comes to his
And be-lan neuere of men fellyng,			rescue,
Til he hadde take him fro her hondis			
And delyuered him out of his bondis.		10412	and frees him.
The Gregeis saw that thei mow3t nou3t			
Lede him a-way, as thei hadde thou3t :			
Thei thoght his hede of for to strike			The Greeks
And leue him liggand vpon the dike,		10416	would have
¶ But come Troyle, the dou3ti kny3t,			killed him,
And many of hem sclow In here fy3t			if Troilus had
And made that kyng a-way to scape			not come to
For al that ost & alle that frape ;		10420	his help.
Then ¹ were Troyens bold and Ioyus.			
But than come doun Thelamanyus			Thelamonius,
With thre thousand of dou3ti kny3tes,			with 3,000
To helpe Gregeis with al her my3tes ;		10424	knights,
On that side come he doun ridande,			comes to help
Ther Polidomas was ffyghtande.			the Greeks.
¶ Thelamanyus with a spere			He attacks
To Polidomas rode with were		10428	Polidomas,
And bar him doun, er he was war,			and unhorses
And with that Iustus he smot him sar			him.
And threw him doun ouer his hors ers,			
That long afftirward he was the wers.		10432	
He was In poynt tho him to 3elde,			
But then come Troyle to that felde			But Troilus
And Thelamon my3tily assayed		V i[j]	comes to his
			rescue.

¹ MS. *But then.*

Troylus
rescues and
rehorses
Polidomas.

And so hertly on him trauayled, [lf. 154, bk.] 10436
That on hors brouzt he Polidomas
Swyfliche as he rather was.

Paris arrays
his archers.

Paris hath his men araied,
His baner is before disp[1]ayed, 10440
He gaderes his men aboute him nowe

And biddis that thei schal him folowe :

To that assaut wil he now wende,

His men echon her bowes thei bende, 10444

And sette In takel long and brode ;

To that assaut thei with him rode

And schotte Gregeis & did him skathe.

But Achilles was al to rathe,— 10448

Armed wel & redi dight,—

To come then with many a knyzt :

With al his ost come he doun tho,

The Troiens faste be-gan to slo. 10452

¶ He hem sles & doun hem kest,

Scheldes ryued, & helmes berst ;

His men were euere more him ner

And halp him wel at his mestier : 10456

Thei leyd on Troiens strokes large,

And so thei gan hem ouer-charge

With stalworth strokes of her hand,

That thei myzt no lenger stand. 10460

¶ The Troiens thanne be-gan to fle,

Faste ridande to here Cite,

As faste as thei myght prike ;

Thei spared nother doun ne dike, 10464

Til thei come at here cite zates.

Achilles folwed hem algates

Ouer dales & ouer dounes

With his Gregeis & Murmidounes ; 10468

He sclow of hem that tyme gret won,

They go to the
battle-field
and begin
shooting the
Greeks.

Achilles, with
all his men,
comes against
them

and slays
many of them.

¶

The Greeks
beat the Tro-
jans so much,

that they
cannot with-
stand any
longer, and are
put to flight.

¶

Achilles
pursues them
with his
Myrmidons.

Thei fled a-way fro him echon. [lf. 155.] 10470

¹ **Hic Achilles occidit Margariton filius** [*sic*!] **Regis Troiani.**

THe kynges sone Margariton

10471

Margariton,
a son of
Priamus,
on seeing
Achilles
chasing and
slaying the
Trojans,

Saw he come hem vpon,

10472

And sclow his men—as lyoun bestis

That is for-hungred In wilde forestis ;—

He myzt him no lenger suffer In no wyse

For al the gode that was In prise :

10476

He turned his stede vn-to him son,

To fyght *with* him was he bon,

He smot vnto him strokes thore

attacks him.

As breme as any bore.

10480

¶ He made Achilles leue his chace,

That he no lenger mordur mace ;

Off his chasyng he him restayed :

Achilles fights
with Margari-
ton,

Many a strok ther was payed,

10484

He lent him fele and him qwyt ;

But Margaritoun was so hit,

Er he partid fro his handes,

That he fel ded vpon the sandis.

10488

and kills him.

The Troiens made an hidous cri,

When he was ded so sodanly.

The douzti Thelamanyus

Thelamonius

To hem of Troye was envious,

10492

He chased the Troiens & thret

And many of hem to grounde bet.

chases the
Trojans,
and beats
many of them
down.

¶ But Paris harde his men defendis,

Many an arwe he hem sendis ;

10496

But for auzt that he myzt do,

And al his ost with also,

Thei were put vnto flyzt,

Wenkyst foule, & discomfyt.

10500

they are
vanquished
and put to
flight.

Thei token the toun with mychel spede—

¶ Troiani
fugerunt ².

To saue her lyues for thei hadde nede,—

V iij

¹ This line in red paint at this very place.

² In *one* line in MS. ; the sign in blue, the words in red paint.

310 *When Hector sees Margariton dead, he rushes to the Battle-field.*

The Trojans bring the body of Margariton to Ilion,	And brouȝt with hem that ded body, [lf. 155, bk.] 10503 And ȝede ther-with by strete & sty, 10504 Til thei come at Ilion And leyde ther doun Margariton Vpon the grounde al bledande :
and bewail his death. When Hector sees his brother slain,	Many on for him was wepande. 10508 E ctor saw his brother slayn,— And for him wepes knyȝt & swayn,—
he grows very angry,	His colour chaunged, his herte ros, For tene Ector he wode gos : 10512 He rolled his eyen as best ramage, As he hadde fallen In a rage ;
and gets his horse.	He lased his helme & toke his stede, ' Tel me,' he sayde, ' who dede that dede ? 10516 ¶ What is he that my brother sclow ? I schal him venge, if I mow !'
When he hears that Achilles slew Margari- ton and put the Trojans to flight,	Thei seide : ' it was sir Achilles That sclow him with-oute les, 10520 And put vs to discomfiture, For we myȝt him not endure ; A-ȝeyn him may we make no defence With-oute ȝoure help & ȝoure presence.' 10524
Hector rushes to the battle- field,	¶ Ector thanne with wrothful herte Vpon his hors lepe vp smerte, He strok his stede so with his spores That he lepe ouer lond & forwes ; 10528 He spared no ston ne cause, Til he mette with his meyne.
without taking notice of his fleeing men entering the town.	¶ Right at the ȝatis met he his men, Fleande be twelue & ten ; 10532 To hem wold he speke wordis non, But to his enemys ȝede he alon : His fomen were sone of him dred, And thei wex bold that furst were fled, 10536

¶ *Hic Ector ibat ad prelium.*

- For whan thei hadde of him a syght, [lf. 156.] 10537 On seeing
Thei were not ferd of kyng ne knyzt. Hector, the
flying Trojans
return.
- E**ctor is of Troye y-went,
He brak his fader comaundement, 10540 Hector breaks
his father's
commands.
He thoght not on his benysoun
- That dou3ti knyzt of gret renoun :
He schal lese his lyff or euen¹-tyde, He will lose his
life this day.
A3eyn to Troie schal he not ride. 10544
- With his lyff hit rewes me sore,
That he that day come thore !
- ¶ Allas ! that day he hadde no grace
To be at home, as him radde wace ; 10548 Alas ! that he
could not flee
his destiny !
But sicurly he myght not fle
On no manere his destane :
His fader wist not of his wendying,
He 3ede ther-fore to his endying. 10552
- He sclow Gregeis and kest hem doun
And droff hem alle out of the toun ;
¶ The rayn fel neuere so thike on rise
As Ector sclow his enemys ; 10556 Hector slays
many Greeks,
and drives
them out
of the town.
Was non so stiff hem among
That he ne sclow hem or doun sclong,
That he myzt take or ouer-reche.
Off Margaritoun toke he wreche, 10560 Thus he takes
revenge for
Margariton's
death.
He venged him with dynt of sword,
He sclow that day many a lord.
Alle that feld was vmbesprade
Off dede knyztas that lay & bledde : 10564
For sicurly he was so wroth,
That wham he hit to dethe he goth ;
- ¶ Among Gregeis he rayked, treled,
With his swerd that wel was steled, 10568 None may
withstand his
blows.
Was non so strong that him sittis
The strong strokes that he hem hittis.

- He sclow alle tho & felde¹ riȝt [lf. 156, bk] 10571
 With dynt of sword that he reche myȝt. 10572
- Achilles keeps ¶ Achilles then, that lordly sire,
 back from Hector. Wolde not abide him In his Ire,
 But euere [held] fro him alone,
 Euere til Ector were gone. 10576
- None may withstand Hector's strokes. Hadde he a-biden him In his wratthe,
 He scholde haue had an euel batthe,
 He scholde haue bathed In his blode.
 Was none so strong that him with-stode, 10580
 That he ne lay ded vpon the sondes
 With stalworth strokes of his hondes.
 If a man hadde with him ben
 A-mong Troiens, and hadde sen 10584
 Alle the meruayles that he wrouȝt,
 He wolde euere haue In his thouȝt
 Off his endyng and his myschaunce,
 And of his foule encombraunce 10588
 As he hadde of his lyue.
 He sclow of hem hundres fyue
 And ten ther-to², er he wolde sese ;
 He droff a-ȝeyn-ward alle the prese, 10592
 He droff hem alle a-ȝeyn backward
 For drede of dethe her tentis toward.
- The Greeks are driven back to their tents. Hector fights terribly. **E**ctor fightes vpon that hethe,
 Many a man doth he to dethe : 10596
 Was non so bold that durst him mete,
 That he ne fel doun In the strete ;
 He deled a-boute him euel knockis,
 Her armure ferde as it were frockis. 10600
 Al that euere stode In his way
 He felde hem doun as clottis of clay,
 He smot a man som-tyme on-two,
 And som-tyme man & hors also ; 10604

¹ MS. *fett do.*² MS. *ȝer to.*

- He sclow and wounded ȝong and olde, [lf. 157.] 10605
 Aȝeyn his strok myȝt no stel holde.
- ¶ Hit was a wonder for to se,
 What men he sclow at that Iorne ; 10608
 To se the syght hit was delful,
 How euery plud of blod stode ful ¹
 Off men that he ther slees & felles,
 The blod ran doun as water of welles. 10612
- ¶ He barst her mayles and al to-tatred,
 The scheldis of hem he al to-clatred.
 Thei knewe wel sone that it was he,
 And fro his strokes gan [t]he[i] fle ; 10616
 He sclow of hem many a score.
 His men that were y-fled ² be-fore,
 He turned a-ȝeyn In that assaut,
 And bitterly with hem he faut. 10620
- A** Douȝti duke, Euripolus,
 An[d] an other, Hastidius,
 He saw how Ector scheldes roff
 And al that ost a-ȝeyn-ward droff : 10624
 He ffautz his on a-ȝeyn alle,
 He sclow her men and made hem falle,
 The blod of men a-boute him flowed.
 Vnto her goddis thei bothe a-vowed 10628
 "For al his fare he scholde be ³ met,
 And of his dedis he scholde be let."
- ¶ When these dukes hadde bothe y-sworn,
 With alle her men thei wente be-forn 10632
 And layd opou him strokes faste,
 And al a-boute him thei be-caste.
 But I wot neuere, what it a-vayled ?
 For whan he was with hem assayled, 10636
 He sclow hem bothe In-myddes the ost
 For al here Iangelynge and her bost ;

It is wonderful
 to see how
 many are killed
 by Hector

His men, who
 were fleeing
 before, return
 to the battle.

Euripolus and
 Hastidius, on
 seeing Hector
 fighting so
 fiercely,

swear to
 hinder
 him from
 fighting on.

They attack
 him with all
 their men,

but are both
 slain.

¹ MS. *stodeful*.

² MS. *yfeld*.

³ *b* altered from *h*.

	And many an-other moder sone	[lf. 157, bk.]	10639
	He brak of bothe the scheltrone :		10640
The troops of Hastidius and Euripolus are put to flight.	Thei fled a-way as thei myzt go,— For thei saw he ¹ wolde hem ² slo,— Thei durst therfore no lenger dwelle, But fled fro him—the sothe to telle.		10644
	¶ The stoure was gret and perilous, The noyse was gret & hidous :		
The Trojans return and attack the Greeks.	Troiens were than a-3eyn turned, That furst for drede her fomen scorned; Opon her foos 3ede thei hedelynge And wounded sore bothe kny3tes & kynge.		10648
The Greeks take Polidomas prisoner, and try to carry him off,	But thei of Grece Polidomas toke And faste a-weyward with him schoke, ¶ Thei wende haue had him prisoner, But thei be-fel foule encomber ³ Off his takyng & his ledyng : Thei myzt him not to her tentis bryng,		10652 10656
but Hector assails them,	As thei wende to haue y-done, For Ector come to hem sone. ¶ Whan he was war of his takyng, He come to him faste schakyng ;		10660
	Among that hepe strok he his stede Polidomas that then wolde lede, And dalt ther strokes on eche a side To his fomen that were vnride.		10664
	He bar here feet ouer thaire hede, Many of hem did he to dede ; He sclow that tyme two hundred & mo With his hond for-sothe tho.		10668
slays many,	Polidomas that thenne led, Thei lete him go, and fro him fled. He made a-mong hem suche debate, That thei were ferd of him & mate ;		10672
and puts the rest to flight.			

¹ MS. *he saw thei.*² MS. *him.*³ MS. *encombranser.*The scribe first wrote *encombranse*, and then forgot to strike out the *rans*, when he altered it to *encomber*; cf. l. 1617.

Thei lete go quyte Polidomas,	[lf. 158.]	10673	The Greeks are angry at Hector's rescu- ing Polidomas.
And seide euerychon that while 'alas !'			
Hem Angered sore, whan he was tan.			
For he was two hundred mennes ban		10676	Hector slays 200 Greeks ;
Or it was passed myd-ouer-none ;			
Hadde him last lyff, he hadde for-done			
The Gregeis alle with-oute lye,			he would have slain all of
But he most nede that day dye ;		10680	them, if he had not to die this same day,
For destane ches his chaunce so,			
That he most nede that day go to,			
That day forsothe, or it were euen—			
As Andromede saw In here sweuen.		10684	as Andromede dreamt.
¶ Herkenes ! as 3e schal here,			Hearken, how he died !
How he died & In what manere :			
For ther byfore long y-gon			
He fau3t with Gregeis many on,		10688	
He fau3t somtyme with ten thousand,			
3it my3t thei not his strokes with-stand ;			No Greek can withstand his strokes ;
Was non so strong on Gregeis side,			
That durst him In his yre a-byde.		10692	
Achilles met neuere with him 3it,			even Achilles is several times wounded by him.
That he ne 3af him an euel fit ;			
For al his my3t & his prowes			
He partied neuere fro him harmles,		10696	
That he ne was wounded & euel dyght			
For all that he was so hardy a knyght.			
E Ctor hath quyt Polidomas			Hector brings Polidomas back to his men, and scolds them.
And brou3t him out of al that cas,		10700	
He rightes his helm & wele amendes,			
And to his meyne he him sendes,			
And askes of hem : " whether that thei slepe,			
Whi thei the lord no better kepe ? "		10704	
¶ He turned him then to hem of Grece			
And hewes her bodies al to pece ;			

	Thei falle afftir him as doth the leues [lf. 158, bk.]	10707
	In wynter-tyme that growes on greues;	10708
	He layde hem down alle be-dene	
	And made the way of hem ful clene.	
	Ther myzt non stande that he smot;	
	The Gregeis made a sore lot	10712
	And seyde: "but god did bote,	
	Thei were euerychon vndir his fote."	
The Greeks say, if God will not help them, they will all be undone	¶ Ther was o Grece an Ameral,	
The Greek duke	That saw how Ector wrouzt bale	10716
Leochynes, on seeing Hector kill so many Greeks,	A-mong Gregeis, how he hem 3eled,	
	And with his swerd he hem steked :	
	He felde hem down as hadde ben tres.	
	The duk men cleped Leochynes;	10720
	Him thoght for sorwe his herte bledis,	
	Ful faste to Ector he him spedis	
attacks him,	And stroke him with al his myzt,	
	For he him fond In suche a plyzt	10724
	That he wende for-sothe certayn	
	That he scholde him haue slayn.	
	¶ But hit was noght as he supposed,	
	Thow he were duk & knyzt a-losed,	10728
	Thow he were duk & knyzt a-pert	
	And fond him thenne at discouert :	
and hurts him in the head.	He sclow him not, but hurt him so	
	That helm & coyfe cleue In-two,	10732
	And carf of him bothe heer & hide,	
	And 3aff Ector a wounde vnride.	
Hector does not care for the wound,	¶ But Ector stille on his hors sat,	
	That he fel not to grounde with that ;	10736
	But whan he felte that he was smetyn,—	
	As men fynde of him y-wreten,—	
but he grows very angry.	He was so wroth, & wex ner wode,	
	That he of him hadde so rauzt blode :	10740

¶ *Hic Ector occidit leochiden.*

- ¶ Then he smot him vpon the hede, [lf. 159.] 10741 Hector smites
That he ete neuere afftir brede ; Leochynes to
He smot him vpon his croune, death,
That to his hors he cleue him doune ; 10744
He cleue him euen in-two amyddes—
'Go on deblis¹!' he him biddes,
'Ho made the,' he sayde, 'so bold and scorns
To smyte me thus, and not me told?' 10748 him.
¶ The duk hade of him suche houselle,
On bothe the sides his hors he felle ;
As he hadde ben a clouen hogge,
The duke hanged as a frogge. 10752
For wratthe & tene that Ector was hirt,
Many firo her lyues sterst ; Hector makes
He made suche hepes of dede bodies heaps of dead
Off dou3ti kny3tes that were of pris, 10756 bodies.
That non durst him than a-byde
Ne In his way not ones ryde.
A Chilles houes euere atrayn Achilles
And saw what lordes he hadde sclayn, treacherously 10760
Lordes and kny3tes In his wodnesse,
Mo then he coude nombre or gesse.
Achilles than In his herte thoght :
"But if Ector were to dethe broght 10764 considers how
Hastily with som qweyntyse, to slay Hector
Or scleght, by som skynnes wyse, by some
The Gregeis scholde neuere day y-se sleight or con-
That thei of Troye schuld Maystered be ; 10768 trivance.
For no strengthe my3t a-vayle,
For nou3t that he coude assayle."
He ceste therfore In his wit,
How thei my3t of him be qwit 10772
With som quayntyse that he my3t do,
That he were the deth sone brou3t to.

¹ Cf. note to l. 10027, p. 296.

Whilst Achilles is considering the best way to slay Hector,	Many a sleight & many a compas [lf. 159, bk.] 10775 Achilles In his hert cast, 10776 How he myzt Ector ful-fille His strong compas & alle his wille. Whil Achilles him be-thoght How Ector scholde to dethe be brouzt, 10780
Hector sees the Greek duke Polynetes slaying many Trojans :	¶ Ector saw a duk ridande Among that prese with sword In hande, He felde Troiens In many stedes, And on her bodies rides & tredes. 10784 The duk was cleped Polynetes,
he was a wooer of Achilles' sister,	He come thedir for Achilles At him his sustur for to craue, For he wolde hir to his wiff haue ; 10788
and richer than any other knight or king ;	¶ He was a man of moche hauyng, Ther was non richer knyzt ne kyng A-mong hem alle In that route Then was that duk with-oute doute ; 10792 Fro the ferthest side of Inde
he came from remotest India.	Come he thedir, so was he kynde To Achilles for his suster sake, For he wolde hir haue to his make. 10796 A s he rode thus a-boute r[a]ykande, With hem of Troye thus laykande,
When Hector meets him,	He met Ector right In his way ; That Angred him sone—I dar wel say : 10800 Ector saw how that he slow His men of Troye wel y-now, He felde hem doun & hurt hem ofte : He spake to him nother loude ne soffte, 10804
he strikes him over the eye	¶ He layd at him with gret dispite, He asked not ones what he hite, But lete a strok to him fle Opon his hed a-bouen his eye ; 10808

¶ *Hic Ector occidit Polyneten.*

- He cleue his helm & scheld eke, [lf. 160.] 10809 and cleaves
 He cleue him doun In-to the breke. him down.
- The Gregeis than be-gan to daren,
 When thei the duk say so faren ; 10812 The Greeks
 are much
 afraid.
- Ther were none armes that him with-stode,—
 Were thei maked neuere so gode,—
 A-3eyn the strok that he smot,
 That thei [ne brast] a-none fot hot. 10816
- ¶ Thei seyde: “he was the deuel of helle,
 And thei were foles ther lengur to dwelle,
 A3eyn him fight lengur to holde ;
 Ne were thei kny3tes neuere so bolde”— 10820
 ‘He cleues oure men as him-self lykes,
 He kylles oure men & to dethe strikes.’
 Thei seyde: “the deuel of helle pit !
 Out of here land myght thei not flit, 10824 which brought
 them away
 from their cosy
 home to fight
 against this
 Hector.
- A3eyn Ector batayle to rayse,
 So wele as thei were alle at ayse
 At home vche-on¹ In thaire contre ;
 The deuel hem made to passe the se, 10828
 To ligge ther ded vpon the sondes
 I-sclawe² with the Troyens handes.”
- T**Hat³ duk was clouen In two parties,
 On eyther halff his hors he lyes ; 10832
 Hit was ruthe se how he honged,
 A-boute the sadel the hors him flonged,
 Til he him ouer his sadel cast
 Vndir hors feet at the last. 10836
- ¶ To se that duke was it lothely ;
 Achilles loked then wrothely 10840 Achilles
 Vpon Ector with-outen les,
 For he hadde slayn Polynetes.
 He swere “he scholde venge that kny3t,
 If his god wolde, with al his my3t.” swears to
 avenge the
 death of
 Polynetes.

¹ on over line, but by the same hand.

³ MS. *W^{at}*.

² MS. *I. sclawe.*

Achilles assails Hector.	¶ Achilles than to Ector rennes,—	[lf. 160, bk.]	10843
	As lyoun doth out of her dennes,		10844
	When thei are hungred, afftir bestes		
	That thei se walke In wilde forestes :—		
	He wende haue smeten Ector sore ;		
	But he was hurt, or he come thore,		10848
	For Ector was war of him wel,		
	He wiste his <i>purpos</i> euery del,		
	He wiste wel al that he ment.		
	A darte to him Ector sent,		10852
Hector wounds him with a dart in the side.	And at Achilles he it threw,		
	That he hit wele, he knew ;		
	Thorow his scheld a dart he droff,		
	That scheld and hauberk al to-roff ;		10856
	Thorow his Aketoun & his hide		
	He smot him eueli thorow his side.		
	¶ Achilles saw that he was hurt,		
	Off his <i>purpos</i> was he lurt ;		10860
	He saw he hadde euere the werre,		
	He held his hors & wolde no ferre,		
	But rod him to his Pauyloun,		
Achilles goes to his tent,	And kest of helme and aketoun,		10864
	And bond his hed & wel stopped ;		
	His herte for Anger ffaste hopped,		
	That he toke of him suche dispit.		
	He byndes his woundes & wel dit ¹ ,		10868
dresses his wound,	And kest vpon him newe a-tire,		
	And rides a-zeyn In mochel Ire		
and returns to the battle.	And thenkes that he schal Ector sclo,		
	Thoow he ther to dethe go.		10872
	A Chilles now his stede be-strides,		
	To fight a-zeyn faste he rides ;		
	His wounde is wel & wisly boundoun,		10875
	He ² take a spere was kyndely groundoun.		
		{ The spere }	

¹ Cf. note to ll. 2303-4.² MS. *To*.

The spere was tow & long,	[lf. 161.]	10877	Achilles pre- pares a spear
Gret, & styff, & wonder strong,			
Off two thousand was hit the best,			
For it scholde not on him berst		10880	
By no manere In his strikyng,			
Hit was a spere at his lykyng;			
He thouthe to sle Ector with-al—			to strike
Alas the while! for he so schal!		10884	Hector with.
E ctor rides & raykes a-boute,			Hector rides
Off no man hadde he no doute,			about, caring
Off no mannes pride he ne thouȝte,			for nobody.
Off no mannes leuyng told he nouȝt,		10888	
To kyng ne knyȝt ȝaff he no tent;			
That gode body ther-fore was schent,			
He fauȝt euere-more In one,			
He leues stondyng be-fore him none,		10892	
He is to hem an euel gest,			
He fightes euere with-uten rest:			He fights with-
He sclow two thousand, er he be-lan;			out pause, and
Thei seyde he was non erthely man.		10896	slays 2,000
¶ Ther was a duk of gret astate,			Greeks.
Aȝeyn Ector held debate,			A noble Greek
Among Troiens faste he skayred,			duke coming
And hurt him sore, & euel hem payed.		10900	against him,
Ector loked toward that duke			who has hurt
And saw his men of him rebuke,			many Trojans,
He hied him thedur with mychel hast,			
And quyk be-gan him for to cast:		10904	
¶ Ector him droff so with his myȝt,			is attacked by
That he defende him ne myȝt,			Hector
He ȝeld his swerd & his knyff			
And bad Ector saue his lyff.		10908	
And Ector sayde: "he wolde him saue,			and taken
But he wolde him prisoner haue."			prisoner.

¶ *Hic Achilles occidit Ectorem.*

- Hector is
about to take
his prisoner
out of the
press :
- ¶ Ector was thanne faste a-boute [lf. 161, bk.] 10911
Off that prece to haue him oute¹ ; 10912
But men stode so on euery a side,
That he myzt not out with him ride :
To haue him out was he not ethe,
He put his swerd In his schethe, 10916
He kest his scheld on his bak,
To saue the kyng fro alle his pak ;
To other 3af he no tent,
But he were with-oute, as he hadde ment. 10920
- his sword in
its sheath,
his shield on
his back, he
does not take
notice of any-
thing else.
- Achilles keeps
aside,
- ¶ Achilles held him euere a-rome,
And saw that Ector 3aff no gome
To no man thenne but for to bryng
Out of that prece that riche kyng : 10924
He hadde that tyme no spere In hand
Ther-with to dere no man lyuand,
His swerd was put In his skauberke,
He was al bare but his hauberke 10928
On his brest & his stomak,
His scheld was casten on his bak.
- and seeing
that Hector
has neither
spear nor
sword at hand,
- ¶ Achilles ther-to toke good hede
And thoght, "but he that tyme spede, 10932
That he scholde neuere to dethe him do,
But he myzt that tyme come ther-to."
He stroke his stede & helde him faste,
And to[k] his spere that wel wolde laste, 10936
And rod to him, er he were war,
And thorow the bodi he him bar :
¶ Thorow the bodi he him thrist,
Er he were war & er he wyst ; 10940
He bar him down vpon the grounde
Fro his hors with dethes wounde.
- he takes his
spear, steals
unawares
upon Hector,
and runs him
through the
body.
- ¶ O Demon saw Ector was dede,
He saw his blod aboute sprede ; 10944

¹ MS. *sute*.

The deth of him sore he rewed.	[lf. 162.]	10945	Odemon, on seeing Hector dead,
Whan that he saw he not remeued,			
Whan he saw him ligge so In pees,			
He stale be-hynde Achilles		10948	strikes Achilles down with an axe.
And smot him with a pollax sore,			
That of his hors he fel thore :			
He fel ouer his sadel bowe			
And lay In swoun a long throwe.		10952	Achilles swoons. Odemon flees.
And Odemoun flees a-weyward faste,			
Many a dart thei afftir him caste ;			
To the Troyens he gan him spede,			
That was his best, for he hadde nede.		10956	
¶ Thei toke Achilles of that throng,			Achilles is brought to his tent.
That he died not here hors a-mong,			
And layde him soffte vpon his scheld			
And lad him hom to his teld ;		10960	
And he myȝt nother ride ne go,			
So was he sore smyten tho.			
And thei of Troye Ector out drow			
For drede of hors, with sorwe y-now,		10964	The corpse of Hector is taken to Troy.
And lad him hom to his paleis.			
And thus died Ector—as Dares sais.			
¶ That batayle that day thus gan to ende,			Both the armies retire.
Bothe the osten hamward gan wende :		10968	
Thei of Grece with Achilles,			
Ioyful and glad for his res ;			
And thei of Troie with Ector the gode,			
Al ded In his owne blode.		10972	
L Ord, the Ioye that Gregeis made !			The Greeks rejoice,
Thei ete & drank & made him glade			
With pipes & daunces & Iolyfte ;			
Gret Ioye it was her murthe to se.		10976	
Achilles thei dede alle glade,			and try to gladden Achilles.
Mechel murthe thei him made,	X [ij]		

324 *The Wounds of Achilles are dressed. The Poet's Complaint.*

Good physicians and surgeons take care of Achilles's wounds.

And dight him gode fisiciens, [lf. 162, bk.] 10979
With leche-crafft thes surgiens; 10980

Alle the helpe that thei myght
Thei it dede be day & nyght.
And thonked here godis In that place
That hadde sent hem som grace, 10984

To sele him that hadde hem most anoyed
And her Gregeis so foule distroied.

Hector is now dead!
The poet's complaint on Hector's death.

NOW is he ded, that gode knyzt,
That no man myzt with-stande In fight! 10988

Now is slay[n] that gode body
That men tolde so moche by!
That was so moche with alle men dred,
Now liggis he ded and for-bled! 10992

In Troie was neuere so gode knyzt born,
As thei of Troie hadde than for-lorn!
A better knyzt of chiualrie
Was neuere born In Asye! 10996

Ne neuere was, ne neuere schal be
A better knyzt In armes than was he!

Death is addressed by the poet.

¶ A dethe! that thow art quaynt!
Thi myght may no man speke ne playnt! 11000

Nobody can withstand him.

So doughti a knyzt was neuere none
In erthe made of flesch ne bone,
That euere myght stonde of the a brayde,
Whan thow thi hand on him has layde. 11004

Thow art scharp as any bristeles,—
Wo is him that with the wrasteles!

For sicurly he goth the with,
Or thow him brekes lym or lyth, 11008

That he may not a-3eyn vp-rise
For myzt ne strengthe In no wyse;

For he schal dye In this world,—
So did this knyzt, that 3e haue herd. 11012

¶ *Lamentacio Troianorum pro morte Ectoris.*

Be he neuere so strong ne bold, [lf. 163.] 11013

He is for-ȝeten & nouȝt of told,

When he is ded & hennes past;

In erthe is none that euere may last. 11016

Everybody
will be for-
gotten, when
he is dead.

Ector is ded & brouȝt to Troye,
With sore wepyng & no loye
Eche man ouer other cryed;

Hector is
brought to
Troy.

Wiff and man to hem thei hyed, 11020

To wete what sorwe was.

Euery man thanne cried 'alas!'

Alle come thedir, ȝong and old,

That ded bodi to be-hold: 11024

Ouer-al then¹ myȝt men here

An² hidous noyse, a delful bere,

That ther was made of man & wyff,

Whan thei saw him with-uten lyff. 11028

The Trojans
make a fear-
ful noise, when
they see Hec-
tor dead.

¶ Ther was many 'weylaway,'

'Harrow,' 'alas,' and 'out ay'—

"That euere were thei of moder born!

For now schal thei be schent & lorn, 11032

Sithe he was ded that hem Alle saued."

Thei ferde alle as thei hadde raued

For dele that thei a-boute him made,

Thei wepe alle and were fade: 11036

Ther was wryngynge of handes,

When thei herde of that tythandes,

For thei sette nouȝt by here lyues.

All weep and
wring their
hands, when
they hear the
sad news.

¶ The sorwe was gret among wyues, 11040

The maydenes wepe with reuful teres,

Thei rent here clothes and tar her heres;

The burgeis & the Citeseyns,

The gentil men of riche Troiens, 11044

Thei wepe wel sore & gredde,

Many dayes suche lyff ledde.

X iij

¹ MS. *thei*.

² MS. *And*.

326 *The Trojans bewail Hector. Lamentations of Priamus and his Children.*

	The kynges rente here clothes & tare, [lf. 163, bk.]	11047
	And cracched her hedes naked & bare ;	11048
All the kings and ladies bewail Hector.	¶ Alle the kynges that ther ware, And alle the ladies lasse & mare That were of Troye ¹ with-Inne the toun, In here Manere made processiou And brouzt him to the kynges halle And leyde him on a clothe of palle With careful herte & sore wepyng.	11052
When Priamus gets sight of his son's corpse,	¶ Ther was sone a delful metyng Be-twene the fader and the sone, Whan he was brouzte to Ileone ; The fader fel the sone vpon, And almost wod gan he gon.	11056 11060
he nearly goes mad,	W hen Priamus saw Ector was ded And be-spred with blod so red, His visage was blak & wan, Suche a sorwe toke he him than	11064
and swoons away,	That he lese al his myzt & fors And fel on swoun opon the cors : And lay ther ded al In a swow, Til men him fro the bodi drow ; And nade thei him drawen a-way, He hadde mad ther his endyng-day.	11068
Nobody can tell the grief of Hector's brothers and sisters,	¶ Lord ! what sorwe [made] Troyle his brother, Dephebus, & alle these other, And his sistur Cassandur, And his ² brother Alysandur ! Sicurly thei hadde suche care, That thei wolde that thei dede ware.	11072 11076
and of his wife,	What may I say thanne by the quene, And by his suster Pollexene ? By Andromede, that frely fode, Whan sche saw ded Ector the gode	11080

¹ MS. *of Troye of Troie.*

² MS. *And of his.*

That was hir lord & hir husband,	[lf. 164.]	11081	
The dughriest knyght that lyued In land ?			
No man myght that sorwe telle,			Nobody can describe
Ther-a-boute wol I not dwelle ;		11084	Andromede's
But sicurly with-oute doute			sorrow.
It were longe to be ther-a-boute :			
Ther was neuere erthely creature			
That myght more sorwe endure,		11088	
For sche hadde as moche wo			
And peynes stronge In herte tho,			
As herte may thenke & tonge speke,			
And hit made nere hir herte breke.		11092	
N OW is he ded—as I tolde ;—			
Men myght not longe his bodi holde			They were not
A-boue erthe with-oute sauour,			able to keep
Thoow he were man of gret honour.		11096	Hector's body
For 3e wot wele—as alle men fynde,—			long above
Hit is thing a-3eyns man kynde			earth,
A man to holde saue & sound,			as is man's
When he is ded & a-boue ground.		11100	fate.
But not-for-thi kyng Priamus			So Priamus
[Thought] “ wher ¹ hit myght wele be thus,			
Where he myght saue Ector his sone			
Vngraue with-oute corrupcion.”		11104	
¶ He sente afftir with reuerence			asks his wise
The maystres of alle the science,			men
And alle that couthe of barberie			
Or knew vertu of spicerie ;		11108	
Afftir alle the grametenes,			
Dioletikes and Astronomeynes ;			
And asked hem wel curtesly :			
“ Whether thei were alle so sly		11112	whether they
To saue Ector with-oute poudre,			can keep
With-oute sauour or foule odoure,			Hector's corpse
			without cor-
			ruption.

¹ MS. *Wher*.

¶ *Qualiter faciunt Ectorem quando mortuus fuerat.*

That he were not grauen In the molde." [lf. 164, bk.] 11115

Thei seyde "thei hoped that thei scholde." 11116

Thei told a-monges hem consayle,

How thei myȝt best this entayle.

The wise men
ask where
the corpse is
to be buried.
'In Apollo's
temple,' says
Priamus.

Thei Asked him "where he scholde ligge ?

Where thei scholde his beryng bigge ?" 11120

¶ He says "he scholde ligge y-wys

In the temple of Appolynys."

The maystres thanne In-myddis the quere,

Ryght be-fore the hey autere, 11124

They build a
golden taber-
nacle before
the high altar
in the temple
of Apollo.

A tabernacle ther thei wrouȝte,

A craftly werk, when it was brouȝte

Til ende and to perfeccioun.

Clene it was al enviroun, 11128

¶ Ther werk was al of gold pure,

Ther thei made his sepulture.

Hector's corpse
is set up,

But he was mad, he schold not greue a grot,

He was mad so he myȝt not rot, 11132

Thei held him hole & alle entere

In his colour fair & clere,

as if it were
still alive ;

As he hadde ben a lyues man.

Thei were wise that suche skyl can, 11136

A dede body that so gan dyght.

As he lyued—til alle mennes sight—

In hide, In hew, In flesch, In fel

so that Hector
sits there
'without
smell.'

Sat Ector ther with-oute smel, 11140

As I schal say ȝow blyue—

But I schal furst the werk discryue.

THese Maystres and these riche clerkes

That witti were of crafty werkes, 11144

That this thyng schold vndirtake

And that craft-werk to make,

Off brede [&] lengthe toke thei met,

Measure is
taken for the
tomb

Or it were raysed or vp-set. 11148

Thei set it alle In foure pilers	[lf. 165]	11149	The tabernacle is set on four golden pillars,
Off pure gold at foure corneres,			
The pilers alle of red gold			
From a-boue to the mold ;		11152	
On eche a pilere stod an ymage			on which
With louely chere & fair visage,			golden images
With fair semblaunt & louely eyen,			of angels
That alle were wroght of gold fyne,		11156	stand.
As euerychon hadde ben an aungel bryzt			
Lokande faire on euery a wyght.			
¶ And certes so was alle the rove			The roof is of
Off massi gold alle a-boue ;		11160	gold, too,
And it was fair a-boute entent			and set with
With precious stones verament,			precious
Hit stode ful of precious stones			stones of all
That were ther set for the nones ;		11164	kinds ;
Alle manere stones that euere men knew,			
That were of force or any vertu,			
On that roff aboue were set,—			
Were thei neuere so fer y-fet :		11168	
T Her were stones of alle kynde,			
Grene, rede, blewe, and Inde ;			
Ther stood many a riche ston			
That as bryzt a-boute hem schon,		11172	they shine as
As doth In somer the sonne bem ;			bright as the
A man may se to sowe a sem			sun.
¶ In the furthest of the chirche			
A-boute mydnyght that thanne wold wirche.		11176	
Al was wrought of balewerie			
Opon the erthe al vpon hye,			
And men clombe op on greces smale			Crystal steps
That were wroght of clene cristale.		11180	lead up to the
The maystres that were wise & slye			tomb.
Thei sette an y-mage al vp on ¹ hye			

¹ MS. *vpon*.

¶ *Qualiter faciunt*¹ *tabernaculum* Ectoris.

Above the tabernacle they put a statue of Hec- tor threaten- ing the Greeks with his sword.	Off gold fair, of his gretnesse, [lf. 165, bk.] 11183
	Off his entayl and his liknesse, 11184
	With Ector sword y-drawe In hande
	The Gregeis alle manassande,
	The ymage was maked at de-vyce :
	To hem of Grece he turned his vyce 11188
	As he hadde stonden hem thretand
	With wrothely loke & fair semblaunt.
Many pin- nacles are set on the taber- nacle,	¶ Many a proude pight pinnacle
	Stode a-boute that tabernacle; 11192
	And many crafft[1]y coruen croket ²
	Off massi gold that were y-bet
	Were grauen ther with leues diuerse :
	Al can I not reherse,— 11196
representing all sorts of leaves of trees,	But ther was corue & semeli schorn
	The leues of Oke & of hawethorn,
	The louely leues of the vyne,
	And many then I can not devyne : 11200
and grapes,	¶ The vyne-braunche with alle here grapes,
	And many other skynnes lapes,
	Many a pomel wel enbosed,
	Hit was wroght & wel engrosed 11204
and flowers, in relief,	With floures & leues wel en-leued.
	Now haue I ³ this werk discreued,
	Off that tabernacle that riche bothe ;
Now I shall tell of the embalment :	Now wol I telle zow al the sothe, 11208
	How it was dight wel & fair,
	That he myght neuere rote ne pair :
	¶ When thei haue maked this al,—
	This Tabernacle that was rial,— 11212
On the dais they set a golden chair, and in it the corpe of Hector.	Off gold made thei a riche cheyere
	And sette it In that faire celere,
	The tabernacle stode hit y-myd,
	And gode Ector ther-In thei did. 11216

¹ MS. *faciunt*, the stroke over the *u* is erased.

² MS. *croked*.

³ MS. *I. In*.

Ector sat vpon that dese [lf. 166.] 11217

As he hadde lyued—with-oute les,—

He sat pertly bolde vp-right

As man that hadde ben In his myght ; 11220

So priueli was he ther tyed,

That he toward no syde wryed.

He hadde vpon him his garnement

That he In erthe on lyue [In] went, 11224

In his owne clothes was he clad—

For Priamus the kyng so bad.

BVt herkenes now her ordinaunce :

What was the Maystres puryaunce, 11228

What was her sleight and her cure,

That thei¹ him saued with-oute blemure

Off flesch or bon, of hyde or hewe,

But held him euere y-liche newe ? 11232

Thei made an hole In his haterel

& set² ther-In a fair vessel

That was ful of riche bayme,—

The some ther-of can I not avme ;— 11236

And other thyng ther was with melled,

That was noble & wel smelled.

Hit ran so doun to his foreheued,

That no colour him was by-reued ; 11240

For thanne ran it doun to his eyen

And saued the liddis and [the] brien³,

And so be-gan him for to lese

Vnto his thrillis of his nese ; 11244

And afftirward faste it sekes,

Til it come doun to his chekes,

And kepes his gomes & rennes so lite⁴,

And his tethe makes faire & white, 11248

And al the face with the her

Was hole and sound, whil he sette ther.

Hector is tied to the chair so invisibly, that he seems to be alive.

Hearken now, how the 'masters' manage while embalming the dead body.

They put a vessel with ointment into his neck,

and make it drop over and through the head,—

to the nose,

and the cheeks, and

the gums, and the teeth.

¹ MS. *thei thei*.

² MS. *Y set*.

³ MS. *vrien*, distinctly.

⁴ MS. *solite*.

- That licour ran so to his hals, [lf. 166, bk.] 11251
 To his scholdres and his brest als; 11252
- ¶ Ther is no Ioynt aboute his tharmes,
 The arms It rennes so down by his Armes,
 And by his hond it so down wendes,
 and fingers are Til it come at his ffyngur endes. 11256
 preserved, too, And gret ffusoun ther down rides
 Ful wonderly by bothe his sydes,
 So ffaste that licour downward droppes,
 That no thyng his rennyng stoppes, 11260
- and the thighs, Til it were comen In-to his theis
 knees, And so 3ede down In-to his kneis;
 So it ran wonder schete,
 and feet. Til it come down to his fete. 11264
- Another oint- ¶ Another vessel thenne ther stode,
 ment is put to Ful of baume ffresche¹ & gode,
 the feet, and And kest vpward his gode reles
 spreads up- And keped him so In flesche & gres. 11268
 ward, That on 3ede vp, that other down,
 Fro his ffete to the croun;
 When it aboue with that was met,
 Bothe his feet ther-Inne was set. 11272
- Thus the Thei 3aff In him suche odour,
 corpse is kept That he was saff with-oute sauour:
 'without Thus thei him made with here myzt
 savour.' And keped him bothe day & nyzt. 11276
- Then they **W**hen this werk was thus be-went,
 arrange four Thei made foure morteres pat euere brent;
 mortars with Thei brenned nyght, thei brenned day,
 ever-burning With-uten sese thei brenned ay. 11280
 fires. Thei were alle mad of gold schire,
 On hem stode euere a flaume of fire,
 That neyther water of broke ne of bek
 Ne nothyng In erthe thei myzt slek. 11284

¹ MS. *ffresche*.

- Thei made afftir a parcelos [lf. 167.] 11285 Through an open gate in the enclosure everybody can see Hector.
- That al a-boute that fair werk gos,
With Gemewes folden on euery a side
That bothe myȝt spere and open wyde, 11288
That Ector schewed & seen myȝt be
To euery man that him wolde se.
- N** Ow of Ector lete we be,
And of Achilles speke we! 11292
Off that strong knyght—as I sayde,
How Gregeis In his bed him layde;
His woundes greues him so sore,
That al his myȝt hath he for-lore; 11296
He may wel euel ete or drynke,
Off merthe ne play may he non thinke.
- ¶ His grete woundes him greues sore,
That he dredde to lyue no more. 11300
The leches him confortes wonder wele
And leues that he lyue schele,
And makes him couere more & more
And by her power heled his sore, 11304
So that he may somdel ete
And haue sauour vnto his mete.
- A** Gamenon the Emperour
Sendes Messenger & corour, 11308
That thei scholde bidde the kynges alle
To ¹ speke with him In his halle,
And alle the lordes grete & smale
To holde a counsel generale. 11312
- ¶ The Messageres also swythe
Thei fond the lordes glad and blithe
Off Ector and his myschaunce,—
Thei were so fayn of his lyuēraunce,— 11316
The Messageres bad alle & some:
“To Agamenon thei scholde come;

Achilles lies in his tent, sorely wounded.

The physicians cure him, make him recover, and heal his wounds.

Agamemnon calls the Grecian kings and dukes to a council.

They are glad of Hector's mischance

¶ *Hic Greci tenuerunt consilium.*

Schold non be-leue that corovne beres, [lf. 167, bk.] 11319

Ne sercle of gold that on hede weres, 11320

That thei ne schul come to his hale,

Kyng & duk and Amerale."

Agamemnon
welcomes the
Greek lords

Agamenoun ful hendeli
Kepis hem alle ful curtaysli, 11324

And did hem sitte more and lesse,

Euerychon afftir his state[l]i[ne]sse.

Agamenoun the Emperour

He addresses
them:

Spake to him with honour, 11328

He sette his speche fair & hende

'We ought to
thank our
gods for our
victory, and
for Hector's
death:

And seyde: 'lordynges, my dere frende,

Wel au3t vs to glorifie

Oure goddis that 3euen vs the Maystrie 11332

Off oure enemy that we haue slayn;

Ther-of we ben alle fayn

And gret worschepe & honour do,

without it we
should never
have attained
our end.

For elles hadde we neuere comen ther-to, 11336

¶ Whil he hadde leued, to oure purpos.

But now may we wel suppos,

Since Hector
is dead, who
defended
them, we shall
be able to take
the Trojans'
city very soon.

Sithen he is ded that hem defende,

That thei haue alle theire endyng ende, 11340

And we schal lordis & maystres be

Off here godis & here Cite.

For whil he leued, my3t we not spede,

So was he dou3ti In his dede; 11344

Vs my3t no grace for him by-falle,

For he on vndid vs alle.

¶ We hadde no let but him alone,

But now is he ded & from vs gone, 11348

We schal that Cite lyghtly wyne

And alle that ben hit with-Inne;

For thei are now of no power

To kepe hem fro oure daunger, 11352

Sithen he is ded & fro hem went	[lf. 168.]	11353	
That vs al day so foule schent.			
It is to vs wel more a-vauntage			It is more ad-
That he is ded & loken In cage,		11356	vantage to us
Then we hadde sclayn In fight felle			that Hector is
Half the men that with him dwelle.			dead, than if
¶ For he slow mo him-selff alone			we had slain
Then alle that other did euerychone,		11360	half the Tro-
And we ben now—I vnderstande—			jans ;
Mo then sixti ¹ hundred thousande			for he alone
Off Mennes bodies gode and able,			slew more of us
That ben a-pert and defendable.		11364	than all the
T He dedis of Ector ben wide y-kyd,			others did.
That thei may not wel be hid :			
How fele kynges slow he of oure			
With his myzt & his vigoure !		11368	How many
How he slow In his reuery			kings and
The douyti kyng Prothesaly !			dukes did Hec-
¶ Patroclus also, Achilles cosyn,			tor slay ?
In his strengthe slow he him !		11372	He slew
¶ How slow he In his gret Ire			Protheselaus,
Kyng Mennon, that lordly sire !			Patroclus,
We were echon of him a-dred.			
How slow he the gode kyng Ced !		11376	Mennon,
So did he kyng Polenete.			
He fond no man that to him was mete.			Ced(ius),
He slow also kyng Alphynor,			Polynetes,
And so he did kyng Prouenor		11380	Alpenor,
That was a kyng of gret genterie,			Procenor,
Off douytines and chiuallrie.			
¶ How slow he with his force			
The myghti kyng of douyti Corce !		11384	the King of
He died with dynt : so he gart			Corce,
The noble kyng Pilozenart.			Pilogenart,

¹ *ti* over the line, inserted by another hand.

Yside,	¶ He sclow also the kyng Yside.	[lf. 168, bk.]	¶ 11387
	No man durst him a-byde.		11388
	He did also to dethe sone		
Letabone,	The dou3ti kyng Letabone.		
Humere,	Ne sclow he not the kyng Humere ?		
	I wist neuere man that was his pere.		11392
Archilogus,	¶ He sclow oure kyng Archilogus,		
Episcropus,	And the kyng also Episcropus ;		
Archomene,	And so he did kyng Archomene,		
Palymene,	And the hardy kyng Palymene.		11396
Antipe,	Ne sclow he not the kyng Antipe ?		
Sanxipe,	And so he did kyng Sanxipe.		
	¶ He did vs moche sorwe and tene :		
Philoxene,	He sclow the gode kyng Philoxene ;		11400
	He smot to dethe vndir his fete		
Polibete,	The noble kyng Polibete,		
Phiebete,	Kyng Phiebete, and kyng Leankes,		
Leankes,	Alle he sclow oure gret vnthankes,		11404
	He smot her bodyes euen In-two ;		
	So did he other mo also.		
	We auzt wele his bodi wary !		
Fume, Dary, and many others.	¶ He sclow kyng Fume & kyng Dary,		11408
	And Many duk and Amerelles ;		
	He sclow oure lordes & robbed oure halles,		
	And bar a-wey coffre & chest.		
Blest be he who slew Hec- tor ! Now he is dead,	He that him sclow mot be blest !		11412
	For now—I hope—he is ded		
	That did vs schame and qued,		
	That oure men so foule sclow,		
we can master all the others.	And we hem alle schal Maystre now		11416
	With-Inne a while at oure wille.		
Hearken to my plan !	But herkenes now ! this is my skylle :		
	¶ Thoow it be so that he be slayn,		
	Hap of ffyght is no certayn ;		
		{ No ma ¹ }	11420

¹ n is struck out after *ma*.

- ¶ No man wot how it schal schape, [lf. 169.] 11421 Nobody knows
 Who schal dye & who schal skape. the future.
 Wherefore I say: sithe it so is
 That by Achilles douztines 11424 So, as by
 We are now brouȝt to oure aboue, "brought to
 Me thinke it were to oure behoue our above,"
 That we In feld fight no more, 11428 I think we
 Vn-til Achilles heled wore; should not be-
 For we ar noght alle sure & sekir gin fighting
 With-oute him to wynne this bekir. again till
 With-oute him & his pouste Achilles is
 In certayn hope we may not be healed,
 To haue of hem the victorie, 11432
 Thoow thei for Ector be sorie.
 ¶ Wherefore this is my menyng :
 That it were good, at my wetyng, 11436
 That we sende by kyng or knyȝt
 To Priamus, to aske respit,
 That we .viij. wekes the pees may haunte, and we
 If thei the trewes so longe wol graunte, should ask
 And the dedes were enseled. Priamus for a
 By than may Achilles be heled, truce of eight
 And we may make oure-self clene weeks.
 Off sore woundes that doth vs tene. 11440
 11444
WHen Agamenoun thus hadde sayd,
 The lordis were alle wel a-payd :
 Thei held his conseyll good & lele, and we
 To haue the pees til he hadde hele; agree and
 Thei held it alle wel y-do, assent to
 Thei graunted echon his conseyll to; Agamemnon's
 This lordes alle ȝaue ther assent advice.
 To his counseyll & Iugement : 11448
 That with-oute him and his absence
 Wold thei not fight in ther presence. 11452
 yj

¶ *Hic Greci pecierunt pacem Troianorum*¹ *per .viij. septimanas.*

The messen- gers prepare for their ride to Troy.	¶ The messageres were rapely dyght [lf. 169, bk.] 11455 Opon her erande to wende right, 11456 Thei busked hem & maked ȝare Opon her erande for to fare : Riche robes on hem are done, Thei toke her hors & ȝede sone— 11460 As kynges gode, kene, and wraske— The treus of hem of Troye to aske.
They are let into that city, and tell Priamus	¶ When thei were comen to her Cite, In forme of pes thei asked entre; 11464 Thei fond no man that hem werned. To Priamus told thei that erand : “Two Monthes to haue [respit] ent[e]re” ² —
that they want a respite of two months,	For thei were comen as Messangere— 11468 Pees & trues, that thei myȝt reste ; For thei ther-of hadde gret breste, For thei myȝt not the stenche sustayn Off dede bodies that were ther sclayn ; 11472 Thei wolde haue space ther bodyes brenne.” Priamus the treus graunt thenne By assent of his consayl ;
to burn their dead. Priamus,	Thei hadde no wil to haue batayl 11476 So sone afftir his sones ded ; For he was heuyer then the led, For Ector was so sclayn him fro, That he sayde not to hem ones ‘no.’ 11480
not wishing to have a battle so soon after his son's death, grants the truce.	T Hese Messageres haue sone y-sped, Off no man ³ ar thei now a-dred ; Thei ride hamward muri siggande ⁴ And tolde her men of this tydande : 11484 “How thei haue graunted thair grithe To be In pes two monethe.” Thei were alle glad of her sawes, Thei ȝaff hem alle to gamen & playes. 11488
The messen- gers return very glad,	
and all the Greeks are joyful.	

¹ MS. *Troian*.² MS. . . . *to haue entre; entre* from l. 11464.³ MS. *noman*.⁴ MS. *siggande*.

- ¶ **Hic Palamides Rex iratus fuit cum Imperatore**¹.
 Saue the kyng Palamides— [lf. 170.] 11489 Only Palamydes complains of Agamemnon, of whom he is envious, and says he is not worthy.
 He was neuere no tyme In pes,
 He playned him of his Emperour
 That was her alther gouernour, 11492
 And seyde: “he was not worthi
 To haue of hem suche seruageri;
 Ther were other better then he
 To haue forsothe that dignite.” 11496
- ¶ Vpon a day it so befel:
 Agamenoun—the sothe to tel— Agamemnon
 Hadde sent afftir the lordes alle convokes a
 “Thei scholde come In-to his halle”; 11500 council of war.
 And as thei sete at most spekyng
 “How thei scholde to ende bryng
 Ther purpos & her gode espleyt,”
 Palamides be-thougt him streyt 11504 They delibe-
 To put him out of his office: rate how to
 And ther-of did he as the vn-wyse. bring their
 purpose to an
 end.
 11504 Palamydes
 tries to oust
 Agamemnon
 from his post.
- ¶ Hit was aȝeyn his genterie
 To haue to him so foule envye 11508
 With-oute disert² or any mysdede;
 But not-for-thi so longe he ȝede:
 At the laste was he remeued,
 And another mad & newed. 11512
- P**Alamydes as he sat there,
 Off his spekyng coude blynne neuere,
 To Agamenoun offte he flote
 And made to him wordes hote; 11516
 He seyde: “it was a-ȝeyn resoun
 That he hadde ben alle sesoun
 So longe vndir his gouernayle;
 Ther were other that coude more a-vayle 11520
 And were more profitable,
 For he was not—he sayde—able y ij

¹ The sign in blue, the words in red.

² MS. *dishert*.

	Suche a state to reioye."	[lf. 170, bk.]	11523
	Agamenoun sat wel stille & coye,		11524
	When he hadde sayd his gret gole;		
Agamemnon full soberly answers	Agamenoun ful entempre		
Palamydes :	Answered him soburly,—		
	For he was euere wis & sly,—		11528
	¶ He seyde : 'Palamides,		
' I wonder why you can't cease your scolding.	I haue gret wondir thow can not sese		
	Off thi wordes & thi carpyng,		
	Whan we be thus In oure gaderyng.		11532
	Hopes thow, sire, I haue desire		
	To be ouer 3ow other lord or sire ?		
I don't desire to be your leader,	Nay certes, I desire it not !		
	Ne neuere with word ther-fore be-souzt		11536
	To kyng ne knyzt, sir, by my thrift!—		
	Ne neuere ther-fore 3it 3aff 3ift.		
for I had nothing but troubles from this post ;	¶ For I hadde neuere vauntage ther-In,		
	But gret trauayle & mychel vn-wyn,		11540
	And of my body mychel vnrest		
	To ordayne 3ow wel, & kest		
	That alle thes folk were saueli led,		
	And how we myzt sonnest be sped.		11544
but I was chosen by general assent two years before you met us at Athens.	I was chosen by comune assent,		
	By playn counseyl In parlement		
	Off alle the lordes that ther were,		
	Saue 3e alone that was not there.		11548
	¶ We hadde ben 3it In Athenes,		
	Hadde we not a-biden the, Palamydes ;		
	For we dwelled ther two 3er and more,		
	Or thow to vs comen wore.		11552
	I hadde ther-fore not thin acord,		
	When I was chosen 3oure Aleres lord ;		
	For thow was not tho present,		
	But affir longe fro vs absent.		11556

- ¶ But, Palamydes, thow myzt not say [lf. 171.] 11557 You can't say that anything has gone wrong through misleading.
- That euere fel vs by nyzt or day
—I thanked it god—oure spedying
By myn vn-wit or mysledying; 11560 But I'm quite ready to go;
- And also I am redi now & ay,
For-whi it be,—3ow to pay—
Off myn office to be deposed,
For I wold not 3e supposed 11564
- No pride In me—nother sibbe ne frende,—
I wold fayn of this office wende.
And chese another—where 3e lyke—
To haue my state—by heuene ryke!— 11568 and then you can choose another commander.'
- And I wol be vndir his byddyng
As other kynges of this gaderyng.'
- T**Hese lordes were alle gretly dered,
Ther was non that answered; 11572 All the lords are angry,
But bad hem: "be In pees bothe,
For thei wold not that thei were wrothe";
Thei bad hem alle: "thei schölde not greue,"
And ros vp alle and toke here leue; 11576 and bid the disputants be at peace.
- Thei wente alle hamward¹ sone,
Off that was ther no more to done.
But sone a3eyn euen-tyde
Agamenoun wold not abyde, 11580 They go to their tents.
But in the evening Agamemnon summonsthem
- ¶ Thorow alle that ost he did him crye:
"That eche a man,—bothe lowe and hye,
Kyng & duk and amerale,
And alle the lordes gret & smale, 11584
And alle that hadde tent or teld,
Or any that was knyzt of any scheld,—
Schuld be at morwe next folwande,—
When it was day, the sonne schynande,— 11588 to another meeting next morning.
- At Agamenoun riche tent
To holde a solenne parlement, y iij

¹ MS. *hamward*.

	Off certayn thynges to entrete; [lf. 171, bk.]	11591
	And that thei scholde on no wise lete,	11592
	For thei most nede hit alle I-here—	
	Kyng, duk, & bachelere,	
	And that were of that ost	
	Bothe the leste & the most.”	11596
Next morning the Greck lords meet in Agamen- non's tent.	T He day is comen, the nyght is gon; The lordes aysen euerychon,	
	To Agamenoun Ar thei went,	
	To wete whi he afftir hem sent.	11600
	When thei were comen & set doun alle	
	By Agamenoun In his halle,	
He says: ' As Palamydes is angry with my leadership,	¶ Agamenoun to hem sayde “ Off Palamydes and his vpbrayde,	11604
	That be-gan so vpon him playne That he was made her souerayne,”—	
	' And is ful wroth with my persone	
and my royal election,	And for my rial eleccione,	11608
	And says “ that I can not 3ow lede.”	
I bid you choose him or any other ;	That dignite ther-fore I bede To him or other, whan 3e wol chese,	
I'll gladly give up this honour.	For I wol fayn this honour lese.	11612
	¶ And not-for-thi, my bretheren ¹ dere, Kynges & dukes that now be here,—	
I have borne this charge all the time since you chose me at Athens,	Sithen we come fro Athenes, That 3e 3oure souerayne ther me ches,	11616
	And come thenne hidur In bote & barge, Haue I among 3ow born charge	
	Off alle oure ost & oure meygne	
	In mechel thoght—and that wot 3e.	11620
	¶ Gret besynes of 3oure kepyng Hath refft me many nyzt slepyng,	
and it cost me many nights' sleep.	To saue this ost fro perelle, That scathe ne harm to 3ow non felle.	11624

¹ Altered from *brotheren*.

¶ *Hic Agamenoun mutatur de officio suo. & Palamides electus
est ad officium Imperatoris.*

- And yet haue ye so wele be kept, [lf. 172.] 11625 And yet you
Whether that ye woke or slept, have been well
That we ar comen to oure aboute ; kept during
my leadership.
- ¶ Suche a chaunce is fallen to oure byhoue 11628
- Vndir me & my ledyng.
- But I wol, som other kyng,
Duk, prince, whether thei wil,
Haue now the charge—& that is skyl : 11632 But I will now
resign it. May
some one else
bear this
charge !
- For I haue nede to be In pes.
I wol therfore this state reles
And be with other an vndirlyng,
To haue my reste and my likyng.' 11636
- A**lle that were there In the halle,
Kynges & dukes and Ameralle,
Drow hem out vpon a rowe
By-side the tent vnder the wowe, 11640
To take her avisement :
- Thei haue alle yeuen here Iugement,
That thei wole him remewe
And haue another of hem newe. 11644 and resolve to
remove
Agamemnon,
and appoint
Palamydes.
- ¶ The Iugement is yeuen & taken :
- Agamenoun is for-saken,
He is put out of his office ;
Palamydes is chosen y-wys 11648
To be here alther emperour
And here alther cōmaundour.
- ¶ This conseil is fully ent,
And euery lord is home went 11652 The parlia-
ment ends ;
the lords go
home.
- To here tentis & pauplounes.
Her-of spake the Murmidones
And told this tydynges to Achilles
Off that newe lord Palamydes : 11656 The Myr-
midons tell
Achilles of
Palamydes's
election.
- "How he was chosen here alther lord
By the lordis comune acorde."

- When Achilles
hears of this,
he is very
angry,
- When Achilles herde this tydandis, [lf. 172, bk.] 11659
Out of his bed sclong he his handes, 11660
As he that was euel payde
Off these tythandis that him were sayde;
His woundes bledde for-sothe & brake.
With so gret herte Achilles spak 11664
To alle that stode aboute his bed,
And seyde: "that this was euel y-red
To make among hem suche a chaunge"—
'Now hope I that alle thei caunge! 11668
- ¶ For of vs alle—so mot I the!—
- 'None was so
wise as
Agamemnon.
- Was ther non so wys as he,
Ne non that coude so lede oure ost
With witt and skylle, with-outen bost. 11672
But I wol not be occasioun
To vndo 3oure eleccioun;
Sithe he is chosen, I holde it gode.'
And her eleccioun thus so stode, 11676
And he belefft here Emperour
As he was chosen with honour.
- Thus Pala-
mydes is
Emperor.
When the
truce is ended,
- T**He two Monthes are past,
Bothe the parties dight hem fast, 11680
Bothe the Troyens and the Grues;
Her day is comen out of her trues.
Kyng Priamus wolde be venged fayn
His sones deth that was sclayn, 11684
He seide: "he wolde him go
To fight that day to venge his fo."
¶ His batayles alle him-self ordeynes,
With his right hond he hem ensaynes 11688
And 3euet hem leue forth to wende;
He prayes hem alle to venge her frende,
Her Prince that was & gouernour,
That som tyme was ther sauour. 11692
- arranges the
Trojan forces,
and blesses
them.

¶ **Hic Incipit bellum.**

Twenti thousandis knyztis fre	[lf. 173.]	11693	20,000 knights are in Pri- amus's battalion.
In his batayle than hadde he,			
I dar right wel & boldely say			
That ȝede to fyȝt with him that day		11696	
An hundrid & ffyfti thousand			
Off myghti men on hors ridand.			
D Ephebus ferst with his batayle			The first Trojan leaders
ȝede the Grekys ¹ for to Assayle;		11700	are: Dephebus,
Afftir him ȝede thanne Paris,			Paris and the
With the kyng of Perce y-wys,			king of Persia,
And alle his men that he loued wele—			
With-uten Iren, with-uten stele,—		11704	
Bowes & arwes the Persays hadde,			(the Persians have bows and arrows,)
Thei wente forth sore a-dradde.			
Priamus lad him-selff the thridde			Priamus,
With xx ^{ti} thousand knyztis him amydde;		11708	
He bad Eueas scholde lede the fourthe			Eneas,
And leue him not for gode In erthe.			
¶ The ffyffthe lad kyng Mennon;			Mennon,
And thus were thei In-sunder gon.		11712	
The sixte lad Polidomas.			Polidomas,
And other lordes, as her wille was,			and others.
Ladd all that other, as he hem bad.			
Thei rode forth with semblaunt sad		11716	
To hem of Grece that thei aȝeyn stand			They meet the Greeks.
Al redy dight with spere In hand			
That thanne abode and here comyng:			
Hit was gret at her metyng.		11720	
¶ Euerychon of hem on other renne,			
Thei ferde as it had ben wod menne,			
Thei thrilled scheldes & speres brast,			A fierce battle follows.
Some were sclayn, & som doun cast		11724	
Opon the grounde & lay flat,			
Thei ȝaff be-twene hem many a sqwat.			

¹ MS. *grekys* on erasure, by another hand.

Hic Priamus. Rex. et Palamides pugnaverunt r̃f.

Priamus gets
sight of the
new Greek
Emperor Pala-
mydes, meets
him, and cuts
him down.

Priamus saw Palamydes [lf. 173, bk.] 11727
The Gregeis to her newe lord ches; 11728
He rod to him with mychel strengthe

And bare him ouer his speres lengthe :

So Priamus bar Palamydes

And bad him reste ther In pes.

11732

Among Gregeis stroke he his stede,

The strongest of hem to grounde 3ede

That he mette *with* In his gret Ire.

The Gregeis alle be-gan to spire

11736

What he was that him so bare,

Among hem alle that made suche fare :

¶ He sclow hem so & bare hem down,

He wan that day ful gret renoun ;

11740

Moche prise & mochel los

Wan he that day among his fos.

To eche a man his scheld he bedis,

Alle men spake ther of his dedis :

11744

He bare him so at that semble.

That alle the los of that iourne ¹

Be-lefft with him of more [&] lesse,

Off his gode dedis and his prowesse.

11748

For Achilles myzt not 3it ride,

Therfore at home he most abide ;

But hadde he ben ther *with*-oute drede,

He wolde haue tauzt him for to rede

11752

And to synge a sori sang,

Hadde he ben hem among.

He fights with
all.

He is the best
of all in battle
this day,

for Achilles
may not yet
fight and must
be at home.

Dephebus and
the other
Trojans slay
many Greeks
too.

¶ Dephebus folwes his fader,

He sclow down Gregeis al to-gader ;

11756

And then come Paris with his bowes

And castes men down and ouer-throwes,

With hem of Perce and her Turkes,

And schot Arwes among the Grues.

11760

¹ MS. *idne*.

- But thanne come thedir sikerly [lf. 174.] 11761 Neoptolomus comes up,
 The stalworthest man of Grece party,
- ¶ Neoptolamus was his name ;
 Kyng Sarpedoun thoght he to lame : 11764 attacks Sarpedon, and bears him down.
 He 3aff him certes suche a dynt
 That Sarpedoun his stiropes tynt,
 He made him backward so stoupe
 That he fel ouer his hors croupe. 11768
 But Sarpedoun was not sore hurt,
 But hastily vpward stirt,
 As wroghe¹ as he myzt be,
 And smot the kyng vpon the ye, 11772 and cleaves Neoptolomus's nose.
 ¶ That he cleue his nase In two pese. Then many Greeks assail him,
 Then come thedur many of Grece
 And leyde on him on euery a side ;
 He most nede on fote abyde, 11776 so that he cannot get to his horse.
 For he myzt not his hors come to
 For no thyng that he myzt do,
 He was for-sothe In gret perel,
 For ffele Gregeis opon him ffele. 11780
THe kyng of Perse, when he was war
 How Sarpedoun on fote fau3t thar,
 And thei of Grece stode enviroun,—
 With alle his men come he thanne down, 11784
 And Sarpedoun his hors did take
 For al that euere thei coude make.
- ¶ And that saw duk Athenes,
 And the noble kny3t Menescenes, 11788 Menescene
 He bad his men him folwe than,
 An hard werre he ther by-gan.
 Menelaus als aboute his hals
 Kest his scheld and 3ede down als, 11792 and Menelaus join the battle.
 And bad that al his retenaunce
 Schold him sewe with spere & launce.

¹ The *e* on erasure.

348 *The Trojans are driven back, but Priamus slays many Greeks.*

	Euery a burne him busked ȝare	[lf. 174, bk.]	11795
	To that assaut for to fare,		11796
	To that torpel ¹ come alle that route		
	And be-kest that place aboute :		
Menescene and Menelaus slay the king of Persia, and drive his men back ;	¶ The kyng of Perce stode & fauȝt, Thei slow him certes at that assaut, And al his men on bak thei schoff, And with force aȝeyn hem droff.		11800
and though Sarpedon withstands them,	But Sarpedoun hem with-stode The proude Gregeis with hardi mode,		11804
his men are driven back too,	¶ Him was ful loth thenne to fle, Gret meruayle that tyme did he. But thei of Grece were so assamed, That thei of Troie no-thing gamed :		11808
Priamus	For sikerli thei most nede. B Vt Priamus, that kyng of age, As wood was as a best sauage :		11812
rides to the battle-field	When his men hadde lorn that place, The swot brast out at his face ; He rod thedur with-oute dwellyng, Ther was noyse & gret ȝellyng.		11816
and slays many Greeks.	¶ Priamus rod to and fro, He thought on hem to venge his wo ; Off slaȝter certis neuere he blynnes, He cleues hem down by the chynnes.		11820
But the Greeks hold their own.	But the Gregeis euere stille stode And fauȝt aȝeyn as thei were wode, Many of Troie that tyme thei perced, And many man to grounde reuersed.		11824
	¶ The Gregeis then aboute be-held, Ther thei fauȝt In the feld ; Thei saw hem fro the toun proloigned, And thei with hem so foule regroynd.		11828

¹ MS. *terpel*.

¶ **Magnum Bellum.**

Thei toke conseil hem be-twene, How thei myzt hem traye and tene; Thei were be-thoght of sleght & art, Thei seyde: "thei wolde here folk depart Be-twene the toun & hem to wende, And so schold thei hem sonest schende." Thei rode ouer dale and doun To go be-twene hem & the toun.	[lf. 175.] 11829	The Greeks deliberate how to betray the Trojans.
¶ But Priamus fful wel perceued How thei wolde haue him disceyued, With his men scely he turned And that way ful sone he werned. With-uten dwellyng or any abode With his ffolk he thedur rode, Ther thei wolde haue had entre Be-twene hem & her Cite.	11832	They try to cut them off from the city;
He brouzt with him gret multitude And laide vpon him strokes vnruide; He droff hem doun a-3eyns her wille, Maugre her tethe be-twene the hille.	11840	but Priamus
¶ Gret defence the kyng made hath, Thei toke not of him that path; The Gregeis wolde the pase haue had. The Troiens lente hem strokes sad, The Gregeis laid on faste ynow, Many of Troye ther thei sclow. A thousand were with blode be-ronnen, For thei that pase wolde haue wonnen; Thei defende & thei assayle, Ther was be-twene hem a strong batayle.	11844	turns with his men and bars the Greeks' way.
¶ ¶ Paris com thanne on trauerse With men of Armes and hem of Perse, He come thedur with his buschement, With bolde bowes redy bent¹:	11848	He drives them back against their will.
¶ ¶ Paris com thanne on trauerse With men of Armes and hem of Perse, He come thedur with his buschement, With bolde bowes redy bent¹:	11852	They fight fiercely,
¶ ¶ Paris com thanne on trauerse With men of Armes and hem of Perse, He come thedur with his buschement, With bolde bowes redy bent¹:	11856	Paris arrives with his men and the Persians.
¶ ¶ Paris com thanne on trauerse With men of Armes and hem of Perse, He come thedur with his buschement, With bolde bowes redy bent¹:	11860	Paris arrives with his men and the Persians.

¹ Some indistinct scribblings at the foot of the page.

350 *A great Battle, only ended by Night. The King of Persia's Death.*

	Thei come sidelynge & ouer-twert, [lf. 175, bk.]	11863
	The Gregeis so foule ofte thei hert.	11864
Menelaus joins the Greeks.	But then come thedur Menelaus, With alle his folk he come thus :	
A great battle,	Gret was the sauzt ther was be-gunnen, But tho thei lakked lyght of sonne.	11868
	Many dede bodies lay ther on grounde And lite went ther hole & sounde ;	
	¶ For hadde thei had lyght of sonne, The Gregeis the pase thenne had wonne.	11872
which is only ended by night.	But thei departed for faute of lyght And riden home with al her myght ; The Troiens riden to the toun, And the Gregeis to ther paულoun.	11876
The Trojans bewail the death of the king of Persia.	T He Troiens now her sorwe reherse For the kynges deth of Perse : Ther was non that longed to Troie, Kyng ne knyzt, sqwyer ne boye,	11880
	That thei [ne] made gret del & sorwe Bothe an euen and on morwe.	
Specially does Paris mourn, who had loved him much.	Was non that made such wayment As did Paris verament : He sorwed day & also nyght, For he him loued with al his myght.	11884
Paris counsels the embalming of the king's corpse, and sending it to Persia	¶ This was ther-fore Paris rede : " To boyle him and put him In lede, And lede him hom to his contre With taper & torche & gret rialte, With gret plente of fele candeles ; That he myght haue his burieles	11888
for burial.	And ligge among his antecessoures, The riche kynges, his predecessoures, And be ther grauen honorably By-fore his sones that dwelles ther-by,	11892 11896

¶ *Hic pecierunt pacem ad inuicem per magnum tempus.*

In his londis that kynges schal be [lf. 176.] 11897

Afftir him In gret pouste."

Night is comen, & day is gon,
The[i] gon to bedde & slepen euerychon. 11900

Night comes;
all go to bed.

On morwe when it was day lyght, 11900

Next morning

The sonne was resen & schon bryght,

Kyng Priamus sente down his sonde

To alle the Gregeis liggand on the stronde, 11904

Priamus sends
to the Greeks
and demands
a truce, as
Dares says;

To Aske the trues—as Dares sais—

A certeyn tyme to ben In pais.

But it is In his bokes wane

How longe the trues were tane; 11908

but neither
Dares nor
Dites say
for how long
a time.

How long that thei schold holde,

Dites ne Dares non ther tolde.

But thei haue graunt & surte founden¹,

Many a rop was thanne vn-wounden, 11912

The truce is
granted.

Many a cope & many an hode

That were praysed worthe mechel gode,

Off gold, of silk, and som of say,

For then was Ector put a-way, 11916

As Hector is
dead, the
Greeks will
hold rich
festivals.

That thei scholde holde riche festis—

As I fynde In here gestes.

Now Ector Menyng-day schal be holden:

In Troye bene robis riche vnfolden 11920

The funeral of
Hector is being
prepared;

That were layd vp be-fore the dayes,

With silke y-filed and riche arais,

And other newe lordis did make

For honour of that festis sake. 11924

Thorow the toun was hit done cry:

"That riche & poure, lowe & hy,

That euere longed In-to Troye,

Off ffytene dayes schuld make no ioye, 11928

it is to last
fifteen days.

But lyue In wepyng & gret sorwe

The .xv. dayes euen & morwe,

¹ This line on erasure, but by the same hand.

352 *Greeks and Trojans visit each other. Achilles goes to see Hector's Corpse.*

With-oute karole, with-oute daunce, [lf. 176, bk.] 11931
In gode Ector remembraunce." 11932

¶ In his remembraunce & his mynde
Ther was that heuynesse—as I fynde—
Off Priamus and of riche kynges
And of other grete lordynges;— 11936

After the
fifteen days of
woe, they are to
dance and
make merry.

"And whan the ffyftene dayes of wo
Were fulfilled and a-go,
Thei scholde make rialte,
Mechel daunce & mechel gle." 11940

During the
respice, the
Trojans and
Greeks visit
each other.

THe while the festes thus endured,
And eueryche were to other ensured,
Thei of Troye hadde here comyng
To hem of Grece & here spekyng; 11944
And Gregeis come In-to the toun
And where thei wolde vp & doun,
Saue & sound where so hem liked;
Thei fond no man that hem be-swiked. 11948

Achilles,
who wants to
see the Trojans'
festival and
how they live,

¶ Achilles wolde that tyme gange
To se her festes and here sange,
He thoght algates he wolde se
In Troye gret solennite. 11952
Here contenaunce & here porture,
Here myght, here sorwe, & here voysure,
Here doying of there chere deuout,
And how thei did Ector about. 11956

goes to the
temple of
Apollo, where
the corpse of
Hector lies in
state.

¶ Achilles made him redi swithe,
In-to the toun wente he blyue,
And to the temple Apolynys
ȝede he to se, what Ioye & blis 11960
Aboute Ector Troyens made:
He fond ther non that was glade,
But makyng dele & gret wepyng;
Be-fore Ector saw he sittyng

{Ectuba} 11964

- ¶ Ectuba, the semely quene, [lf. 177.] 11965 Hectuba, Pollexena, and other ladies are there, bewailing Hector's death;
 And hir douȝter Pollexene;
 And fele ladies of gret genterie.
 Here ther In that companye. 11968
 Thair heer faire a-boute hem spred,
 On eyther halff hit was fair sched,
 Hit hinged down by-nethe her pappes,
 By-nethe here mydeles, by-nethe here lappes. 11972
 ¶ Thei made gret del & sykyng, they sigh and weep.
 Thei were echon In euel lykyng,
 Mechel del & mechel mone
 A-boute Ector made thei echone. 11976
 Ector ȝit sat als entere
 And so fair In his solere,
 As he was furst ther ordeyned;
 The baume so his body susteyned 11980
 Fro al appayryng & alle sauour,
 And ffro chaungyng of his colour.
THE tabernacle on eche a syde
 Was vn-done and opened wyle, 11984
 That eche man, bothe ȝong & old,
 On eche a syde Ector behold.
 ¶ Achilles loked on that werk faste;
 As he his eyen aboute him caste, 11988
 So was he war of Pollexene
 Faste sittynge by the quene,
 He loked vpon the damysele
 And saw the teres fro hir fele. 11992
 But thoow that lady fair & swete
 Wonder sore & hertly grete,
 ¶ Not-for-thi for alle hir payne
 Sche wex nother pale ne wayne, 11996
 Sche lost not of her fayrnesse,
 Off hir beaute ne hir swetnesse.

¶ **Hic Achilles Amat Pollexenam Filiam Regis Troiani¹.**

All the woe
cannot deprive
her of her
beauty.

Al hir wo ne al hir pyne [lf. 177, bk.] 11999

Made hir not hur fayrnes tyne, 12000

The teres that so fro hur ran

Made hir nother blo ne wan ;

Hit for-did no-thing hir sight,

Hir eyen were euere clere and bryght, 12004

For alle here wepyng were thei not dym,

Ne sche not apayred In neuere² a lym.

Nobody can
describe her
loveliness.

Ther is no man that is on lyue,

Hir fairnesse that myght discryue— 12008

For siker sche was as fair a woman

As man scholde sette his eyen vpan.

Achilles con-
stantly gazes
on her; he
never saw such
a fair woman ;

AChilles loked euere In on ;
So ffair a thyng as sche was on 12012
Saw he neuere In al his lyue—

Widwe, ne mayden, ne non wyue.

As he loked In hir vysage,

His herte torned & his corage, 12016

he falls in love
with her,

Him hadde leuere than any thyng

He hadde ben siker of that swetyng :

Alle his herte and his delite

Was to haue of hure a sight, 12020

and looks on
her as if he
were mad.

He loked on hir as he were mad.

The more lokyng to hir he had,

The more he
looks, the more
he grows in
love with her :

¶ His long lokyng hir louely sight

Be-rafft him clene of his myght ; 12024

But he myght not his lokyng leue,

That thocht myght no man him byreue :

he looks on her
till night.

He loked to hir the while he myght,

Til the day was gon, & hit was nyght. 12028

Off alle thinges that euere was wrought

Was non so mochel In his thocht ;

Him thocht it zede thorow his hert,

So sore sche made him ake and smert. 12032

¹ MS. *Troiañ*.

² MS. *neuere y*.

W	Hen it was nyȝt, the quene vp ros, [lf. 178.]	12033	When Pollexena leaves the temple in the evening, Achilles, enamoured, looks after her.
	And Pollexene home with here gos ;		
	Achilles loked aftir that wenche		
	With more longyng than man may thenche,	12036	
	Til sche out of the temple was went.		
	Achilles In hir loue then brent ;		
	And this was al the bygynnyng		
	Off his sekenes and his lyggynge,	12040	
	That he aftir In his bed lay		
	For loue & longyng of that may.		
¶	When he myght hir no lenger se,		
	His herte for sorwe brast on thre,	12044	
	He turned him hom to his tent		
	And In his bed as-tite he went.		He returns to his tent, and goes to bed ;
	That nyght for-sothe litel he scleped,		but for loue he cannot sleep.
	He turned him offte & sore weped ;	12048	
	Hir loue hade wounded him so depe,		
	That he myght not that nyght slepe.		
	He saw hir loue on him was gret,		
	Al his body brast on swete,	12052	
	He tholed for hir gret penaunce,		
	He waried thanne that foule myschaunce :		
¶	' Alas,' seide he, ' that I was born !		
	That I am now thus foule lorn	12056	' Alas ! ' says he, ' that I am vanquished by a frail maiden !
	Thorow a mayden that is so tendre,		
	With-oute myȝt, feble, & sklendre.		
	And he that was so mychel of myght,		
	The strengest that was In any fyght,	12060	And though Hector, who was the strongest of all men,
	Ector of Troye, that doughti man,		
	That price & honour of alle men wan,—		
	That alle the men that stalworthe wore		
	He ouercome with strokes sore,	12064	and overcame all knights,
	Alle that were styff & strong		
	That doughti knyȝt to dethe throng ;	z ij	

¶ *Lamentacio amoris Achillis.*

	I knewe neuere non that hadde that myght,— [lf. 178, bk.]	
	That was so strong ne douȝti ¹ wyght,—	12068
	Aȝeyn him that myȝt stonde,	
	Whil he leued In this londe——	
could not van- quish me,	And ȝit he <i>with</i> alle his fforce	
	Ne myȝt ouercome my carful corse !	12072
yet now I'm thus overcome by a frail woman !	And now am I thus ouercomen, That al my myght is fro me nomen	
	¶ Thorow a mayden feble & frele !	
How shall I be healed ?	How schal I come to my hele ?	12076
	Ho schal do me any medecyn ?	
She hates me for her brother whom I slew.	Sche hatis me & al my kyn For hir brother that I slow ;	
	I may not keuere,—I wot neuere how ?	12080
I can't draw her heart to me !	For I may not vnto me drawe Her hert for-sothe for loue ne awe !	
I cannot en- treat her for her love ;	Ne with prayeres may I not spede ; I may not to ² hir my loue bede,	12084
	¶ I may not so of loue hir pray, I may not so that lady assay.	
nor can my riches tempt her,	Ne my richesse ne my gret ȝifte May not hir hert to me lyfte,	12088
for she is richer than I am ;	For sche is richer for-sothe then I ; I wot neuere how to come hir by ?	
nor can I win her by my strength.	Ne—I wote wele—I may not spede Thorow my strengthe & my kynrede,	12092
Moreover, she is gentler than I am.	¶ For thoow my kyn be gentil & gode, Sche is comen of genteler blode Then I or any of my lynage.	
How shall I manage it ?	How schal I my sorwe aswage,	12096
	When I no wise, no way can fynde By strengthe, richesse, ne by kynde, Ne with prayers hir loue to wynne ?	
My woe is great !	The wo is gret that I am Inne	12100

¹ MS. *strong douȝti ne.*² MS. *so.*

¶ *Hic Achilles mandat nuncium ad Reginam.*

In gret wodnes am I now broght! [lf. 179.] 12101

Alas! how com I in-to this thoght!

I can not wete—so god me saue!—

How that I here loue schal haue? 12104

He leued that nyzt In that gret sorwe;

The sonne was risen faire at morwe,

A carful nyzt he thenne hadde lede,

Til he was risen vp of his bede. 12108

AT morwe whan he was rysen,

Off him selff was he a-grysen,

Off his sorwe so strong In myzt

That he hadde al that long nyzt. 12112

He called to him a siker man,

Al his consayl him telle bygan

And sayde: 'if thow wol trewe be,

Ful riche ȝiffes ȝeue I the; 12116

For-sothe schal I faile the neuere,

I schal the make riche for euere.

¶ Go to Hectuba, the quene,

And say: "I loue so Pollexene,

That I schal falle for-sothe In rage,

But I haue hir In mariage."

Bid hir sicurly my werdes byleue,

And if sche wol me hir doghter ȝeue 12124

To me hastly In wedlak,

That I schal remewe al this pak:

The Gregeis alle schal I make go

To the lond that I come fro. 12128

¶ Al this ost schal I remewe—

As I am a knyzt trewe!—

Kynges & dukes, lord & sires,—

To gret honour to hire & hires 12132

With couenaunt & condicioune,

Iff sche wol haue me to hir sone.

Alas, that I
know not how
to get her
love!

When the sun
rises, Achilles
has had a
sorrowful
night.
In the morning
he is afraid of
himself;

he sends a mes-
senger to
Hectuba

asking for Pol-
lexena as his
wife,

and pledging
himself to
make all the
Greeks go
home.

Moreover, Achilles engages that the Greeks will not take any revenge,	Ne thei schal neuere amendes make, [lf. 179, bk.] 12135 Harne ne schame ne sclaunder take, 12136 For alle the harne & vylony, Slauzt of men, ne robry ¹ To hem of Grece that thei haue done— By him that made sonne & mone!— 12140 Ne for the quene dame Eleyne rape— If my couenaunt wille skape,— But Paris schal hir stille holde Vnto his wyff, be he right bolde.' 12144
even for the rape of Eleyne.	
The messenger ¶ goes to meet Hectuba,	This man was trewe as any stele, He vndirstode his erand wele, He wiste wel what he scholde say : He hyed him faste vpon his way, 12148 As faste as he myzt gone ; To Hectuba he come anone, He tolde hir al his mayster thoght, Word by word for-zate he noght. 12152
and tells her Achilles's mes- sage.	
She says	H ectuba, the quene of pris, Was ful witti & ful wis, Sche seyde to him as luffly hende : 'Abyde me here, my louely frende! 12156 This thyng may not be ent With-uten my lord kyng assent. I schal ther-fore vn-til him gange, Sicurly I dwelle not lange. 12160 What he wol say, I wol the telle ; Ful longe schal I not fro the dwelle.'
that she must first consult with her hus- band.	
Hectuba goes to Priamus, and tells him Achilles's offer.	¶ Vnto the kyng the quene hir hyed, To him this consayl sche discryed : 12164 'What Achilles to him bed, For-whi his doughter he most wed ; How he scholde alle the Gregeis gare In-to ther contre for to fare, 12168

¹ Some indistinct scribblings under *br*.

¶ *Hic Priamus miratus est.*

And remewe & leue the sege, [lf. 180.] 12169

And be-come his man lege,

And Elayn leue with Alysaundre

With-outen amendis, with-oute slaundre." 12172

Priamus chaunged al his blod,

When he al this vndirstod ;

Al his blod be-gan to colde,

When Hectuba thes wordes tolde ; 12176

In his herte ran many a thoght,

That he the quene hadde be-soght.

An hundrid sithe sore he siked,

When he thought how he be-swiked 12180

His sone Ector that he selow ;

At his herte was care y-now,

He thought on his deth so fast,

The water of his eyen out-brast. 12184

‘Alas, the while!’—the kyng seyde tho—

‘To graunte this thyng that me is wo !

How scholde I fynde In my wil

His askyng now to fulfil ? 12188

How scholde I loue In body or gost

Thing In erthe I hate most ?

That reft me al my worldis Ioye,

That slow my sone, Ector of Troye !—— 12192

But for to eschewe al other perrel,

That more harm not to vs fel,

Azeyn this thyng may I not stryue ;

That I may haue myne other on lyue, 12196

Myne other sones to haue lyuand,

I graunt his bone myn vn-willand :

So that he do furst alle these thynges

That he sente hidur In tydynges, 12200

That we be [be-]trayed noght,

When we haue graunted al his thoght.’

z iiij

Priamus is
very much
astonished at
Hectuba's
words.

He sighs very
often, thinking
of his son's
murderer.

He weeps.
‘Alas!’ says
he, ‘how can I
grant this?’

How can I
love him
whom I hate
most?

But to prevent
the death of
my other sons,

I will grant
Achilles's
proposal,
provided that
he fulfils his
promises in
advance.’

¶ *Hic Priamus concedit Pollexenam Achilli.*

Hectuba re- turns to the messenger and tells him that Priamus, Paris,	Hectuba, worthi In wede, To the Messenger a-ȝeyn ȝede : 'I haue'—sche seide—'thin erand sayd To Priamus, that wel is payd Off his askyng ; so is Paris : Bothe are thei payde of his y-wys. And I for-sothe anendis me	[lf. 180, bk.] 12203 12204 12208
and herself agree to the proposal of Achilles.	¶ Schal do his wille, that schal he se ; So that no thyng be broght to ende, Or euere my doghter fro me wende.'	12212
The messenger thanks her for the news,	The Messenger held vp his hondes And thonked hir of tho tythandes ; When he hadde graunt of his askyng,	
returns, sing- ing, home,	On his way ȝede he syngyng : He toke his leue, for he was blythe. Ham-ward wente he thanne swithe,	12216
and gladdens his lord Achilles with the good news.	He made his lord bothe blythe & glad, He tolde him what answere he had Off Priamus, and of Hectuba, And of Paris ; he seyde also : "How thei hadde alle graunt his bone"— 'Alle thi wille for-sothe schal be done ; Iff ȝe wol do that ȝe haue hete, Al schal be done with-oute lete.'	12220 12224
Never did a bird in sum- mer sing more merrily	I N somer was neuere no nyghtyngale, The throstel ne no wodewale, The throche ne the lauerok, The papeiay ne the throstel-cok So mery syngand In thaire note, As he be-gan thanne to lote ; When that he was of here assured, Ne hadde not elles his wo endured. But than be-gan he for to kest, How he myght do this thing best.	12228 12232 12236
than Achilles rejoices now.		
He considers how best to carry out his promise.		

¶ *Hic Achilles mandauit post Reges Grecorum.*

That he be-het to the quene [lf. 181.] 12237

For hir douzter Pollexene

By his man, his Messenger ;

For hit was not In his power 12240

To remewe that company.

He thoght he hadde done foly,

That he hadde hight hem suche a thyng

That he myght not to ende bryng. 12244

¶ But not-for-thi, what vp so doun,

He traist so mechel In his renoun,

In his grete dedes & his chyua[1]rie

That he hadde done be-fore here eye, 12248

That if¹ he leffte hem In that byker,

In his herte was he sekir

That thei scholde leue al her querel,

For drede of harm & perel 12252

That hem schulde falle In that stour,

Iff thei for-ȝede his socour.

HIt was a day whil trewes last,

Achilles In his hert cast

That he wolde make the lordes alle

That were of Grece come to his halle :

His Messenger anon he sende

To alle the lordes that were him hende, 12260

And bad hem come al at ones

To speke with him In his wones.

¶ Ther was no lord that with-stode,

That ne thei als sone to him ȝode. 12264

When thei were comen thedur euerychon,

Thei sat as stille as any ston ;

Achilles sayde : ‘ lordynges, my peres,

Herkenes now to me and heres, 12268

Why that I sende affir ȝow

For thing that is for ȝowre prow.

Achilles
thinks he was
foolish to
promise so
much,
but he still
hopes that for
his great deeds

the dukes will
grant his re-
quest,

as they cannot
do without him
in the war,

Achilles re-
solves to
summon the
Greek lords to
his tent.

He sends his
messenger

to invite them.

All come,

and sit down.

Achilles ad-
dresses them.

¹ *if* inserted over line.

362 *Achilles says it is no use to waste more strength in this War.*

Achilles says :	I haue meruayle what vs ayled	[lf. 181, bk.]	12271
	That we the kyng of Troye ¹ assayled,		12272
	Whi that we this werre be-gan		
	For the loue of a womman?		
'Was it not folly to begin a war for Menelaus's wife's sake?	We haue by-gonne folily this striff		
	For Menelaus the kynges wiff.		12276
	¶ What deucl ayled us to leue oure londes		
	In other-straunge mennes <u>hondes</u> ?		
	As thoght we roght not of oure lyues ²		
to leave our children and wives alone at home?	Off oure childryn & oure wyues		12280
	At home that we behynde vs lefte ;		
	An aunter were we schal se <u>hem</u> effte.		
	And we ar here at gret dispence		
	To make of this werre defence ;		12284
	Oure goodis fast begynnes to waste,		
	We may be beggeres alle In haste.		
and to expose ourselves here to hunger and wounds?	¶ We suffur wo of oure bodyes		
	As men—me thynke—that are vn-wyse ;		12288
	We take here not but woundes		
	And ligge In dikes as dede houndes.		
	Ne here is non a-monges vs alle		
	That wot w[h]at wol him by-falle ;		12292
	For the beste of vs echon		
	May haue harm, and <u>thei</u> non,		
	In woundes sore & gret brosurcs.		
A fool is he who relies upon his strength, for even I myself have to suffer much,	He is a fole that him ensures		12296
	In his strengthe & In his myght,		
	For I my-selff haue ben euel dyght :		
	¶ Many a wounde haue I here tholed,		
	My body hath ben y-holed.		12300
	Was I not hurt so sore now last		
	That I wende neuere to haue I-past ?		
and was just now nearly given up by you.	I was for-sothe the deth so hende,		
	That non of 3ow my lyff ne wende.		12304

¹ MS. *Troyl*, the *l* only badly altered to *e*.
is following l. 12280.

² In the MS. l. 12279

¶ *Hic consiluit eos ad reuertendum ad patriam.*

— —¹ With sorwe but ligge and dethe a-bide— [lf. 182.]

Off oure liggyng may not be-tyde 12306

But gret periles & drede of deth.

We take to vs an euel breth, 12308

¶ When we be-gonne furst this batayle,

And lefft oure contre euery dele,

And come her to gete batayle

On stronge men & hem assayle; 12312

So fele gode as we ther-by

Haue lorn of oures dispitously

That haue here ben a-mong vs slayn,

And al for the loue of dame Elayn! 12316

By him that me to man has wroght!

We haue to dere hir lyff aboght,

And many good men has sche mad sterue.

Another womman may we serue

Menelaus for to haue 12320

To his wyff,—so god me saue!—

That schal be genteler than was sche,

In many landes & many contre. 12324

¶ And we may remewe by skyl

With-oute blame, when so we wil;

For we haue take shenful vengauce

Off the wrong and of the greuaunce, 12328

Off the schame & of the slaunder

That to vs did Alysaunder:

For we haue sclayn the douztieſt man

That lyued In erthe, sithen we be-gan— 12332

¶ Ector that we haue don to dede,

He was alther lord and hede,

He was alther mayntenour.

Off his dedis with gret honour 12336

Now haue we wonne suche worschepe,

That we may wel with-oute schenchipe

We did wrong, when we exposed ourselves to death, leaving our country for Eleyne's sake.

We may procure another wife for Menelaus,

and return home with honour,

for we have slain the maintainer of all our foes, Hector.

¹ No gap in MS., but the copyist seems to have dropt some lines.

¶ *Hic omnes Reges contradixerunt eum.*

We may now return home without shame;	And with-outen any schame,	[lf. 182, bk.]	12339
	With-oute reprocues or any blame,		12340
	When so we wil, hamward wende To oure contre & oure frende.		
and I advise you to do so.'	And sicurly I rede also		
	With-oute dwellyng that we go.'		12344
Thoas	A Non that riche kyng Thoas,		
	That Achilles Cosyn was,		
and Menescene oppose him, and say :	And the duk Menescene		
	With-sayde him with mychel tene		12348
'Achilles, we must not leave the siege	And seyde : ' Achilles, wold neuere god		
	That we scholde now for euene or od		
	Leue the sege we haue by-gonnen,		
before we have won the town.	Er we this Cite hadde y-wonnen,		12352
	Sithen he is ded, roten & graven		
	That the toun & hem did sauen !		
If we do so, the Trojans will think us cowards.'	Iff we leue it In suche a wyse,		
	Hit scholde be holden for cowardise ;		12356
	Men wolde holde vs recreaunt.		
	God for-bede we to this graunt !'		
Achilles gets angry	¶ Achilles was wonder wrothe ;		
	Be-fore hem alle he made his othe :		12360
	"That he scholde neuere day ne nyzt		
	Helpe hem more with his myzt ;		
	He nolde no thyng do for hem alle		
	For no thing that myzt be-falle !		12364
and orders his men not to help the Greeks any longer.	¶ But thei wolde saue thaire lyf or lym ;		
	And as thei loued derly him,		
	That thei scholde helpe no more Gregeis,		
	But holde hem stille & be In pays,		12368
	And let hem do echon her best,		
	For he & alle his wolde be In rest."		
	¶ And thus partid thei ful hirously,		
	Thei hadde meruayle how-gatis & whi		12372

That he was broght In suche a wille; [lf. 183.] 12373

But thei sayde not, but helde hem stille.

Achilles was euel apayed
That thei his wille so with-sayd, 12376

Achilles is resolved not to help the Greeks any more.

To helpe hem more has he not ment,

He sayde: "thei schal sore repent

That thei haue aȝeyn him spoken";

He thoght on hem wel be wroken, 12380

He wolde no more ȝiff tent to thaym

Thenne he hadde¹ neuere ben on of hem.

¶ In this tyme her mete hem fayles,
Thei haue gret faute of her vitayles: 12384

Famine appears in the Greek camp.

Hem² fayles fische, hem lakkes flesche,

Thei haue no corn for to thresche,

Thei haue but litel mete or drynke,

Ne other vitayles but litel thinke. 12388

¶ Palamydes, her Emperour,
Hadde ther-of gret hydour;

Palamydes convokes a parliament.

He toke consayl among his peres:

"Who scholde be here messageres 12392

To wende to feche hem drynk or mete,

That thei hadde somdel to ete,

That thei died not for defaute?

Vnnethe myȝt thei for feble maute." 12396

¶ Kyng & duk & euery a lord
Were echon at his acord,

They send Agamemnon to King Thelaphus for fresh victuals.

That Agamenon thei wolde charge

Ther-fore to wende with bote & barge, 12400

To brynge hem som refeccioun,

Corn, & wyn, & venysoun,

Mele, & salt, & other store,

And vitayle hem—as thei were ore— 12404

Vn-to the kyng sir Thelaphus,

For his land was plenteuous

¹ MS. *halde*.

² MS. *Thei*.

¶ **Hic Imperator misit Agamenon ad Thelaphum Regem.**

Off corn, of best, of alle manere goode [lf. 183, bk.] 12407

That was to mannes note & foode. 12408

Agamemnon
sails off with
many ships;

A Gamenon with gode entent
Did his Princes comaundement,
With many schippes forth he zede;

Thei sayled forth with gode spede, 12412

the wind is
good.

The wynde was good & eke schrille,

Hit blew wel sone the lond vn-tille.

When thei hadde the lond y-lauzt,

Her schippes were sone vitayled & frauzt. 12416

Thelaphus
gives them all
sorts of victuals:

¶ Thelapus was of hem ful glad:

What-so thei wolde of him thei had,

He frauzt he[r] schippes & here Coggis

meat,

With salt beffe & fat hoggis, 12420

With many a bole & wilde bore,

Vnto her schippes myzt holde no more

corn, and wine.

Off corn, of flour, & gentil wynes,

Off seynt-pro-seynt, and maluesynes

As gode as come of grapes. 12424

Agamemnon
hies back;

Agamenoun faste him rapes

With alle his schippis to take the se,

For he was frauzt as he wolde be;

12428

the wind is
again good.

¶ The wynd was to hem good y-now,

Thei turned ster, and sail vp drow,

And sayled forth aft by the wynde—

Some be-fore & some be-hynde—

12432

With alle her schippes & dromondes

To Troy azeyn to here bondes.

They are re-
ceived with
much joy by
the Greeks,
who are very
badly off from
hunger.

With mychel Ioye were thei keped ther,

Ful fayn the Gregais of hem were,

12436

For thei haue ben ful eucl at ese,

For honger thei were ful mys-ese.

Thei grond the corn as sone & boke;

Tho myzt thei speke & eke loke,

12440

- When thei were sikur of gode vitayle. [lf. 184.] 12441
- Palamydes lete reparayle 12441
 Alle the schippes that ther stode
 With-Inne the hauen In the fode ; 12444
 He did hem alle ful wel amende,
 When thei hadde nede efft to wende,
 When thei of vitayles hadde nede¹,
 Off corn & wyn hem al to fede. 12448
- P** Alamydes arayes his naue,
 Off vitayles haue thei plente ;
 The lowest of hem was fat & strong,
 Thei ben echon bothe wilde & wlong. 12452
 And day is went out of her tiewes,
 Michel bale among hem brewes ;
 Eche man lokes now al his gere,
 That it be stiff & strong to were, 12456
 That no thyng wante of hem ne fayle,
 That thei may helpe with clowe or mayle.
- ¶ Thei are now redi In her armures
 And heled aboute with couertoures 12460
 Off siluer & gold, riche & dere,
 Eche a man In his armure,
 Thei of Troye & Grefounes.
 But thei hadde the Murondones ; 12464
 But thei therfore leuen now In pes
 With hem that tyme with Achilles.
 Troiens thoght hem ded & foy,
 Sithen thei hadde sclayn Ector of Troy ; 12468
 But zit fond thei, when thei were met,
 Off her purpos wo that hem let,
 And did gret schame & vylony
 To alle the grete company. 12472
- I**N fel[d] ben thei now prest & proude,
 Thei blew her hornes schrille & loude,

Palamydes
orders the
ships to be
repaired.

The Greeks
have now
victuals
enough, so
that the
lowest man
can appease
his hunger.

After the end
of the truce all
prepare for a
new battle.

Both the
Greeks and
the Trojans
are now well
armed.

Only the
Myrmidons
remain at
home with
Achilles,

who thus did
his men much
shame.

¹ In the MS. l. 12447 is *following* l. 12448.

¶ Incipit Bellum.

They ride together.	The batayles faste to-gedir drow, [lf. 184, bk.] 12475
	The baneres with the wynd blew. 12476
	These osten were bothe long & brod :
A great battle follows : many fall.	When thei with spere to-gedir rod,
	On ayther syde faste thei die ;
	Her horses ¹ snoure wel faste & nye, 12480
	On eche a syde thei strike & wynse.
	Thei sclow ther many a prinse,
	Many a gentil Erl & knyzt,
	Kynges, dukes of mechel myzt. 12484
Dephebus, leader of the first Trojan battalion, meets the Greek King Croseus ;	¶ The furst batayle led Dephebus,
	Azeyn him come kyng Croseus ;
	The two men to-gedur samen—
	Al on ernest & not on gamen— 12488
they break their spears,	Thei lete her brideles alle a-bandoun
	And ran to-gedir with gret randoun,
	That bothe her speres In-sunder brast.
but Croseus is cast to the ground and dies.	But Croseus was to grounde cast, 12492
	That he myght neuere vp arise ;
	He died anon In that ilke wyse.
When the Greeks see Croseus dead,	¶ Ther was noyse and eke cry
	Amonges the Gregeis witterly, 12496
	When thei saw him his lymes out-streke,
	And that he myzt no more speke.
they take revenge for his death	Tho layd thei on as thei were wode :
	Many walowed In his blode, 1250
	Thei sclow ther Troyens that it was wonder ;
by slaying many hundred Trojans.	Ther was sclayn many an hunder
	For the deth ² of the riche kyng,
	Many a Troyen toke ther his endyng. 12504
Palamydes and Diomedes with 20,000 knights join the battle.	B Vt then come thedir Palamydes,
	Her Emperour, & Diamedes,
	With twenti thousand gode knyzt
	Armed wel at alle ryztes. { Thelamaneus } 12508

¹ MS. *sorses*.² *deth* inserted by another hand over line.

¶ **Hic Palamides occidit Dephebum.**

Thelamaneus come with him ¹ als,	[lf. 185.]	12509	Thelamonius arrives too ;
With his sword aboute his hals,			
With alle his men of gode assise			
Come he doun to that porprise.		12512	
Thelaman rode to sir Sisene,			he attacks
A noble kny3t, a good Troyene,			Sisene, a bas-
The kynges sone y-bore on bast :			tard son of
Thelamon rod to him In hast		12516	Priamus,
He smot him so—with-oute fable,—			and beats him
To fyght was he euere vn-able ;			down.
Afttirward In al his lyff			
Might sir Cisene neuere thriff.		12520	
¶ When Dephebus saw the wounde,			When Dephe-
And his brother falle to grounde,			bus sees his
Wel sore him greued In his red blod :			brother on the
He rod to Thelaman as he were wod,		12524	ground,
He smot him with so gret affray,			he attacks
He bar him fro his hors a-way ;			Thelamonius,
Wel sore he fel vpon the grounde			and unhorses
With a wide grylsy wounde.		12528	and wounds
P Alamydes saw that he was doune ² ,			him.
His feet hiere than his croune ;			Palamydes,
He swor he scholde that strok venge,			on seeing this,
Er that he went out of that renge.		12532	swears to take
He toke to him a stalworthe spere,			revenge.
To Dephebus he gan it bere ;			With a spear
To Iuste with him he him biddes,			he attacks De-
He bare him thorow the scheld ymyddes,		12536	phebus,
Thorow his plates In-to his brest ;			and wounds
Opon the grounde ful stille he rest,			him severely
For In his body leftt the stompe,			in the breast.
That he fel doun as it were a lompe.		12540	
¶ Sir Paris saw Dephebus falland,			Paris sees
For he was him ner-hand ;		¶ [j]	Dephebus fall

¹ This word in the MS. is very indistinctly written, and looks more like *han* than *him*. ² MS. *done*, the *v* inserted by another hand.

	He weped for him with bothe his eye, [lf. 185, bk.]	12543
	He wiste wel he scholde deye :	12544
Paris drags Dephebus away,	He drow him fro ¹ the horses fete With michel care & herte grete, He bare him ney vn-to the toun Liggaude ther In a ded swoun ;	12548
and lays him under the walls of Troy.	Thei leyde him doun vnder the walles, And Paris fast opoun him ² falles :	
Dephebus then ¶ opens his eyes,	His eyen be-gan he than to open That were faste to-geder stoken,	12552
and addresses Paris: ' Why dost thou stand here ?	He loked vp vpon Paris, He sayde: ' Paris, thow art not wys.' He seyde: ' Paris, my brother dere, Whi stondis thow by me here ?	12556
Wilt thou not avenge me ?	Wolde thow suffer me to tyne My lyff, Paris, my brother myne, Er I be venged on my bane ?	
The spear must not be taken from my breast before I hear that my bane is dead.	Out of my brest schal neuere be tane The spere, til I haue herd tythandes That he be ded of thy two handes. As I haue loued the, Paris, brother, In al my lyff be-fore alle other—	12560 12564
Go and kill him !'	Go azeyn & worche wisly, That he be ded rather than I !'	
Paris returns to the battle,	P aris sone did him to gone With carful herte & mochel mone, He hadde of him gret compassioun, That al-most he fel a-doun : In-to that fight jede he wepande, And lefft his brother ther lygande.	12568 12572
takes out his bow,	When he come ther, a bowe he hente That was strong & wel y-bente ;	
and considers how best to hit Palamydes.	He kest aboute In al his wit Where he myzt that kyng best hit,	12576

¶ *Hic Paris occidit Palamidem Imperatorem.*

So that he myȝt him sone ſclo,	[lf. 186.]	12577	
That he on lyff went him not fro.			
He ſoght afftir Palamydes,			Paris looks for Palamydes ;
Were he myȝht fynde him In that pres ;		12580	
He was war, where he ſtode			he ſees him fighting with King Sarpedon.
Fyghtand faſt as he were wode			
A-ȝeyn the gode kyng Sarpedoun ¹ ,			
And he toke gode kepe ther-on.		12584	
¶ Sarpedon hadde he aſſayled,			
That the blod fro him doun rayled ;			Sarpedon is bleeding, but Palamydes
But that kyng Palamydes			
Lefft Sarpedoun not ſo In pes :		12588	
Opon his hēde ſmote he him ſo,			ſmites him again on the head,
That he cleue it euen at-two ;			ſo that he is cloven in two and dies.
And he fel doun vpon the grounde			
And died with-Inne a litel ſtounde.		12592	
When Paris ſaw what harm he did,			When Paris ſees this,
What gret ſorwe ther was be-tid,			
He toke an arwe that was entouched			he takes a poisoned arrow,
With foule venym—as alle men ſouched :—		12596	
¶ His bowe was bent, his takel redy,			bends his bow,
And of his ſchot he was ſpedy :			
Paris neuere be-lan for to wayte,			
Til he hadde dreuen him to a bayte :		12600	
When he ſaw him, at him he ſchet			
And hitte him In his gorget,			and ſhoots Palamydes in the throat,
That it ȝede thorow his peſayn			
And cut In-two his mayſter-veyn,		12604	
And ſmot him thorow-out his gorge			ſo that he falls down dead.
That he fel ded—by ſeynt Iorge !			
D Elful cri & hidous,			
A gret noyſe & a meruelous		12608	The Greeks make a great noiſe.
Among Gregais was vp rayſed ;			
He myȝt not a-monges hem be peſed.	¶ ij		

¹ MS. *Sarpedon*.

The Greeks bewail the death of Palamydes,	Thei hadde suche del of here gyour, [lf. 186, bk.]	12611
	That he was dede so In that stour :	12612
	Afftir Paris thei folowed faste ;	
	But he was tho ful sore a-gaste,	
and put Paris to flight.	He smot his stede and hamward rode,	
	For drede of hem no lenger a-bode.	12616
Then they re- ¶ turn to their tents.	The Gregeis turned to her tent,	
	The Emperour was sore bement.	
The Trojans follow them.	The Troyens sone that aspied,	
	And to the Gregeis thei sone ¹ relied :	12620
	Thei folwed hem with bryght swordis,	
	As bestis gone be-fore the herdis—	
	For-sothe at my discrecioun :	
	The Gregeis fley to her paupyloun.	12624
When they come to their halls,	But whan thei come to here hales,	
the Greeks dismount, and defend their dikes.	Ther the Gregeis made here stales,	
The Trojans alight,	Off her hors thei gon descende	
	And here dikes thei gan defende.	12628
	¶ When thei of Troye were y-war	
	What arest thei made thar,	
	Down of her hors echone thei lyght,—	
	Kyng & squyer, duk & knyzt,—	12632
and fight on the dikes.	And sette her fet azeyn the dykes,	
	And euery man at other strikes.	
At last they enter the Grecian camp,	T he entred In at the laste ;	
	Tho were the Gregeis sore a-gaste,	12636
	For her dikes thei hadde wonne	
	And In here Paupylons thei were ronne.	
and plunder it.	Thei robbed & refft alle that thei founde,	
	Thei sente to Troye many a fair sonde :	12640
	Coupes of gold, siluer vesseles,	
	Clothes of gold, and other Iuweles,	
	And al other thing that thei myght lacche :	
	Broches, rynges, what thei myght cacche.	12644

¹ MS. *fone*.

P Aris thenne & ¹ Troylus 3ede To the se with mochel spede With xxx^{ti} thousand strong men,	[lf. 187.]	12645	Paris and Troylus, with 30,000 men, arrive
The Gregeis schippes for to bren; Thei kest wildfir In here schippes, Fro schip to schip aboute it hippes.		12648	and set fire to the Greek ships.
The schippes were sone on a blase, Thei brende bothe mast & wynlase, Sterne & sterve, ore & spretes,		12652	
The schipmen In the water fletes. Ther ros a-boute hem many a spark, For the wynd was sumdel stark		12656	The wind being strong, the flames rise high,
And made the lowe rise on hey, That it be-flaumed al the sky; Thei myght it se wel In-to Troye, Thei hadde ther-fore mychel Ioye.		12660	and the fire may be seen in Troy. Thelamonius
¶ But then come Thelamanyus, That noble knyzt & vigorous, And duk Nestor, that noble knyght, With Men of Grece, with mochel myght:		12664	and Nestor arrive,
When thei come to-gedir & met, Troyle bad faste the fir be bet, But Thelamon bad his men hit slek		12668	and order the fire to be quenched. A great battle.
With water of broke or of bek. Gret was the assaut that thei be-gonne, Euery man on other ronne;			
¶ Hedes reled aboute ouer-al, As men playe at the fote-bal; Thei lay a-boute hem wonder thikke.		12672	Heads reel about as at football.
The fight was lyther & eke wikke, Hit was gret ruthe for to se What men died at that medle!		12676	
Sicurly the sothe it is: Ne hadde it be Ajax prowes,		¶ iij	

¹ MS. *to*.

If Ajax and
Nestor had not
come, all the
ships would
have been
burnt.

And Nestor, the duk, that with him went— [lf. 187, bk.]
Alle her schippes hadde ben brent, 12680
That thei made brenne al to coles,
With mochel wo that day thei tholes.

Almost all the
Greeks were
wounded.

¶ The Gregeis were wel foule to-hewe,
Off hem vn-hurt were ther but fewe, 12084
For al the gras that was so grene
It was for-bled with knyghtes kene;
For thei myght not endure
For gret hete In thaire armure : 12688
Many drow out of that batayle
And kest of helm & her ventayle;
To cacche the wynd thei were fayn,
And went to batayle sone a-zeyn. 12692

Heber, son of
the king of
Thrace, is
sorely
wounded with
a spear,

THe kynges sone of Trase, Heber,
He rod doun by her tentes ther,
He was wounded with a spere

Thorow his body In that were, 6
Hede & tre lefft bothe In him;
His eyen be-gan to waxe dym,
For sicurly his lyff was ent.
Vntil Achilles Heber went, 12700
That¹ dwelled at home with mochel tene
For the loue of Pollexene;
He In his herte Gregeis defied,
To wende with hem he denyed. 12704

but he runs to
the tent of
Achilles

¶ The kynges sone that so was lamed,
Achilles strongly he tho blamed:
“That he that day at hom him held
With alle his men—so hit is teld,— 12708
And lete ther naue so be brend,
And Gregays foule slayn & schend”;
‘And thow myght saue hem fro this wo,
Iff thow wolde to fight go, 12712

and blames
him for his not
helping the
Greeks in their
sad distress.

¹ MS. *Thei*.

¶ *Hic Heber mortuus est.*

- With thi strengthe & thi myght, [lf. 188.] 12713
 Iff thou hadde ben to-day at fight.
 Hit comes the of euel wil,
 That thou schalt holde the thus stil 12716
 And wol not helpe thi contre-men,
 Thou hast lorn of hem [†]M ten.'
- ¶ Thus Heber foule Achilles myssayd
 And of vnkyndenes him foule vmbrayd; 12720
 How myght thou '—he sayde—' In herte fynde
 To thi peple be so vn-kynde,
 And wold not haue of hem mercy?
 It is so sothe thi vilony! 12724
 Men wol say opon the tresoun,
 Sithen thou leuest with-oute resoun.'
- ¶ Heber bad that men scholde drawe
 The spere that sat thorow his mawe;
 Achilles men that spere out-drow,
 And he fel down ther In a swow:
 He died by-fore Achilles eyene
 With mochel wo & mychel pyne. 12732
- A** litel while—as I ȝow telle—
 Herkenes now, how it be-felle!
 Achilles cleped him to a seruant,
 A strong man, a gode seriaunt,— 12736
 At that batayle hadde y-bene,
 That hadde the slaught of Gregeis sene,
 How thei died & how thei fore;—
 He come then ridand In at the dore, 12740
 Ther his lord Achilles standes.
 Achilles asked: 'what tydandes?
 How done the Gregeis, by thi fayth?
 What was that noyse that was so layth? 12744
 Is any lord of oures slayn?
 Loke the sothe thou not layn!'
- 'It is evil will
 to stay at
 home and not
 to help your
 countrymen,'
- says Heber to
 Achilles;
- 'how can you
 besounnatural
 and unmerci-
 ful?
- People will
 call you a
 traitor.'
- Then Heber
 asks Achilles's
 men to draw
 the spear from
 his wound.
 This done,
 he falls in a
 swoon and
 dies before
 Achilles's eyes.
- Achilles asks a
 sergeant
 returning from
 the battle,
- how it fares
 with the
 Greeks.

¶ *Hic vnus homo narrauit Achillem de prelio.*

The sergeant
says: 'I was
in the battle

The seriaunt seide: 'I was, lord, thare; [lf. 188, bk.]

I schal 3ow telle how thei fare: 12748

Thei may say the wrother-hayle

That thei this day 3ede to batayle;

For sicurly: but better schape,

I trowe non of hem skape

12752

With-oute deth or dethes woundes.

Thei haue brent many of oure dromondes

And many schippes & cogges,

And slayn oure men as frogges;

12756

¶ Some are ded, & some home fle.

Ther is suche novmbre & plente,

My lord, for-sothe of hem of Troye:

I trowe forsothe, not a boye,

12760

Ne man that may his heued were,

Sword or staff to batayle bere

For-sothe with-Inne the Cite walle,

That thei ne are come to batayle alle.

12764

And Palamydes, oure Emperour,

He is slayn In that stour;

For that he sclow Dephebus,

Paris hath him slayn thus.

12768

But wold 3e, lord, do my rede,

3e scholde do a worschip-dede,

¶ Iff I durst hit to 3ow speke:

3e my3t now on hem be wreke,

12772

3e myght now take suche vengauce,

For euere 3e scholde 3oure los enhaunce;

The Troiens alle 3e may now schende

And wynne 3owre los with-outen ende.

12776

I can 3ow schewe to batayle now,

3e may se In batayle, howe

The Troyens ar so for-fou3ten & weri;

Thei schal be ferd and so dreri,

12780

I think none
will escape
without death
or deadly
wounds.

The Trojans
have burnt
many of our
ships, and slain
our men like
frogs.

There are so
many Trojans,

that neither
man nor boy
remains in the
city.

And Pala-
mydes has
been slain by
Paris, because
he slew De-
phebus.

But ye might
now win great
praise,

and be avenged
on them.

I can show you
the way; and
the Trojans
are so wearied
that they'll
be frightened.

And thei saw 3ow thedur ride,	[lf. 189.]	12781	As soon as the Trojans see you come on,
Thei durst not on of hem abide			
For al the good of mydelerd;			
Thei scholde of 3ow be so aferd,		12784	they will flee,
And thei hadde ones of the a sight.			
For thei ben now al out of myght,			as they are now worn out.
Thei may hem not defende longe;			
And thei dreden 3ow, for 3e ben stronge.		12788	
¶ Thorow al this world scholde it be spoken,			And every- body then will say,
How 3e haue 3ow of hem wroken,—			
And say that 3oure selff alone			that you alone van- quished the Trojans.
Discomfited hem of Troye euerychone,		12792	
And that 3oure selff In 3oure persone			
Did more then kynges and kynges sone,			
And more than al the men of Grece;			
To 3oure honour gretly it lyse.		12796	You will slay them, and win great honour by it.'
3e ¹ schal sle hem as ratons and mys,			
And wyn gret los for euere & prys.'			
A Chilles stode as he were founden;			Achilles is stupefied; but
Wel stronge he was In loue bounden,		12800	he is so in love with Pollexena
That maketh a man to morne & pyne,			
And makes hem offte his worschipe tyne,			
Hit makes men leue her honour,			
And makes hem take gret dishonour.		12804	
And so ferd it with-oute les			
By the lord sir Achilles:			
He herkenes al that euere this man			
Off the batayle telle can,		12808	
¶ But he wolde not for his prechyng,			that for all the messenger's preaching and sermonizing he cannot turn his heart,
Ne for al his sermonyng,			
Ne for no gode knyghtes dede			
Turne his herte & do his rede;		12812	
For he loued so dame Pollex[e]ne,			as he fears to anger his sweetheart.
And he was ferd he scholde her tene;			

378 *The Battle ends. Dephebus bids Men draw the Spear from his Chest.*

Achilles prefers to lose his honour rather than ir- ritate his love.	And leuere him was his los for-go [lf. 189, bk.] 12815 Then for to falle In suche a wo. 12816 Loue hath broght him In hir chare, On his bak derne loue he bare ;
False fortune never stopped chasing him, till he lost his life through her.	Fals fortune of him now filles, He put him ryzt In hir thilles, 12820 And sche be-lan neuere that knyzt to chase, Til he by hir his lyff lase.
Night ends the battle. All-go home : Troylus and Paris go to Troy ; the Greeks to their tents. Dephebus is yet living, when Paris and Troylus return ;	¶ The fight was sesed of that day, Thei wente homward In aray ; 12824 It was nyzt, the sonne wente doun, Troyle & Paris zede to toun, And thei of Grece went al at ones ¹ To her tentis with weri bones. 12828 ¶ Dephebus was zit on lyue, When Paris come be-fore him blyue, And Troyle, his brother, sore wepand ; Dephebus was zit lyuand. 12832
they weep and cry for his death.	Thei wepe & crye as bestes braye, Thei wolde her lyff hadde ben a-waye ; For his deth were thei so wrothe, Thei wolde ther die with him bothe. 12836
Dephebus asks Paris	D ephebus lyfft vp his eye-lid, And asked his brether what thei did ; Than Dephebus to Paris saythe : ' Telle me, Paris, by thi saythe, 12840 My dere brother, if that thou wot : Where he be ded that me thus smot ? '
if Palamydes is dead. Paris says : ' I slew him with my own hands.' Dephebus orders the spear to be drawn from his breast.	¶ Paris saide : ' my brother hende, God let me neuere my bowe bende 12844 Ne drawe tacle of Aspy n wandis, But I sclow him with my handis ! ' He bad hem than that stode him next, Draw the spere out of his brest ; 12848

¹ MS. *atones*.

¶ *Dephebus mortuus est.*

Thei drow hit out byfore his eyen,	[lf. 190.]	12849	
Anon Dephebus gan to dyen.			Dephebus dies.
Thei wepe In Troye for his deth,			The Trojans
Thei spilled for him meche breth.		12852	weep for his death,
Bothe Priamus and Hectuba,			
Polexene & Cassandra,			
¶ Paris als and douȝti Troyle,			
Thei prayed her god his soule assoyle;		12856	and pray to their god for his soul.
And the Citesens & ladies alle			
That were tho In that halle.			
But what scholde I longer dwelle,			But I must not dwell any longer on the description of their great sorrow.
What del thei made ȝow to telle?		12860	
I myȝt not to-day ne to-morwe			
Telle for-sothe her grete sorwe!			
P riamus let make a molde			Priamus orders a golden coffin to be made for his son,
Off Iasper-stones & riche golde,		12864	
And layd ther-In his sone so dere			
With sore wepyng & heuy chere.			
Another tombe dede he also make			and another tomb for Sarpedon.
For Sarpedoun the kynges sake,		12868	
And led him by his sone there			
With wepyng sore of many a tere.			
For sicurly kyng Sarpedoun			
Was In his tyme a stalworth man,		12872	
A noble knyȝt of vasselage,			
Hardi, & bold, and right sauage.			
¶ Among the Gregeis with-oute wenying			The Greeks mourn for Palamydes,
Was mychel del & mornying		12876	
For that kyng Palamydes.			
A newe leder the Gregeis ches,			and choose a new commander.
For thei myȝt not be with-oute			
An Emperour for that were doute.		12880	
Thei toke consayle, wham thei wolde haue			
That best coude ordeyne hem & saue;			

¶ *Hic Agamenoun electus est ad officium Imperatoris.*

Agamemnon
is again elected
commander of
the Greeks.

Agamenoun a3eyn thei chase, [lf. 190, bk.] 12883

The eleccioun¹ of hem alle he hase; 12884

And that was most by duk Nestor,

For he spak most ther-for.

A Gamenoun is now Emperour
I-mad a-3eyn with honour; 12888

He orders
them to be
ready for
a new battle
next morning.

Alle the lordes he comaundes,

That thei be redy In the landes

Erly at morwe, whan it was day;

For 3it wol thei eft assay, 12892

How thei may spede a-3eyn Dardanes,

And venge hem on tho fel Troianes

That haue thus slayn the dou3hti kyng

Dispitously with thair schotyng. 12896

When the day
dawns,

¶ The sterres passen and alle the cloudes,

The day dawes, the Crowe croudes,

The larkis synge, the cokkes crowe,

The waytes faste her pipes blowe:

12900

the Greeks
rise, and not-
withstanding
their wounds

The Gregeis risen vp of her couches

With many woundes & many bocches,

But thei let not ther-fore to go

go to fight
again.

Vnto the fyght that thei come fro. 12904

The sqwyers toke her harneis,

They prepare
their horses,

Her knaues ordeyned her palfreys,

Thei[r] sadel-stedis & her cou[r]seres;

and ride out.

And rides forth kny3tes & sqwyers. 12908

¶ Agamenoun In that matyne

Ordaynet hem as thei schold bene.

The Trojans
do the same.

And thei of Troye by than were 3are

Toward Gregeis for to fare. 12912

With-Inne a while come thei to-gedur;

But it made tho a lothely wedur,

It storms, rains,
and thunders
when the
battle begins.

Hit raynes faste, thondres, & blowes,

That wel was him that was with-Inne woves. 12916

¹ The second c may be a t.

But for al that wedur & the rayn	[lf. 191.]	12917	Notwith- standing the bad weather, many are slain,
Many a gode man ther was sclayn,			
Many a knyzt was ouer-throwen,			
Her bodies lay thik sawen.		12920	
¶ Off Troye died many, but mo Griffons.			but more Greeks than Trojans.
Troyle come ouer the dounes,			
With hardy hert & gret fferte			
Come he thedur to that poygne.		12924	
When he was comen a-mong that pres,			Troylus slays many.
The Gregeis faste to dethe he sles ;			
Thei were In poynt to lese the plase ;			The Greeks would have fled, if
But then come—as thei hadde grace—		12928	Diomedes and Ulixes had not come to their rescue with 20,000 men.
The gode douzti Diomedes			
With his felawe Vlixes,			
With twenti thousand doughti In place ;			
The proude Troyens ¹ thei gone to chace.		12932	
¶ Gret slauzt was on bothe side ;			
But thei myzt not longe abide,			
The thonder & lyghtyng was so strong,			But the storm compels both parties to desist from fighting,
That gret sorwe hit wrouzt hem among :		12936	
Thei with-drow hem sone for that wedur,			
And toke her conseyl al to-gedur			
To go home for that gret tempest,			
For hem thoght hit was the best ;		12940	
For so faste doun the water zet,			as they are all wet through.
That thei were alle thorow wet.			
N OW are thei alle herbare & housed			When they get home
Al be-rayned and be-toused,		12944	
Thei did of armes & ded on clothes ;			they doff their arms.
Many of hem her lyff loses			
For the wo that thei are Inne.			
I holde: he hadde gret synne		12948	Woe to him who first began this war !
That furst the were of hem by-gan,			
For he was bane of many a man.			

¹ MS. *Gregeis*.

382 *Next Morning the Battle begins again. Troylus slays many Greeks.*

The troops sup, bewail their dead,	¶ When thei were comen, thei ȝede & souped, [lf. 191, bk.] And many on for his frend drouped 12952 And for hem-selff thei seide 'alas' Thei wende neuere to passe that plas; And ȝit were thei so envious, So ful of Pride and meruelous, 12956 That hem was leuere echon to dye Than any of other mercy to crye.
and go to sleep; many a widow weeps.	When thei hadde souped, thei ȝede & sleped, And many a wydwe thanne weped, 12960 And made gret del & sikyng sore For her ffrendes thei hadde lore.
Next morning they rise early, take up arms,	WHen thei hadde sleped & saw tyme, Thei ros vp be-fore the prime 12964 And tok her hors & her atyres, Swerd, bowes, and heded vires, And ȝede aȝeyn In-to the ffeldes Out of her toun & here teldis, 12968 And mete to-gedur with strokes hard. Amonges hem alle was no coward, Echon other to sle coueytes, And alle men to sle waytes: 12972 Many a man to grounde was feld; But ther was non that euere him ȝeld, Whil thei myght hold swerd In honde, Or on her feet whil thei myȝt stonde. 12976
There are no cowards among them;	¶ But Troile come thanne with his couyne; He bar a scheld of asure fyne, A lyoun of gold ther-on was paynt. When he was comen to that prasaynt 12980 Ther Troye¹ & Grece to-gedur ware, Many a man to grounde he bare, Many a lord that day he slow And fro her horsis doun hem drow. 12984
no one yields himself up.	
Troylus and his company arrive;	
he slays many Greeks.	

¹ MS. *Troyl.*

	¶ <i>Hic ceperunt pacem ad inuicem .viij^{to}. septimanas.</i>	
	Til alle the bodyes were y-graue, [lf. 192, bk.]	13019
	So long wolde thei the trewes haue.	13020
Priamus grants the truce.	The kyng hem graunted by a-visement And ther-to made he his surment To holde hem stable, and thei also, And no dissait ther-In do.	13024
During the truce, Agamemnon meditates how to win back Achilles.	T He while that the trues last, Agamenon In his herte cast, How he myzt best Achilles brynge With hem a3eyn to here fyghtynge.	13028
He sends for Diomedes, Nestor, and Ulixes,	He sente afftir Diomedes, Duk Nestor, and Vlixes; When thei were comen, he bad hem tho :	
and bids them beseech Achilles to come and fight again.	"That thei scholde to Achilles go, And thei scholde him by-seke With faire wordes and with meke, That he wolde come with hem to fyght"; 'Now,' seyde he, 'kythe 3oure slyght !	13032 13036
	¶ Let se now 3oure qwayntyse, That he ne late vs In no wyse !	
They go to Achilles ;	Thei did her princes comaundement, To Achilles alle thei went ;	¶ <i>Hic miserunt ad Achillem¹.</i>
he is glad to see them.	Off her comyng was he glad, The lordis to sitte by him he bad ; Thei sette hem down—as he hem bade,— Thei dronken the wyn and made hem glade.	13041 13044
Ulixes asks Achilles,	U Lixes, that most was wis,— Coude non so wel say his devys,— He seyde : ' Achilles, be 3oure leue ! That I schal say, take it not on greue : I haue meruayle with-oute any othe, Whi 3e be with vs so wrothe ? That 3e of vs on this wise fille, And haue turned 3oure hert & wille	13048
why he keeps back from the Greeks.		A3eyn vs aft 13052

¹ On the left side in MS.

Azeyn vs alle and 3oure owne dede,	[lf. 193.]	13053	
And 3e ben not with vs at rede.			
That 3e of vs on wyse fille,			
And haue turned 3oure herte & wille		13056	
Azeyn vs alle & 3oure oune dede,			
That 3e ben not with vs a rede ¹ .			
Lete vs not dye In deth cruel !			
For-sothe 3e may helpe vs wel !		13060	'Let us not die,' he says, 'for you may help us.
¶ ² Was it not furst 3oure oune entent,			Was it not your idea, as well as that of all the other kings,
And alle the lordes that with 3ow went,			
Kynges, & princes off gret power,			
And alle the lordes that now ligge her,—		13064	
Oure owne londis for to leue			to leave Greece
And Priamus his landis be-reue ?			and bereave Priamus of his land ?
To sle alle his and exile,			
And do him-self to dethe vile ?		13068	
This riche Cite to ouerthrowe,			
The gaye toures to ligge lowe ?			
H ow may this be 3e ben thus straunge			Why then have you now changed your heart and left us,
That azeyn vs thi hert chaunge ?		13072	
That 3e haue now on newe taken,			
And 3oure furst wil forsaken			
Aftir the grete harme that thei haue done,			when the Trojans do us so much harm ?
And 3it are redi to do alsones ?		13076	
Thei haue sclayn many kynges of oures,			They have slain so many of ours and of yours,
And wounded 3ow, & sclayn of 3oures ;			
¶ Thei haue vs offte foule y-toyled,			
Oure Paulyons foule dispoyled,		13080	
Robbed oure godis & fro vs refft,			robbed us of our goods,
Litel haue thei with vs lefft ;			
Oure schippis haue thei many brent			and burnt our ships.
And many tyme In poynt to be schent.		13084	
For 3e haue with 3oure strengthe & myght			You have slain Hector,
Slayn that stalworth man In fyght,	25 [j]		

¹ ll. 13055-8 are an almost word-by-word repetition of ll. 13051-4.

² This sign almost blotted away.

	That al her socour & trust was In ; [lf. 193, bk.]	13087
we are now on the point of winning,	We are now hem In poynt to wyn	13088
	And for to sle eueryche a man, Iff 3e helpe vs, as 3e by-gan.	
and Dephebus is dead too ;	And also Dephebus is now ded, And thei are alle with-outen red ;	13092
they would surrender at once, if they saw you in the field. Don't you re- member the worship and the honour you won in this war?	Were 3e sen Armed In the felde, Thei schal for drede of 3ow hem 3elde. A Chilles sir, for him 3ow wrought ! Haue 3e for-3eten, ne thenke 3e noght, What los & worschepe 3e haue wonne With dedes that 3e haue her bygonne ? 3e haue done dedis In this stour, 3e haue wonne 3ow gret honour ; In al the world, brode ne lang, Is non so dou3ti ne so strang— I holde certes—as 3e are now, Sithen 3e doghti Ector scelow ! Haue 3e no thoght, sir, & mynde That 3oure los thus schal be tynd ? And suffre 3oure kynges and 3oure Gregeis Be selayn & storuen In this mareis, That 3e haue saued noble & kept With myzt & strengthe eueryche a step ? Michel blode haue 3e dispende, To saue vs alle and to defende. We pray you, ¶ for God's sake, to help us, and let the Greeks be slain ? We pray 3ow, sir, for goddis sake, That 3e to 3owre furst wil take ? That 3e lese not thus sone 3oure los, Ne lete vs not dye of oure fos, And help vs & saue vs also ! For we may not with-oute 3ow do. Oure Emperour—the sothe to say— Sente vs hidur 3ow to pray,	13100 13104 13108 13112 13116 13120

¶ **Hic Achilles contradixerunt eos.**

- That 3e scholde vs In no wise ffayle, [lf. 194.] 13121
 But be with vs at the nexte batayle
 To ffyght a3eyn oure wicked enemys ;
 That we by 3ow may wynne the pris, 13124
 And than schal we haue the victori,
 And but thow do thus, we ben sori.' else we shall
 be very sorry.'
- A** Chilles seyde to Ulixes:
 ' Certis, sir, it is no les ! 13128
 Alle that 3e say, I knowe it wel ;
 But that was foly euery a del :
 That when we were In suche a-tent,
 I say that we were fouly blent. 13132
 Hit was open surfetrie,
 And on gret pride & folye,
- ¶ When alle these kynges scholde leue here londis
 For-sothe In vncouthe mennes hondis— 13136
 Her rentes faire & gret Cites,—
 To com & werre In straunge contres.
 And al for loue of a womman
 This perelous werre we by-gan, 13140
 And alle these kynges haue [ben] sclayn
 For the loue of dame Elayn.
- ¶ Say me now, sir Vlixes,
 The noble kyng, Palamydes, 13144
 Hadde him not better ¹ ben—I say—
 Died at hom In his contray,
 Then haue died In this prouince ?
 Him and euery another prince 13148
 That haue died here thus wickedly ?
 And al for loue of that lady !
- ¶ Also the man that most was bold
 Off stalworthnes, & most of told,— 13152
 Ector of Troie with-oute pere—
 Died he not In foule manere ?

Come and
rescue us in
the next battle,

else we shall
be very sorry.'

Achilles
answers :

' All you say I
know well.
But it was
folly

to leave our
lands and
goods in the
hands of stran-
gers,
and to make
war in foreign
lands,

all for the love
of Eleyne.

Would not
Palamydes
have better
died in his
own land than
here ?

And all the
other princes ?

And Hector
the peerless,

did he not
die in foul
manner ?

¹ MS. *be better*.

388 *Achilles refuses Help, though Diomedes and Nestor ask him too.*

So might I lose my life too, like Hector.	I se therfore : so mote I Lese my lyff so witterly !	[lf. 194, bk.]	13155 13156
Don't speak any more to me about this !	I warne 3ow ther-fore, lordynges, To me speke 3e not of suche thynges, No more therfore 3e me say ! Off suche thynges 3e may not pray, A3eyn Troyens to 3eue batayle— For hit is but lorn trauayle !		13160
Rather will I lose my fame and good name than my life.	M E is leuere lese my name, Alle my los, & my gode fame, Then here to dye In wo & pyne And lye here stynkyng as a swyne.		13164
Nestor and Diomedes repeat	¶ Nestor duk and Diomedes Thei prayed bothe sir Achilles		13168
that their Emperor, too, entreats Achilles to help them ;	And seyde : “ her Emperour him be-soght, That he wolde leue that wil & thought That he was In, and Armes bere, And help hem to mayntene the werre.”		13172
but in vain.	But alle her prayer and her sawe Were not that tyme worth an hawe.		
	¶ Her fair speche myzt him not brynge, Ne prayer nother of duk ne of kyng Put of his herte & his purpos, For noght that euere thei myght glos, Ne her alther Emperour.		13176
He says : ‘ It is greater honour to ask Priamus for peace than to be killed here.’ The kings return to Agamemnon's tent.	But sayde “ that it was more honour At Priamus to aske the pes, Then be to-hewen as other wes.”		13180
	¶ The kynges saw thei myght not spede, Thei toke her leue and home 3ede ; Thei fond her Emperour In his halle, Wel curteysly thei gret him alle. He asked hem : “ how thei hadde sped ”— ‘ What hath Achilles to 3ow seyde ?		13184 13188

¶ *Consilium Grecorum ad reuertendum ad patriam suam.*

Haue 3e gotten any grace ?'	[lf. 195.]	13189	On Agamemnon's demand the messengers relate to him the whole of Achilles's refusal.
Thei seyde be-fore godis face,			
Thei tolde him al her answer :			
"How he nolde Troiens dere,		13192	
Ne come"—he sayde—"In batayle mortel" ;			
But seyde : "if that we wold do wel,			
We scholde aske pes at Priamus,			
And schold we neuere saue vs."		13196	
'G Od that made bothe lond & se,'— ¶ <i>Hic Agamenon</i>			
Seide Agamenoun—"what may this be, timuit.			Agamemnon wonders why Achilles will not fight any longer,
That this gode kny3t sir Achilles			
Longeth thus sore afftir the pees ?		13200	
I wot neuere what it may be-mene.'			
He bad the kynges alle be-dene,			and summons a council of all the Greek leaders.
All that euere were In that ost			
Schold come bothe lest & most,		13204	
And alle these other lordes also,			
For thynges he wolde say hem to.			
With-Inne a while were thei alle met			Within a short while they all meet.
Ther to-geder and doun set.		13208	
¶ Agamenoun tolde his tale			Agamemnon tells them,
To alle the lordis In that sale :			
"How he hadde sent Diomedes,			how he sent Diomedes,
Duk Nestor, and Vlixes,		13212	Nestor, and Ulixes, to ask Achilles for help,
To pray Achilles for charite,"—			
'And for the loue of 3ow and me,			
That he wolde vs helpe In oure werre.			
And we of him be neuere the nerre,		13216	
For he swore gret othes to hem thore,			but that he swore never to bear arms against the Trojans.
He scholde bere armes neuere more			
¶ Kyng Priamus to distroye,			
Ne non of his to anoye,—		13220	
For nou3t that we may do or bidde.			
He wold not die as other didde.			

Agamemnon asks the lord s	And this [is] al the skyl whi	[lf. 195, bk.]	13223
	That I for 3ow sende witterly,		13224
to give their opinions.	To here 3oure alther a-visement, Of ¹ euer[y]che a man his Iugement. Telles here now 3oure best consayl: What schal we do of this batayl?'		13228
Menelaussays: 'He is unwise who assents to peace;	M Enelaus rose vp now anon And seyde: "he held him no wyse man Vn-to that pes that wolde assent;		
	For the batayle was as good as ent,		13232
now Hector and Dephebus are dead,	Sithen thei hadde slayn the knyght vigorous, Sir Ector, and Dephebus";		
it will be easy—even without Achilles's help—to vanquish the others.'	'Thes other are ether to ouercome, Thei schal alle dye on a throme. And thoow it be that Achilles Help vs not, but holde his pees,— With-oute his help & his vertu We schal these other sone vengu.'		13236
			13240
But Nestor	¶ But then ros vp Duk Nestor		
	That I spak of right now be-for ² ,		
and Ulixes	And the wise kny3t sir Vlixes That sat to-gedir on the des ;		13244
say: 'It is no wonder that you desire more war, for your wife's sake.	Thei seyde: 'it is no wonder, sir, Thoow thow batayle more desir. Al ffor the & for thi wiff These gode lordes haue lost her lyff, And so may we lyghtly do, But we wil not that it ³ be so.		13248
But we do not,—	¶ For thi wyff this werre be-gan,		
we give it up,	We 3eue it vp here euery a man;		13252
	For hir haue we done here gret perel, But we forsake here oure querel ;		
and will have peace.'	We wol haue the pes euerychon, Ther-a3eyn of vs is non ;	¶ Hic nolunt pug- nare viterius ⁴ .	13256

¹ MS. *To*.² After this last word *n* is erased.³ MS. *is*.⁴ In the left margin in MS.

¶ *Consilium Grecorum ad reuertendum ad patriam suam*¹.

For we haue lyued her many ȝeres.' [lf. 196.] 13257

When sir Calcas that conseil heres,—

When these kynges were at that acorde,

And dukes also and many a lorde, 13260

To lete the werre and haue the pees,—

He bad hem alle lete that res;

¶ He cried loude as he were wod

Among the Gregeis ther thei stod, 13264

He sayde: 'alas, that ȝe ben mased!

ȝoure² wit is lorn and ful dased!

Hope ȝe, lordynges, it is not ille

To do aȝeyn ȝoure godis wille, 13268

That he wol do ȝow alle him dispise?

God for-sakes him & hise.

God hath ȝow for-sothe be-hight

The victorye—my treuthe I plyght!— 13272

Off alle ȝoure enemys & ȝoure fos;

My-selff hit herde of god In Delos

That he the mastry ȝow be-het.

ȝoure² herte craftly ther-on ȝe set, 13276

¶ Traystes wel In his prowesse!

For I herd it & bere witnesse,

For I it herde In that Il[d]e:

"That ȝe scholde be lordes with herte mylde, 13280

And that ȝe scholde haue al the maystrye."

Loke ȝe be bold ther-fore for-thi,

Beth right bold, & trust In god!

And leues hem not for euen ne od, 13284

Til ȝe haue wonnen the victory—

As god be-het ȝow trustely!

When this Clerk, sir Calcas,—

In Troye sumtyme bysshop was— 13288

Hadde sayde these wordes amonges hom alle,

Fro her purpos be-gan thei falle

25 [iii]

When Calchas
hears this
counsel,

he rushes up
like a madman,

and says:
'You are all
mad!

Don't you
think it bad
to act against
the will of the
god?

He promised
you the vic-
tory—I bear
witness!—over
all your ene-
mies.

I heard it my-
self in Delos,

that ye should
vanquish.

Therefore, be
bold and trust
in god,

till you have
the victory
prophesied to
you.'

¹ This rubric is just the same as that on lf. 195.

² MS. *ȝoure*.

392 *On Calchas's Advice the Greeks resolve on pursuing the War.*

On Calchas's address, the Greeks vow never to leave this land with- out having cast down Troy and slain Priamus, Troylus, and Paris.	And toke aȝeyn her herte & wille, [lf. 196, bk.] 13291 And made a vow her god vn-tille : 13292 "Thei wold neuere passe of ther marches, Til proud Ilyon and alle his arches Were cast down, and Priamus, And that douȝti knyȝt Troylus, 13296 And fair Paris that was his sone, Were foule slayn with-oute raunsone.
Even without Achilles's help they trust to have the vic- tory.	¶ Thoow Achilles helpe hem noght, Thei vowed to god that thei ne roght ; 13300 Thow Achilles hem for-soke, Her godis scholde vn-to hem loke. Iff he be ferd of any chaunce, Lete him sitte & rede romaunce ! " 13304
They all agree ¶ not to go home,	Now are the kynges all at red : Out of the place, for drede of ded, To her contres wil thei not wende, Til thei haue broght that fyght to ende. 13308 Off no thyng are thei a-bayst, In her goddis haue thei suche traist ; With-oute Achilles ar thei bold
but to fight on, Achilles is for- gotten, as if he had never been among them.	The fyght aȝeyn to take & hold. 13312 He is for-ȝeten with feble & strong, As thoow he hadde not ben hem among. Thei wente alle hom to here ostel,
They make merry, till the truce ends.	Thei daunsed & sang & made revel. 13316 The <i>terme</i> is went & passed a-way, The morwe next schal be her day
Next day fighting will be renewed.	That thei schal fyght to-gedur In feld, Ther schal be reuen many a scheld, 13320 Many a bryght basenet Schal be with blod foule y-wet.
	D Ay is went out of the trewes, Ther is gret noyse among the Grwes, 13324

¶ **Hic faciebant Magnum Bellum.**

- | | | | |
|--|------------|-------|---|
| Thei Arme hem faste at that tyde, | [lf. 197.] | 13325 | |
| To hem of Troye thei faste ride, | | | |
| Armed wel In her harneis. | | | |
| Now gon to-gedur Troiens & Gregeis : | | 13328 | The Trojans
and the Greeks
meet with
great eager-
ness. |
| The vanwardis met with gret hidoure, | | | |
| Thei rod to-gedur with gret vigoure ; | | | |
| ¶ A thousand speres brast In-sonder, | | | A great battle
begins. |
| Ther died knyghtes many hunder. | | 13332 | |
| When thei to-gedir with speres rides, | | | |
| Many on the dethe ther abydes ; | | | Many die, |
| Thei toke ther many an euel garter, | | | |
| Some loste al his on quarter, | | 13336 | and many are
wounded. |
| Some his hede, & som his guttis ; | | | |
| Eche man other doun puttis. | | | |
| ¶ The stour was strong & perilous, | | | |
| The day was hote, the men yrous : | | 13340 | |
| Thei schotte arwes & keste gaelokkis, | | | They shoot
their arrows, |
| Thei dyght foule her paltokkis ; | | | |
| Knyghtes falle, and stedis stray, | | | knight's fall,
and steeds
stray. |
| The dede bodyes on hepe lay. | | 13344 | |
| B Vt then come theder douzti Troyle | | | Troilus comes
up, and, |
| And be-gan amonges hem royle, | | | |
| Among Gregeis be-gan he pugne, | | | |
| That thei made many a lothely groyne. | | 13348 | |
| For his brother that thei sclow | | | revenging his
brother's
death, slays
many Greeks. |
| He did hem sorwe & wo y-now ; | | | |
| His brother deth he hadde In mynde,— | | | |
| As thei of Grece fforsothe fynde,— | | 13352 | |
| Ful shrewedly hem dyghtes, | | | |
| He slow that day many knyghtes. | | | |
| ¶ Then come Menelaus ride | | | Menelaus and |
| With men of Armes And mychel pride, | | 13356 | |
| And the doghti Diomedes | | | Diomedes
come up. |
| With mychel peple to that pres, | | | |

394 *Night ends the Battle, which is taken up again next Morning.*

	With many knyghtes stronge & gode; [lf. 197, bk.]	13359
Menelaus and Diomedes slay many Trojans.	Thei sclow Troiens as thei were wode, And felde hem thikke vpon the grounde. Ther died of hem many thousande, On bothe halff thei scle men faste Al the day, til euen laste.	13360 13364
Night ends the battle;	For hit was nyght, the sonne goth west, Thei drow hem homward to her rest, Thei parted so fro that fyght	
they go home.	And zede hom alle, for it was nyght.	13368
	T Hei of Troie are In the toun, And Gregeis In her paupyloun; Euery man goth to his rescet,	
They take supper,	Her mete is dyght and to hem fet, Thei sitte alle for to soupe	13372
and then go to bed.	With many a lyuer, longe, & croupe; Many a man among hem drouped And zede to bedde, whan thei hadde souped, And rest hem til hit was day, That thei myzt make a foule deray.	13376
The Greeks are ¶ ashamed of their defeat,	¶ For thei of Grece were sore a-gramed And gretly tened and sore a-schamed Off hem of Troye for that day be-forn, For her gode men thei hadde lorn:	13380
and prepare to take re- venge next morning.	Thei samed hem alle on an hepe, Thei toke her hors & vpward lepe, Thei rod so forth vpon a renge, For thei wolde hem fayn venge;	13384
They ride out of their camp	¶ Thei alle are went of here hales, Thei passe her piles & her pales. Wel hard thei to-geder rode	13388
with splendid banners.	With baneres faire & eke brode, Som of sandel, som of ynde, To-geder betande with the wynde.	13392

- The Gregeis toke thenne the feld; [lf. 198.] 13393
 And thei of Troye that be-held
 That thei were so to hem comande,
 Thei ȝede a-ȝeyns hem faste ridande 13396 The Trojans
 Off gode aray & gode manere, ride against
 With many a spere and brod banere. the Greeks.
 When thei come ner, to-gedur thei ran,
 And sclow be-twene hem many a man; 13400 They meet;
 Scheldes and helmes ȝede al to dust, many are
 Thei toke ther many a sori crust. slain.
BVt the douȝti Diomedes Diomedes cuts
 Ful wondirly the Troiens sles : 13404 down many
 He smot of hondis with alle the nayles, Trojans.
 He made hem greued—it was meruayles,—
 He pared her chekes al aboute,
 That al here tethe fellen oute. 13408
 He sclow and woundid & bar to erthe
 Two & thre and so the fferthe,
 ¶ He smot of hedes, leg, & arme ;
 That day did he moche harme 13412
 To hem of Troye & her meygne.
 Troyle knewe, that it was he
 That did his men that vilony ;
 He vowed to god : “ he scholde a-by ; 13416 Troylus, on
 Iff he myȝt ride as he hath ment, seeing this,
 On of hem scholde haue a dent.” rides up to
 ¶ Diomedes he ascried, him,
 And afftirward he him defied : 13420 vows to take
 ‘ War the wel ’—seyde he—‘ fro me ! revenge,
 For thi dedis I defye the !’
 ‘ And I the ! ’ seyde the knyght,
 ‘ Her my treuthe to the I plyght : 13424 and defies him.
 I wol the not certis refuse,
 Ne thow schalt the fro me ascuse.’

Troylus and
Diomedes rush
together.

Thei to-gedur as ffaucons fflyes, [lf. 198, bk.] 13427
For-sothe that on of hem a-byes : 13428

Diomedes brast his spere,
But he did Troyle no-thing dere ;

Troylus smites ¶
Diomedes with
all his might,
wounds, and
unhorses him.

¶ But Troyle smot him with al his mayn
That ney-hande he hadde ben selayn, 13432
He fel him fro his hors swonande
Among her hors ded neyhande.

When he was thus on grounde y-layd¹,

Troylus mocks
and reviles
him for his
leman Brix-
aida.

Troyle ful foule him missayd 13436
For Brixaida that was his leff,
He reuyled him as he were a theff.

Diomedes's
men drag him
from beneath
his horse,
lay him on his
shield, and
bring him
away to his
tent.

But his men were for him dred :
Thei drow him fro her hors tred, 14440
Thei leyd him on his scheld soffte
And led him hom vn-to his loffte ;

Wel sore y-hurt, In a swone,
Thei bare him to his Paулone. 13444

When Mene-
laus sees this,

¶ When Menelaus that was him by
Saw Troyle that knyght so sturdy
For that wounde that Diomedes laught,
He hadde ther-fore wel mechel aught, 13448
He wyste ful wel that he was hurt.

he rushes
towards Troylus,

Menelaus to Troyle sturt,
He by-gan sir Troyle ban[n]e
For him & rode to him thanne 13452

and, to avenge
the fall of
Diomedes,
assails him ;

To venge the kyng Diomedes ;
For or thei parted, he bougt that res :
¶ Troylus spere was with-uten brekyng
As he felde with that other kyng ; 13456

but he is
wounded se-
verely.

To Menelaus Troylus whirled
That scheld and hauberk bothe thrilled,
He bare him vndir his hors fete,
Off his blod he was al wete. 13460

¹ MS. A second *thus* between *grounde* and *y-layd* in MS.

His men then qwyk him drow,—	[lf. 199.]	13461	
For him thei hadde sorwe y-now,—			
Thei toke & layde him on his scheld			
And bare him home vn-to his teld.		13464	Menelaus too is carried to his tent.
W Han Agamenoun, her Emperour,			When Aga- memnon sees that the Greeks are almost put to flight,
Saw his men so fare In that stour,—			
Thei were almost with-oute myght,			
Thei were ney-hande put to flight,—		13468	
He gadered his men to-gedur samen,			he gathers his men.
And than be-gan a newe gamen ;			
Then come thedur Vlives ¹			Ulixes,
With men of armes, a huge pres,		13472	
¶ And the gode kyng Thoas			Thoas,
That sori was ffor that kynges cas,			
And the gode kyng Thelamaneus,			Thelamonius,
And the gode kyng Menesceus.		13476	and Mene- scene come to the rescue,
Lord, the sorwe that ther by-gan !			and slay many Trojans,
Ther was slayn many a man,			
Many a man and many a knyght			
Was slayn that day In that fight.		13480	
Thei sclow Troyens down to grounde,			
And many flowe with hidous wounde.			
¶ Thelameneus tok a spere			Thelamonius severely wounds
And to Troyle began it bere :		13484	Troylus with a spear ;
He 3aff Troyle suche a weshayle			
That he flow ouer his hors tayle,			
And 3aff him a wounde bitter and sore			
That on his scheld he was hom bore ;		13488	Troylus is car- ried from the battle-field.
His hors was eke tho y-slawe,			
Out of that batayle he was drawe.			
¶ Paris ferd as he were wod,			Paris slays many Greeks.
Many a Grew ther lost his blod ;		13492	
Thei leyde hem faste to grounde			
With many an hidous wounde.			

¹ Something erased after 'Vlives.'

398 *The Greeks are driven back. Diomedes and Menelaus lie in Bed.*

	Grēt was the slaught and the wo	[lf. 199, bk.]	13495
	That among the Gregeis was tho.		13496
Agamemnon is sorely wounded.	¶ Agamenoun, her Emperour, Was sore hurt In that stour, And so was many a gode knyght Dede & wounded In that fyght.		13500
The Greeks are driven back to their tents.	The stour was gret, the fyght plener, But Gregeis were of non ¹ power Aȝeyn hem lengur to holde fight; And eke it was ney the nyght, For to her Pauyloun anon he went; For hadde thei abeden, thei hadde ben schent.		13504
	¶ Thei fledde echone with-Inne the diches With gret sorwe and sore sikes, The Troyens ffolwed with her myght; But it was tho al at nyght: Thei wente hom to her Cite With her knyghtes & her meygne.		13508
Night ends the battle; the Trojans return home.			13512
Agamemnon is very sad, as he himself	A Gamenoun coude no gale, He hadde y-bled, he was pale; He saw what wo & perel To him & his that day befel,		13516
and Diomedes are hurt so severely.	How Diomedes, that doughti kyng, Was hurt so sore at that Iustyng, And he myght not him self helpe; His sorwe coude he to no man ȝelpe.		13520
Menelaus is wounded too.	And Menelaus ² , his brother, eke He was so hurt that he lay seke. Bothe thes kynges In bed lay For harm thei toke of Troyle that day; Wonder sore and delfully He was hurt & greuously, He dredde him sore to flyght lengur, Til thei & he myght be strengur;		13524
Both kings lie abed.			13528

¹ MS. *nom.*

² MS. *Meñelaus.*

¶ *Hic ceperunt Pacem ad inuicem per .vj. menses.*

For if he did, he hoped wele [lf. 200.] 13529

Off his men to lese gret dele.

He sente ther-fore to Priamus,

To Paris, and to sir Troylus,

To haue a trewe a six moneth,

That thei myght rest In pes & grith.

¶ Priamus and his consayle

Graunte trewes with-oute fayle.

And that was certis aȝeyn her wille

Off many of tho that longed him tille;

Thei seyde: "it was foly strong

To graunte Gregeis a trewe so long."

But wham it likes & wam it rewes,

On bothe parties ben graunted trewes.

B Ryxaida that louely was,—

The Biscop[es] doghter Calcas,

That fair louely womman,

That sumtyme was sir Troyle lemman,—

When the tydandes to hir was seyde

That Diomedes In bed was layde,

Aȝeyn hir fadur comaundement

To vysite him ful ofte sche went;

For sche wiste he toke the falle

Off Troyle that was hir specialle.

¶ Sche wiste wel In hir thoght

Off Troyle scholde sche neuere haue noght;

Sche hoped neuere of him mariage;

Sche chaunged her wil & corage:

Doghti Troyle sche gan forsake,

To Diomedes sche gan hir take:

Sche sayde sche wolde with him dele

For any man, whan he hadde hele;

For to him sche ȝaff al hir talent,

For he hadde mechel on hir y-spent,

Agamemnon
sends to the
Trojans for a
truce of six
months.

It is granted
by Priamus,

against the
will of many
Trojans.

Brixaida,
the daughter
of Calchas,

on hearing
that Diomedes
is in bed,

goes often
to his tent
against her
father's will,

and, giving up
the hope of
ever being able
to marry Troy-
lus,

falls in love
with Dio-
medes.

- And loued hir wel, and sche him als— [lf. 200, bk.] 13563
 As wymmen doth that often ben fals. 13564
- For half a year they may now rest :
 they heal their wounds ;
- h If¹ a 3er may thei now reste,
 The trewe is so be-twene hem feste ;
 Thei may hele wele the whiles
 Alle her bocchis & her biles, 13568
 Thei may hem hele In here soiorning.
 But it be In mys-kepyng,
 Thei are mury In alle her woundes,
 they go to hunt Thei go & hunte with her grehoundes, 13572
 With hauke, brache, & with kenetes²,
 Thei hunte conynges with here ffirettes.
- rabbits
 with ferrets.
 Agamemnon
 fears the
 Greeks might
 not succeed
 in the next
 battle without
 the help of
 Achilles.
 He sends for
 Nestor.
- ¶ But Agamenoun hadde gret care
 That the Gregeis scholde In fyght mysfare, 13576
 But if thei myght Achilles pray
 That he wolde helpe another Iornay.
 He sent affter by a knyght
 Afftir duk Nestor, that man of myght ; 13580
 He come to him at his sendyng,
 And he was fayn of his comyng.
 To Achilles bothe thai 3ede
 To loke if that thei may spede ; 13584
- Both go to
 Achilles and
 ask him to
 help the
 Greeks.
- ¶ Agamenoun his wil assayed,
 Ful ffaire Achilles he ther prayed :
 "That he wolde turne his herte & wil
 And let the Gregeis so not spil, 13588
 And come with hem In her batayle
 And at her nede no more hem fayle."
 But for al that thei be-souzt,
 Ne myzt thei him chaunge right nouzt ; 13592
 He swore his othe & made a vow ;
 'I wol no more helpe 3ow !
 But this wol I for thi loue do,
 And for thin, Nestor, also : { Alle my men } 13596
- But notwith-
 standing all
 their begging
 he refuses.
 He swears :
 'I'll no more
 help you ; but
 this I'll grant
 you,

¹ h inserted by later hand, erasure of some three or four letters after lf; the first writing seems to have been *Affter*. ² Altered from *kenetf* for the sake of the rhyme.

Alle my men I wol 3ow graunte	[lf. 201.]	13597	to send to your help all my troops.'
That ben so stronge and vaylaunte,			
I wol that 3e tho with 3ow haue			
For 3oure loue—so god me saue!		13600	
But non Armes my-selff wil bere,			
Non of Troye to do no dere.'			
Thei were bothe fayn—by seynt Cristofore!—			They are both glad of his offer,
Off his gode wil & profre,		13604	
¶ Thei thonked him an hundred sithe:			and thank him.
"That he hadde mad hem so blythe,			
That thei myght haue the Murmidones			
To go to fyght with here Gryffones,		13608	
For thei were styff & eke stalworth."			
Thei toke her leue and went forth			They return to their tents,
Bothe to-gedur In to her hales,			
Thei tolde the kynges this Ioyful tales:		13612	and tell the kings the good news.
"How of his men thei hadde grauntise			
But thei myght not gete him in no wyse."			
¶ The kynges were fayn and wonder glad			All are glad of Achilles's promise, but they would have liked better to have himself, than 1,200 of his men.
That thei graunt of his men had,		13616	
But hem were leuere haue had him-selff			
Then of his men hundres twelf.			
W Hen ¹ it come ner the half 3ere ² ende			
That the trues scholde out-wende,		13620	When the truce nears its end,
And it nyed ner the day			
That the trewes passed away,			
The Gregeis made her harneis clene			they prepare for a new battle,
And grond her speres scharp & kene;		13624	
And thei of Troye did the same,			both the Greeks and the Trojans.
For ayther thoght do other schame.			
¶ When day was comen out of her trewes,			
Agamenoun ³ bad the Grwes:		13628	
"To Arme hem and dight hem faste,			
For it was tyme that thei were paste		26 j	

¹ The capital *W* is somewhat blotted. ² Between *the* and *3ere*, *laste* is cancelled, and *half* inserted over line by another hand.

³ MS. *Agamenon*.

¶ *Aliud Bellum.*

	In-to the feld a-ȝeyn her fos."	[lf. 201, bk.]	13631
They arm themselves,	Eche man to Arme him gos.		13632
	Ther was thanne a semely syght		
	Off many a gentil man & knyght		
mount their horses,	That semely set vpon her stedis;		
	 ¹		13636
	Many a sadel was ouergiltis,		
and take their swords.	Many a sword with golden hiltis.		
	Many baner blew a-boute,		
	Ful loude the wynd hem made route.		13640
Achilles bids his men, for Agamemnon's sake, to go to the fight,	¶ Achilles gadered his knyghtes alle		
	Aboute him thanne In-to his halle,		
	He bad thei scholde her Armes take		
	For Agamenoun loue ² and his sake;		13644
	To alle his men worthi & digne		
and he gives them a new ensign.	/ Delyuered he a newe signe		
	As red as any blod,		
	And ȝaff hem leue with heuy mode		13648
	To wende forthe to her batayle,		
	Here foos boldly to assayle.		
Achilles weeps when they start.	A Chilles weped an hundred teres		
	At her wending vpon his leres;		13652
	His men echon forthe stalked;		
	Vnto the folk ful soffte thei walked.		
	Ther was by-gonne wel that tyme,		
	For it was thanne half way Prime:		13656
The Trojans slay many Greeks,	¶ The Troyens felde & slow Gregeis		
	Ful wonderly—as Dares says;—		
	Troyle falles al that he hittes,		
	Many of hem her hert-blod spittes.		13660
	And thei of Troye died faste		
	As thikke as men myght caste		
	 ¹		
but are borne down by them.	The Gregeis hem cleuen alle down		13664
	And bere hem ouer her hors arsoun		
	That men myght here a perlusoun.		

¹ No gap in MS.² MS. lone.

- ¶ Duk Menescene defendis his folk, [lf. 202.] 13667 Menescene
 He smot many In the nekke holke; 13668
 And duk Nestor him wele halpe: and Nestor
 Thei ȝaff the Troyens many a talpe; slay many
 On ayther syde thei fel to grounde Trojans.
 With many a grym hidous wounde. 13672
- ¶ Thei fauȝt al day whil the sonne schyned,
 Fro the morwe that thei hadde dyned
 Vntil thei hadde of day no lyght;
 Thei ȝede home for defaute of syght, 13676
 And euery man wente to his Inne—
 Til thei myȝt efft her note by-gynne.
- D**Ay is comen, & nyght is gone, Next morning
 The Gregeis are vppe & dyght echone, 13680
 And thei of Troye are comen doun,
 Armed wel, out of the toun.
 Thei ran to-geder as wode thinges,
 Echon other al to-diggis; 13684
 Many of hem ligge In a dwale,
 May no man make acorde fynale.
- ¶ In erthe was neuere suche a semble:
 And that may alle men here & se 13688
 That romaunce may vndirstonde & rede,
 Other therto wol take hede.
 In alle the bokes that men haue sene
 Off douȝti men that haue bene, 13692
 When thei are thorow soght,
 Sicurly ne fynde men noght
 That suche a fyght In erthe befel,
 Sithe Eue bare Caym and gode Abel; 13696
 That so fele kynges, dukes, and lordes since Eue bore
 Were gadered to-gedur for on discordes Cain and Abel.
 Hit was neuere, lord! In geste ne sang
 Off werre In erthe that last so lang, 26 ij 13700

	Ne that so many men to dethe wente [lf. 202, bk.]	13701
	As did ther, or the batayle ente ;—	
Never a siege lasted, nor will last, so long.	Ne neuere of sege that so longe lay, Ne neuere schal to domysday ;—	13704
Never men fought so bravely and so long.	Ne men that myght so longe endure To fight euery day In her Armure With-oute reste and with-oute sese, That thei toke neuere trewe ne pese.	13708
	¶ Ne held thei not sumtyme assaut,	
They fought every day.	Day be day to-gedur thei faut, That thei rest neuere ful doughtyly A ful monethe contynuely.	13712
One may see thereby what strength they had. No one could now fight as long as they did.	But men may se ther-by that can, What strengthe & myzt ther hadde a man ; ¶ For now lyues nother man ne knyzt That if thei were put to that fyzt, That thei ne scholde be for-done, Long tyme or it were none ; And thei be-gan at sonne rysyng. But that liggis not In my spekyng, I wol speke ther-of no more, But turne a-zeyn ther I was ore.	13716
The Trojans attack first.	T He stoure haue thei of Troye be-gonne, And thei of Grece ben to hem ronne And made In her armure many a brek, Many a man lay slawe ded sterck.	13724
Philomene	A riche kyng was called Philomene, A worthis knyzt, a kynde Troiene,	13728
and Polidomas attack Thoas,	And also sir Palidomas,— Thei two to-gedir met kyng Thoas :	
	¶ Thei layd vpon him bothe at ones, Thei brosd his flesch and eke his bones ; His myght vayled him not of two lekes, Thei toke him maugre his chekes.	13732
and take him prisoner.		

- Off that prese drow thei him out, [lf. 203.] 13735
 And drow him forth fro alle his rout. 13736
- ¶ But that saw thenne the Murmydones, The Myrmi-
 How he was lad ffro his Gryffones; dons come to
 But thei wolde him not so lete passe, the rescue of
 Thei gadered alle a-boute Thoas: Thoas,
 Thei tere for him many a ribbe 13740
 Off many lord & many sibbe,
 And many an hed thei al to-schyuered,
 And fro her hand thei him delyuered. 13744 and deliver
THo was Troyle ful sore tened: him.
 That he was so dyght sore he mened, Troylus is
 He swor by god & by his swyre: enraged;
 "Thei scholde abyge that dyntes dero." 13748 he will take
 He strok his stede amonges hem alle, revenge.
 Some he sclow & some mad falle,
 He brak her hedes vnder her hode. He slays many
 But thei manly a-zeyn him stode, 13752 Myrmidons;
 ¶ Thei sclow vndir him his stede but they kill
 That Troylus down to grounde zede— his horse.
 As he most nede—when his hors fayled.
 But he lepe vp & hem assayled, 13756 He leaps up
 Gret defence gan he make; again;
 But thei were besy him to take,
 But he was closed him-self alone they surround
 Amonges hem on fote echone. 13760 him.
 ¶ But Paris thanne—whan he it wiste— Paris
 Amonges the Gregeis In he thriste;
 His halff-brother with-al him with,
 And many another of that kyth: 13764 and others
 Thei brak with force her scheltoun,
 And sclow ther many a Murmidoun.
 Another hors to Troyle was broght,
 And he lepe vp—as he neuere roght 26 i[ij] 13768 bring a new
 horse to Troy-
 lus.

- Off no lyues man that was his foo— [lf. 203, bk.] 13769
 He lepe vp sone as a roo.
- A great battle
 between Paris
 and the
 Myrmidons for
 the deliverance
 of Troylus.
- For sir Troyle delyueraunce
 An hard batayle & gret distaunce 13772
 Be-gan Paris & hem be-twene,
 For Murimdonez hadde mochel tene,
 Gret Angwys, & mochel wo
 That Troylus scholde so qwit go: 13776
 Thei leyde thanne Troiens hard vpon,
- The Myrmi-
 dons slay
 Margariton, a
 half-brother of
 Troylus (but cf.
 l. 10486 sqq.),
 and many
 others.
- Thei sclow that tyme Margariton,
 That was sir Troylus half-brother;
 Ther died of Troyens many an¹ other 13780
 For the delyueraunce of sir Troyle,
 Many a Troien to dethe did royle.
- Troylus
- T**Royle was horsed atte devise
 Vpon a stede of moche prise. 13784
 He thoght thei scholde not pas qwite;
- plans to take
 revenge.
- He thoght to venge that foule dispite
 And vilony that thei hadde tan,
 Off hem that were his brothr ban: 13788
 He wounded hem, he felde & sclow,
 And of her horses doun hem drow;
 But thei were wyse of werre & selye,
 Styff & strong, & ful douztye: 13792
- ¶ Thei saw thei were In gret perel,
 Thei drow hem alle on a roundel
 And of hem-selff made thei castel.
 But that vayled hem not a wastel— 13796
 For Troyle was euere on hem so asper,
 That many a riche ston of Iasper
 Smot he a-way vpon her crestes,
 And sclow hem as thei hadde ben bestes; 13800
 Thei lafft the feld & fledde hamward.
 Then was comynge thedirward
- He slays many
 of the Myrmi-
 dons;
 but they are
 clever:
- they make a
 'roundel' and
 a castle of
 themselves;
 notwithstand-
 ing, they are
 put to flight
 at last.

The Emperour Agamenon	[lf. 204.]	13803	Agamemnon
And The duk Thelamon,		13804	and other
With alle herē men Vlixes,			Greek leaders
So did the gentil Diomedes ;			come to the
Menelaus come with hem thanne			rescue of the
With many a thousand armed menue :		13808	Myrmidons ;
The Murimdones thanne wel reschewed,			these are re-
To the Troyens than no game growed,			encouraged ;
For thei were some I-bore to grounde,			
And many ther dede In that stounde.		13812	many Trojans
But when Troyle saw hem come socour			are slain ;
And sclow his men so In that stour,			
¶ No lenger thanne sir Troyle abode ¹ ,			but Troylus
In-to that Cite sone he rode		13816	comes to help
Ther his men were most trauayled,			his men,
And he the lordis alle assayled :			
He sclow her men & fouly fouled,			and slays
With hem so Troylus toyled,		13820	many of the
That only thorow sir Troylus myght			Greeks ;
So were the Gregeis al discomfyght			
And flende faste as thei were wod,			he puts them
That Troyle reved many his blod.		13824	even to flight.
B Vt ² Ayax Thelamaneus,			Ajax,
That noble knyzt & vigorous,			
Come than doun with many a spere			
The Troyens alle for to dere.		13828	
Duk Nestor with alle his myzt			Nestor,
Come theder tho with many a knyzt,			
And the noble kyng Thoas.			and Thoas
Tho by-gan a grisly cas :		13832	arrive to help
Thei that fledde turned azeyn,			them ;
Thei sclow the Troyens with myzt & mayn ;			they drive the
¶ The Gregeis wan a-zeyn the feld			Trojans back.
And droff hem than fro her tent & teld,	26 iii[j]	13836	

¹ ' *Hic deficit* ' written in the margin by another hand.

² MS. *BVut.*

¶ **Hic Achilles Interrogauit de hominibus suisque nonA.**

And droff hem thanne a-zeyn her wil [lf. 204, bk.] 13837

With gret sorwe that place vn-til.

But for Troyle & al his myght

The Trojans
are put to
flight.

The Troyens were y-put to flyght,

13840

The Gregeys folewes & made hem falle,

Thei flow to Troye the Troyens alle.

Night ends the
battle.

The day was gon, the nyght was comen,

The Gregeis went hom al & somen,

13844

Thei wente home al vpon a rase

With her prisouns & her purchase.

THe Gregeis were fayn that it was nyzt,

For thei hadde trauayled a-zeyn her myzt;

13848

For if the sonne had lenger schyned,

Off her folk schold thei haue tyned.

The Myrmi-
dons return to
Achilles,

The Murimdones to-gedur alle

pede to her lordes halle,

13852

Alle for-wounded & for-bled.

He asked hem: "how thei hadde sped."

¶ Thei made to him a lothely playnt

and tell him
their disasters.

And seyde: "thei were alle a-taynt

13856

For gret angwys of that Iornay

That thei hadde suffred In fight that day."

Thei seyde also: "that many of his

Were sclayn at that gret appris."

13860

He counts
them;

He made hem come before him than

And tolde the bodyes of euery a man:

¶ When thei were rekened & told be tale

Be-fore Achilles In his hale,

13864

He fond a thousand of hem fayled

Off knyzttes that were y-rolled & tayled.

When thei were soght & alle ded founden,

He seyde: 'alas, that I was bounden

13868

In womannes loue & womannes bounde!'

Whan so many were ded founde,

1,000 are
wanting.

He siked sore for hem & drouped.	[lf. 205.]	13871	Achilles sighs much, and cannot eat.
Ful litel mete that nyght he souped,		13872	
To his bed Achilles went			He goes to bed very sorrowful.
With carful herte & gret torment :			
He wolde him-self hadde ben ded,			
He wist neuere what was his red,		13876	He does not know whether he will
Whether he myght to batayle wende			avenge his friends now,
To venge his men or eke his frende,			or wait a while.
Or he scholde 3it abyde			
To wete wat grace myzt be-tyde.		13880	
He thought al nyght so faste & wepe,			He deliberates about it the whole night, and cannot sleep.
That he myght for no thyng slepe :			Now he thinks he'll take revenge,
¶ He thought he wolde go at morne			
And venge his men that were y-lorne,		13884	
That thei of Troye hadde foule sclayn ;			and now he thinks he'll not go,
But then thought he a3eyn			
That if he [to] batayle 3ede,			
Off his erand he scholde not spede,		13888	because he would lose his sweetheart
Ne haue that louely to his wiff			
That he loued more than his lyff :			
That kynges dou3ter Pollexene—			
For he hadde het trewely the quene		13892	by breaking the promise he made to the Trojan queen.
¶ That he scholde neuere helpe Gregeis,			
But lete hem worthe & holde his pays.			
And if he 3ede tho & bikerd			
A3eyn the trouthe that he hadde sikerd,		13896	
He myght lyghtly that louely [greue],			
And thei scholde him no more leue,			
But sey it were a fals couyne—			
And so scholde he that lady tyne ;		13900	
And leuer were him his lyff to-gang,			
Er he for-3ede hir loue out lang.			
M Any dayes lyued he so lange			So he passes many days.
In these paynes styff & strange,		13904	

Achilles waits,
till the battle
begins again ;

With-oute murthe and eke Ioye, [lf. 205, bk.] 13905

Til thei of Grece & thei of Troye

Scholde assemble to-gedur efft,

for the foes
will not stop
till one party
is victorious.

For that wolde thei for no thyng were lefft. 13908

Til that on part Maystres were,

Wold thei not leue her werre there. 1

¶ But it were ouer-gret takyng,

And wel gret the makyng,— 13912

But I cannot
relate *all* the
fights between
Greeks and
Trojans.

To telle the fightis that thei fau3t

And alle her dedis at alle her sau3t,

To telle here dedis and here fyght

Be-twene Troy & Grece—by goddis myght ! 13916

Alle her dedis may I not telle,

For ther-vpon I wol not dwelle.

The day comes,
on which they
begin to fight
again.

THe day is comen thei schul mete ;
That foule baret wolde thei not lete,

13920

Thei hadde to-geder so gret envy

That thei wold not leue her foly.

They are ready
for battle.

Bothe ¹ parties were redi dight,

Thei wente to-geder with al her myght : 13924

When they
meet, they
shoot each
other.

And whan thei were to-geder met,

Echon of hem on other schet—

As thei hadde ben wode & mad.

Many are
slain ;

Ther died many a lord & lad,

13928

Many knyght & eke baroun,

And many other proude Gryffoun.

¶ Many a lord & gentil man

Was ded ther, er thei be-lan,

13932

Many a kynges sone of kynde—

I cannot name
all of them.
They fight
seven days
without inter-
ruption.

I may not make of alle mynde.

But seuen dayes with-oute les

Fau3t thei to-geder with outen pes, 13936

Day be day with-oute trewes,

Til thei hadde lorn many of the Grwes.

¹ *Bothe* over *But* inserted by another hand.

- ¶ Achilles euere In pes him held, [lf. 206.] 13939 Achilles does
That he bar neuere helme ne scheld 13940 not fight.
- Off al that while a-3eyn Troiens,
To dere none of here Citesens.
The Grewes by-gan faste to fayle, The Greeks
The Emperour seyde thanne: 'hylhayle! 13944 begin to fail,
We may now sone be al for-done,
But if this lord helpe vs sone;
But Achilles on vs rewe,
Ther schal not skape of vs a Grewe!' 13948
- W**Hen thei hadde fouzten seuen dayes, After having
Agamenoñ Priamus prayes fought seven
To graunte a trewes by othe & treuthe; days, Aga-
For it to se hit was moche reuthe, memnon asks
How alle the feld lay ful of men Priamus for a
And lay & stank In that fen. long truce,
Trewes longe wolde thei haue had,
For Agamenoñ was sore a-drad 13956 fearing he may
That he scholde many of his men lese lose still more
With hem of Troye & of Frese, men
Iff thei mayntened lenger that stour;
Thei asked therfore a long soiour. 13960 if the battle
went on;
- ¶ But the Troyens seyde: "thei scholde non haue but the Trojans
But that thei myght her dede men graue;" grant only
Thei wold no lenger the trewes graunte, time to bury
Thei held hem alle recreaunt. 13964 the dead,
And that rewed Agamenoñ sore
And alle the Gregeis that with him wore,
Thei myzt no lenger the trewes haue;
That rewed hem sore—so god me saue!— 13968
For thei were wounded and al to-bete,
And hadde biles and bocches grete
For strokes thei 3aff & eke toke,
Whil thei to-gedur ffauzt that woke. 13972
- as they have so
many wounds.

The Greeks
are glad that
they may bury
their dead.

But ȝit were thei of that trewe fayn [lf. 206, bk.] 13973

That thei myȝt bery that thei hadde selayn,

Thei gadered alle the bodyes colde

That lay ther ded vpon the wolde;

13976

And did alle the bodyes be brende,

Or the trewes was fully ende,—

Longe or the trewes was comen to ende,

That thei scholde eft to batayle wende.

13980

After the
truce, war is
resumed,

THe trewes ar went that thei had set,

The day is comen of her baret :

Thei toke ther many a strok & ffylche,

Thei tare her plates and her pilche,

13984

When bothe the parties to-geder were comen ;

many are
slain.

Many Ane¹ his lyff was him be-nomen,

When bothe parties were met thare,

And to that batayle were alle ȝare.

13988

Menelaus
attacks Paris;

¶ Sir Menelaus Paris sawe,

To him he thoght for to drawe ;

He hadde gret wil & couetyse

To se sir Paris feet a-ryse.

13992

He strok his stede & to him ran

For the loue of his lemman,

they unhorse
each other.

To grounde were thei y-bore bothe,—

The knyȝtes were that tyme so wrothe.

13996

Polidomas

¶ Polidamas, Antenor sone,

With gret envy & gret raundone

For alle the men and al the pres

smites Ulixes.

With his swerd he smot Vlixes ;

14000

But he ȝaff not ther-of an hawe,

For he him held with swerd y-drawe.

Menescene
dashes An-
tenor to the
ground.

The noble vaylaunt Menescene

Smot Antenor—& that was sene,—

14004

He ȝaff him suche a romelowe,

That he wente ouer his sadil-bowe ;

¹ MS. *Aue.*

¶ *Hic Archilogus interfecit Gryme Gwynel.*

- | | | | |
|---|------------|-------|-----------------|
| He layde him as brod & flat | [lf. 207.] | 14007 | |
| As is a pike when he is splat. | | 14008 | |
| ¶ Then come ridande Philomene, | | | Philomene |
| A doghti kyng, a knyght Troyene : | | | assails Aga- |
| Agamenon he assayled | | | memnon, |
| That the blod of him down rayled. | | 14012 | wounds him, |
| Philomene, of so gret myght, | | | |
| Wolde ful euel haue him dyght,— | | | and would |
| But that him come socour sone, | | | have killed |
| I trowe his dayes hadde ben done. | | 14016 | him, if succour |
| | | | had not come. |
| ¶ But Thelameus to him toke hede | | | But Thelameus |
| And saw that he of help hadde nede, | | | arrives, |
| He toke a spere that was stalworthe, | | | |
| And turned his hors & rod forthe : | | 14020 | |
| To Agamenon he him hyed | | | |
| And smot Philomene that he down syed | | | and smites |
| Fro ¹ his hors for his labour, | | | Philomene |
| For he wolde for to her Emperour. | | 14024 | down. |
| S trong was the stour, perelous, & fel ; | | | |
| Ther was a knyzt, het Gryme Gwynel, | | | Gryme Gwy- |
| He was on of Priamus sones— | | | nel, one of the |
| As I fynde In thes Canones— | | 14028 | bastards of |
| That he hadde geten In his purchase, | | | Priamus, |
| In his murthe & his solace. | | | |
| Duk Nestor hadde a sone also, | | | |
| A doghti knyght, Archilogo ; | | 14032 | |
| Thei mette to-geder, he & Gryme,— | | | |
| A gret vn-hap ! a foule fortune ! | | | |
| ¶ Archilogus bare sir Gryme thorowe, | | | is slain by |
| And lefft him ded In a forwe. | | 14036 | Archilogus, a |
| The Troyens made gret del ther-fore, | | | son of Nestor. |
| Ther died for him mo thenne foure score ; | | | |
| For when that tale to Troyle was told, | | | |
| He myzt not for him fro wepyng hold, | | 14040 | |

¹ MS. *for*.

	For he loued him with al his myght [lf. 207, bk.]	14041
	For that he was so doghti a knyght.	
	Troylus eyen be-gan to slyse,	
	The Gregeis sone he gan dispyse :	14044
Troylus avenges Gryme'sdeath,	Many for him he be-hedit,	
	Echon fro other he sone schedit ;	
	Thei fled echon sir Troylus fro,	
	Thei made him way & lete him go ;	14048
and drives the Greeks back,	He droff hem faste ouer doune & dale,	
	Among hem wroght he suche bale.	
	¶ Thei were ney dreven to her Paulyons,	
Even the Myrmidons, who come to their rescue,	Ne hadde thanne comen the Murondons ;	14052
	But the[i] styffly aȝeyn him stode,	
	But Troylus ferd as he were wode :	
	Whan he saw hem aȝeyn him stande,	
	He rod to hem faste manassande ;	14056
are badly beaten and wounded.	Vpon her hedes sette he suche dyntes,	
	The fyr fley out as it were of fflyntes.	
	¶ He was so sore with hem greued,	
	That many an hed he ther to-cleued,	14060
	Here scheldes fro her scho[1]dres racched ;	
	Ful many a Gregeis he ther atached,	
	He bete hem so and so defouled,	
	That thei with blod were al be-stouled,	14064
	As thei were paynt with rede coloures ;	
	He made hem like tormentoures,	
	Thei toke of him many a cloute.	
	Tho with al the haste that thei moute	14068
They fleo,	¶ Thei turned the bak and fro him ȝede,—	
	On rounsi prekand, and on stede,—	
till they come to their tents ;	Til thei were comen to her hales,	
	To saue her lyff ther In her sales.	14072
but Troylus slays many in their flight.	But Troyle & his afftir hem sted,	
	Thei sclow many of hem that fled ;	

¶ *Hic fugerunt ad tentorias suas.*

To her tentis he hem droff.	[lf. 208.]	14075	The Greeks are driven towards their tents,
But ther turned thei a-3eyn & stroff,		14076	
For thei of Troye her dyche wolde wynne,			
But thei wolde not that thei come Inne :			
¶ Thei gadered alle vpon a route,			but there they gather, and defend their camp.
To holde the Troyens tho with-oute ;		14080	However, the Trojans dismount,
But Troyens down of her hors lyght,			
And than be-gan the perilous fyght :			
For Troyens be-gan foule to fare ;			
Than by-gan Gregeis kare,		14084	and slay many Greeks.
The Troyens felde hem In her dike ;			
Tho by-gan thei sore to sike ;			
¶ Her myzt was nouzt a-3eyn Troiens.			
Troylus then, & Philomens,		14088	Troylus, Philomene, and Mennon put them to flight ;
And kyng Mennon made thanne entre			
And made hem fro her men to fle ;			
Thei flowe alle In-to her tentis,			they flee into their tents.
Many of the Gregeis her deth hentes :		14092	
T Hei made of hem gret tormentry,			
Ther was an hidous noyse & cry,			The clamour and noise of the Greeks slaughtered in their camp
Thei sclow hem In her paulyons ;			
Wel delful was of hem the sounes,		14096	
So wonderful and meruelous			
That hit was dredful & hidous :			
Hit ferde as hit hadde thondrid,			is so loud that Achilles hears it ;
Achilles was ther-of a-wondrid		14100	
¶ Off wham he herde that delful cry,			
He saw men come prikande him by			
That fiede fro that scomfiture,			
Makyng sorwe with-oute mesure.		14104	some fugitives tell him the sad news.
Thei seyde : " alas that thei come thore,			
For thei were lorn for euere-more ! "			
With-out his tent smartly sterte he,			
To se what dele that myght be.		14108	

Achilles
wonders what
ails the
Greeks,

and asks what
the noise is
about.

The fugitives
say: 'We are
so hurt

that we can't
fight any
longer.

You will never
see Greeks or
Myrmidons
alive again.

They will soon
be all dead.

All are fled to
their tents,
where many
are slain.

They want
succour very
badly, and
the clamour
you hear comes
from the
dying.

You will soon
see more than
55,000 men
attack you,

AChilles was gretly meruayled [lf. 208, bk.] 14109
What hem of Grece ayled.
He asked hem: "whi thei so ferde?

And what was the noyse that he herde?"— 14112

'How dos oure kynges, and oure Gregeis?

How bere thei hem a-zeyn the Frigais?'

¶ 'Louely lord'—sayde thei that fledde—

'We are so hurt and so for-bledde, 14116

That we Are alle of nonpower

Azeyn hem to fyght any lenger.

Iff 3e wol off vs tydandis here,

Carful tydandes may 3e lere; 14120

¶ Herkenes now of oure tythandes!

Sicurly, lord, now vndirstandes:

3e schal neuere on lyue se Gryffons,

Ne non of alle 3oure Murimdonis. 14124

We telle 3ow, lord, that thei of Grece

Schal sone be hewen al to pece,

For thei are alle discomfit

And alle haue taken the flyt; 14128

¶ Thei are alle fled In-to her tentis,

Ther many of hem the dethe hentis.

Thei defended here entres,

But thei felde down bothe cordes & tres, 14132

And sclow oure Gregeis cruelly,

Woundes & stikes with-oute mercy.

Hem fayles now the grete socour,

And this is, lord, the grete clamour 14136

Off hem that dye, that grysly bray,—

That 3e haue herd and 3it may.

¶ Thei schal alle dye, er that thei sese;

And 3e that wene to stonde In pese, 14140

3e schal se sone on 3ow comande

Mo then ffyue & ffyfty thousande

{ Off Armed men }

Hic Achilles Iratus est.

Off armed men & armed knyghtes	[lf. 209.]	14143	who have already slain 10,000 Myrmidons.
That haue slayn 3oure men now rightes,—		14144	
For thei haue slayn of 3oure gode men,			
Er we come thedir, thousandes ten,			
¶ And 3et to sele thei not be-lyn;—			
And iff thai fynde the her-In		14148	When they come and see you standing naked and unarmed in your tent, they will immediately kill you,
In 3oure tent naked stondande,			
Thei leue the not on lyue lyuande;			
For al the gold of hethen Spayne			
Leue 3e not here vnsclayne,		14152	kill you,
For thei hate 3ow ouer alle thyng.			as they hate you more than anybody for Hector's death.'
For Ector deth—by heuene kyng!—			
That were, lord, her herte wil,			
Might thei, lord, thi body spil.'		14156	
A Chilles chaunged al his mode,			Achilles looks around as if he were mad,
He loked aboute as he were wode			
When he herde this tydynges :			
He clapped his hondes, and alle his rynges		14160	and behaves like a lunatic;
Sicurly In-sonder brast ;			
To and fro his armes he cast,			
As he hadde ben a wod man ;			
Wel harde to swete he be-gan.		14164	
¶ Achilles seyde on that wolde			
To him that these tydandes tolde :			he asks if Troylus is among the Trojans ;
'Is ou3t Troyle In that place,			
That makes oure men thus to chase?'		14168	
He sayde: 'lord, ther he is,			they answer 'yes.'
And alle oure men he dos amys ;			
For his wodnesse & his deray			
Alle oure men ben fled a-way ;		14172	
¶ For he is so strong In his myght,			
Ther may non a-byde him In fight.'			
'Alas!' he seyde, 'that euere Moder me bar !			'Alas!' says he, 'that ever mother bore me!
Whi ne were I right now thar ?	27 [j]	14176	

¶ **Hic Achilles Iratus est.**

- Alas! that
for a woman's
love I let my
enemies mur-
der my kins-
men.'
- He grows so
angry, that
- he forgets
Pollexena and
his promises
given to the
queen, has his
armour and
his steed
brought to
him,
and rushes
away.
Like a mad-
man he rides
forth,
- like a lion he
goes from his
tent to help
his men.
- He slays many
Trojans;
- all know him
by his broad
sword.
- Alas that euere me Moder bounde [lf. 209, bk.] 14177
Or euere In ¹ cradel me be-wounde !
That I scholde for a wommanes sake
Let my enemys suche murther make 14180
Off my Men and of my kyn,
And do ther-of no medicyn !'
¶ He was so ful ² of tene & ire
That he bad fecche his atire ; 14184
He for-3ate ther Polexene
And al that he be-het the qwene.
His stede was sone j³-dight
With clene harneis & bridel bryght, 14188
He lepe vp anon vpon his stede
And sprang forth as spark of glede.
AChilles rides as a man mad,
For his men was he not glad ; 14192
He myght that tene no lenger thole,
He brende In yre as any cole ;
When he herde hem so grysly grone,
For hem he made moche mone : 14196
As lyoun rampyng forth he went,
Wel Armed, out of his tent,
To socoure his men and helpe his Danes.
When he hem mette a-mong the Troyanes, 14200
He sclow hem faste as a tyraunt,
Many a man made he criaunt ;
¶ He slees & felles al that he metes,
Thei falle thikkere than heryng fletes 14204
In-myddes the se In here scole.
Alle men, thei knewe by his tole :
His sword was other halff fote brode ;
Thorow the Troyens bodyis it glode. 14208
Thei knewe him that smot so sore,
Alle were a-drad that were thore,

¹ MS. *Or euere me In.*² MS. *sul.*³ MS. *ſ.*

¶ **Hic Achilles pugnauit cum Troianis.**

Whan thei saw that he cam.	[lf. 210.]	14211	
Off hem made he gret Marterdam :		14212	Achilles fills every furrow with corpses ;
Euery forow Achilles filled,			
With dede bodies the erthe he hilled			
That he hadde sclayn In that stour,			
Sithe he was comen, In litel hour.		14216	
¶ Ther was kyng ne knyzt so gode,			
That thei ne fled as thei were wode ;			all flee from him.
His noble sword, his bryght bronde,			His sword is bloody down to his hand.
Was blodly doun to his honde		14220	
For men that he hadde ther sclawe,			
Off many a knyght broght he of dawe.			
He fferde as it were a deuél of helle,			Like a devil he slays many Trojans.
Lord ! the peple that he gan qwelle !		14224	
Thei flow tho ffro her tent & hale,			
In the diches thei hadde mochel bale.			
The Murimdones come anon,			The Myrmi-dons turn up and kill Trojans.
Now many Troyen to dethe gon ;		14228	
Thei sorwed & cried as thei were wode,			
Many walwes In his blode.			
T He Gregeis tho were glad & blythe			The Greeks are glad, and thank their gods that Achilles came to battle,
And thonked her goddis offte sythe,		14232	
That he was comen to that batayl.			
Troylus then gan him meruayl :			
“ What deuél In helle hit myzt be			When Troylus sees
That made the Troyens so to fle ? ”		14236	
By his swerd he him ches,			
He wiste ther-by hit was Achilles			that it is Achilles who makes the Trojans flee, he grows wroth
That made his Troyens so to fle ;			
Wod & wrothe thanne gan he be,		14240	
Durste no man aske whi he were wroth,			
When he bare armes aȝeyn his oth.			that he fights against his oath.
¶ As a lyoun rores, to him he cried,			
With hardy herte he him defied :	27 ij	14244	

¶ *Hic Achilles vulneratus est.*

- | | | |
|-----------------|--|-------|
| 'Go to Hell!' | 'In helle'—seyde he—'mot thow be loken! [lf. 210, bk.] | |
| says Troilus | Hastow now thin owne othe broken? | 14246 |
| to Achilles; | Thow hast euere ben a fals faytour, | |
| 'false traitor, | A losenger, a fals traytour! | |
| have you not | Were the fro me, I the defy, | |
| broken your | For if I may, thow schalt a-by!' | 14250 |
| oath? Defend | He let his stede to him flyng | |
| yourself! | Als harde as he myght slyng; | |
| I defy you!' | And he to him with al his myght, | |
| He rides to- | For he at him hadde gret dispit | 14254 |
| wards him; | ¶ For his wordes & his reueri | |
| Achilles, | Bothe of falsnes & losengeri | |
| in a fury | That he on him bare; that he wolde proue: | |
| because of his | And ther-to he profered forth his gloue. | 14258 |
| insolent | Him hadde leuere than al that I can telle, | |
| words, | That he myȝt Troyle qwelle. | |
| throws his | S trong & stiff & hardi bothe | |
| glove to him. | Were the knyghtes that were wrothe: | 14262 |
| They meet, | Eyther on other her speres poygned, | |
| cleave their | Wel hard to-geder tho thei loyned, | |
| shields with | Her scheldis roff, here speres brast, | |
| their spears, | The knyghtes bothe to grounde were cast, | 14266 |
| wound and | That nother of hem with-oute wounde | |
| unhorse each | Thei myght not rise nother hol ne sounde. | |
| other. | ¶ Achilles for-sothe was euel hurt, | |
| Achilles rises, | Vpon his feet wel sone he sturt | 14270 |
| but Troilus is | And drow his swerd as man of myght, | |
| taken off by | And wolde haue schawe that gentil knyght. | |
| his Trojans. | But alle the Troyens on an hepe | |
| | By-fore him than wel sone gan lepe, | 14274 |
| | And doghti Troyle so thei defende | |
| | That Achilles myght not come him hende, | |
| | And ladde him home out of that place. | |
| | Tho was it tyme to leue the chace, | 14278 |

For hit was al atte nyght,	[lf. 211.]	14279	Night ends the battle.
And thei were weri of that fyght,		14280	
That hem lust to take her rest ;			
For that were thanne alther best.			
Achilles gan faste hamward gange ;			
Many day afftir & lange		14284	Achilles lies in bed for several days.
Lay he seke In his bed ;			
Off his wounde was he sore dred,			
For hit greued him so sore,			
He thought to venge him efft ther-fore.		14288	
T He Troyens thanne to ¹ Troye ȝede alle			The Trojans return to Troy.
And Troylus to his fader halle,			Troylus relates the death of Gryme Gwynel ;
He tolde him of the deth of Brunys ;			the Trojan ladies bewail him.
Then were mad hidus tuynes		14292	
Off many a gentil damysel			
For the deth of Gryme Gwynel.			
He tolde him also of the Iornay :			Then he relates the first success of the Trojans,
"How thei hadde fouȝten to-gedur that day,		14296	
And how Gregeis were discomfith			
And foule put to the flyȝt ;			
And how thei felde her Pauylons,			
And scholde haue sclayn alle the Gryffons		14300	
¶ Er euen-tyde at his hopyng,			
Hadde thei had no socoryng			and the attack of Achilles :
Off doghti sir Achilles,			
That foule ferde among her pres ;"—		14304	
'That Ilke knyght him-selff alone			'He alone made our men flee.'
Maked oure men to fle echone			
For any thyng that we coude do,			
And made vs lese oure worschepe so.'		14308	
¶ When Priamus herde these tydandis—			When Priamus hears that Achilles has broken his oath,
That Achilles aȝeyn couenandis			
That he hadde made & hem be-het			
At that ² Iorne hem hadde let	27 [ii.]	14312	

¹ MS. *of*.

² MS. *And at that*. Cf. l. 14313 & note.

- And at that¹ semble sclayn his folk,—[lf. 211, bk.] 14313
- he grows very sad,
His herte for tene be-gan to bolke ;
Off tho tythandes was he not payde,
His wiff ful foule he myssayde : 14316
- and scolds his wife :
'Oh, that I had believed your words !'
he says.
'Certis, I was'—he seyde—'ful wrecched
That I scholde by the so be drecched,
Vn-to thi wordes that I ȝaff ffayth !'—
Priamus to his wiff sayth— 14320
- 'This false traitor has deceived us ;
¶ 'This fals² traytour has vs by-swyked,
For my doghter vnto him lyked ;
He dede it certes for oure ille,
For he of here wolde haue his wille 14324
And holde hir In lecherie
With his scleyȝt & trecherie,
And do vs alle a foule repreue
As a fals for-sworen theffe. 14328
- ¶ And that semes by his falshede :
and when he saw that he might not speed,
he resolved on undoing me and mine.
For³ now he may not of hir spede
At his wille by his dissayte ;
He be-thenkes him now ful strayte, 14332
How he may best schende me & myne ;
That myght thow se with thin eyne.
And elles hadde he holde couenaunt,—
But he is fals & euel thynkand 14336
And doth alle thyng with gylerye,
With no manhed ne chyualrie.'
- Hectuba is much ashamed,
Hectuba was sore aschamed
Off here lord that sche was blamed, 14340
Hir Angred sore that euere spak sche
Ther-of wordes two or thre ;
Sche cursed ofte his wickednesse,
His gylrie and his falsnesse. 14344
And that mayden Pollexene
Ther-of was ofte blo & grene,
- and curses Achilles's wickedness.

¹ MS. *At that*. Cf. l. 14312 & note.² MS. *sals*.³ MS. *for*.

- Hit Angerd hir sore & displesed, [lf. 212.] 14347 Pollexena, too,
 Whan that hir loue hade so¹ spysed 14348 is very angry
 That he be-het hir moder & here;
 Gret othes he made & by god swere,
 That he ne scholde helpe Gregeis more
 The while that thei dwelled thore. 14352
 ¶ Sche chaunged chere & eke corage,
 For sche wolde fayn the mariage.
 The kyng & quene were euel lykyng
 For that dede,—by heuene kyng! 14356
 Thei sette trestles & layde bordes
 With litel loye of any wordes;
 When thei hadde souped, thei wente to bedde,
 Thei swor he scholde hir neuere wedde. 14360
THe Gregeis hem Armed, when it was day;
 Saue Achilles In his bed lay,
 For his woundes he myȝt not ryse
 For alle the gode In that emprise. 14364
 When Troyens herde the waytes horn,
 Thei ros vp erly on the morn;
 ¶ Eche man thanne his armes craues,
 Thei bad her ȝomen and her knaues
 Dight her hors & sadel hem faste. 14368
 The² sadeles on hem sone were caste
 With double gerth as thei most nede,
 To make hem strong thei toke hede; 14372
 Many a stede broght thei forthe
 That gret tresour & mechel were worthe;
 ¶ Her helmes were on her ventayles sperde.
 Thei lepe vp & forward ferde 14376
 With-oute the toun vpon a renge.
 By dere god! hit was elenge
 Eche a day se hem so fare,
 How echon other al to-tare! 27 i[iij] 14380

as she would
have liked
marriage
much.

The Trojans
take supper,
go to bed, and
swear that he
shall never
marry her.

Next morning
the Greeks
arm them-
selves;
Achilles stays
in bed because
of his wounds.

The Trojans
rise up,
take their
arms,

and saddle
their horses.

They ride out
of the town.

¹ MS. *hade him so*.

² MS. *Thei*.

¶ *Hic ibant ad prelium & pugnaverunt .vij^{ten} dies.*

Whentheiwere met,ther was no laughter, [lf. 212, bk.] 14381

But moche wo & gret slaughter.

The Trojans
array their
battalions.
The Greeks

THe Trojens had take the Champayn,
Thei are batayled In-myddis the playn.

14384

And thei of Grece when thei beheld

How thei of Troy hadde taken the feld,

send their van-
guard before,

Thei sente to hem her vanwarde

With brode baneres & hye standarde ;

14388

and come
themselves
behind.

And thei come afftir with many a knyzt,

With kynges & dukes of moche myzt,

With many a louely fair pensel

Off gold, of Inde, of fair sandel.

14392

A great battle
is fought,

Thei ran to-gedir, when thei a-proched,

Euery man thorow-out other broched ;

With speres, swerdes, & knyues

Echon¹ other al to-ryues.

14396

But I can-
not relate
all their
deeds,
as I should
never come to
an end.

¶ But I may not her dedis alle sigge,

Therfore mote I my boke a-bregge ;

For to telle al that thei did there²

Til ende scholde I com nere.

14400

They fight
seven days,

But .vij. dayes fro thei be-gan,

Thei fauzt to-geder & neuere blan,

Til thei myzt for wery no more,—

Her bodyes & bones were so sore,

14404

And alle her bones ful sore aked,

And thei were wery & for-waked ;

And al the feld was be-sprad

With dede bodyes,—who myght be glad ?

14408

until they are
worn out,
and the field
is covered with
dead bodies.

Off bothe parties were many dede,

The nombre of hem coude I not rede.

¶ Seuene dayes fauzt thei to-gedre,

And al that while was mury wedre.

14412

For whan thei hadde fouzten .vij. dayes

With-oute rest to-gedur al-weyes,

¹ MS. *Echon on.*

² MS. *thore.*

¶ *Hic Greci miserunt nuncios suos ad Troianum.*

- ¶ Agamenoun thenne assayed, [lf. 213.] 14415 Agamemnon
Wh[er]e that fight myzt be delayed, 14416 thinks it best
Vntil Achilles couered wore¹ to delay the
Off his sekenesse & of his sore ; fight until
For th[e]i were not at no defence, Achilles
But he were ther In *presence*. 14420 recovers ;
- He sente to Troye his messageres, he sends
That were wel gode latymeres, messengers
That coude wele say her Message to Priamus
And vndirstande many langage. 14424
- ¶ He bad hem wende to Priamus,
To Paris, & to gode Troylus,
And pray hem ffor her goddis sake :
" Be-twene vs a trewe to make 14428 to ask for a
A six monethe & no day wane,— truce of six
For dede men are oure alther bane, months,
We may for hem be lyghtly schent, so that both
But if thei be the sonner brent. 14432 parties may
be able to burn
the corpses.
- Zeue vs leue her bodies brenne,
And hele the while oure seke menne,—
And thei may haue the same merit
Thorow the trewe & this respit." 14436
- T**He gode kyng Vlixes,
And his felawe Diomedes,
To do this erande thei ben chosed :
Thei did on robes wel a-losed 14440 they don very
And furred wel with riche Ermyn, rich apparel :
As kynges that were of gentil kyn ; furred robes,
Thei were richly apparayled
With riche gerdeles wel Anamayled, 14444 rich girdles,
Thei drow riche hodes of ther pile and embroi-
That alle were sewed with riche orivile ; dered hoods.
Thei wente to Troye In gode aray,—
How richeli dyght, can I not say. 14448

¹ o altered from e.

426 *The Messengers are introduced to Priamus and say their Message.*

The Trojans, on seeing them arrive un- armed,	When thei of Troye sei hem come naked, [lf. 213, bk.]	14449
	Thei hoped a trewe scholde be maked	
	Be-twene hem and Grece kyng;	
are glad,	Glad were thei In here thingkyng.	14452
and open the gate.	¶ A3eyns the kynges was done vp the 3ate,	
	The kynges reden In ther-ate;	
	Thei ride hem forth hand In hand	
	With louely chere & fair semblaunt:	14456
The messen- gers go into the palace, greet the king,	Thei wente In-to that riche palais	
	And grete the kyng with wordes curteis;	
	And he 3eld sone her metyng	
	And thanked sone her wel-comyng,	14460
and are wel- comed by him.	And sayde "thei were wel-come him to,"	
	And asked "what thei wolde haue do?"	
Ulixes	Ulixes kyng & his ffelawe	
	By-fore the kyng a gode thrawe	14464
	Stode spekand & told her tale	
	Be-fore the Troyens In that sale;	
speaks the message:	He seyse: 'sir, and 3oure wille were,	
	Herkenes now vnto me here!	14468
	And I schal telle, sir kyng, to 3ow	
	Whi we are comen hidur now:	
'Agamemnon	¶ Agamenoun, oure Emperour,	
	That is oure a[l]ther gouernour,	14472
	Bad vs two hedur go	
	To 3ow, sir kyng, with-outen mo	
asks for a truce,	To aske a trewe, if 3e assent	
	With 3oure consail & parlement.	14476
	It is long tyme sithen we vs rest,	
	Off medecyne haue we mechel brest;	
as we have fought so long, and scarcely any of us is unwounded.	¶ We haue fou3ten dayes many,	
	That vnnethes of vs is any	14480
	That we [n]are wounded or vnhesed,	
	Strongly hurt or envysed,	

¶ *Hic pecierunt pacem per .vj. Menses.*

Or bitterly beten with bitter strokes; [lf. 214.] 14483

We wolde ther-fore haue help of leches 14484

To hele oure woundes, er we fauzt efft.

We may wilne that it were lefft,

Til we¹ be hole—he bad vs say,—

A six moneth euery day. 14488

¶ He wolde the trewe were be-twene vs fest,

Til we were heled In the best,

And 3e 3oure-selff to reste haue nede

To hele 3oure sores—so god me spede! 14492

For I trowe 3e haue som part—

Off spere or sword or of dart—

Off som brysure or som wounde,

3e are not al hol ne sounde. 14496

I wil therfore 3ow not fode,

We mot be-twene vs bere euen lode :

3iff 3e the trewes assente to,

3e may hele 3ow, and we also.' 14500

Priamus seyde: 'iff my consayle

These couenandes wil entayle,

I schal acorde to here Iugement

By gode a-surte and sacrament.' 14504

He wente fro hem out of that halle

And called his men abouten him alle.

¶ He seide: 'lordynges, 3e ben alle here,

3e are of my counseyl al plenere, 14508

And 3e haue herd what these men aske.

Telles me now sone In haste :

Hope 3e hit be oure profite

To take suche trewe & respit? 14512

What schal I say to thes lordynges,

These Messageres, these riche kynges?

Wol 3e the trewe? what is 3oure wit?

Are 3e wele avised 3it? 14516

We want the help of surgeons, before we fight again;

and you certainly do so too.'

Priamus will ask his councillors if they will assent.

He calls them together,

and says:

'You have heard what they ask. Do you think it profitable to make a truce?'

¹ MS. *he*.

- Avise þow wel, ar þe hem graunt, [lf. 214, bk.] 14517
 That þe be not afftir repentaunt.'
- The Trojan
 councillors
 assent to the
 truce.
 Thei seyde alle: 'sir, we be a-vysed:
 Thei haue the trewe wel devysed, 14520
 We graunte the trewes aȝeys vs.'
 'And I for me'—seyde Priamus.
- Priamus re-
 turns to the
 hall,
 and tells the
 Greeks that
 he and his
 barons grant
 the truce.
 ¶ Priamus ran to halle a-valed,
 Ther these kynges to-gedur taled; 14524
 He sayde: "that he and his baronage
 Wolde graunte the terme by gode ostage
 A six monethe til thei were heled,
 By siker dedes wel asseled." 14528
 He bad hem go sauely aȝeyn
 And holde the trewes for-sothe certayn,—
- He bids
 them safely
 return,
 for he and his
 should keep
 their oath
 well,
 and so should
 the Greeks.
 ¶ "For he & his scholde by her othe
 Holde hem stable for leue or lothe;" 14532
 And bad: "that thei scholde do so als,
 That thei were not founden fals;
 And that euery man with-oute debate
 Scholde gon & come erly and late 14536
 With-uten robbyng or reuyng,
 With-oute any debate-makyng."
 These kynges swor bothe this—
 "So god ȝeue hem Ioye and blis." 14540
 Priamus ȝaff hem gode conge,
 To wende her way and wel be.
- Diomedes and
 Ulixes swear
 to do so,
 and take leave.
 ¶ Now ride these kynges murily,
 To-gedir rydande Ioyfully; 14544
 Thei are ful fayn that thei haue sped,
 Off no-thing now are thei adrad.
 Vnto her tentis are thei reden;
 Thei haue ther not longe abyden, 14548
 Thei hied hem to her Emperour,
 Ther he sat vndir his couertour.
- They return
 very glad to
 the camp.

- In his teldis thei him fond, [lf. 215.] 14551 Diomedes and
 Thei seyde: "thei hadde ben on his sond, 14552 Ulixes
 And that thei hadde wele done his nedis."
 And [he] hem blessed for her dedis;
 He asked: "whether thei treweus hadde
 A six monethe, as he hem badde?" 14556
 And thei sayde: "3e, sir, sicurly!
 Thei schal be holden treuly
 ¶ The trewes stable a six monethe,
 On payne to lese bothe lym & lythe; 14560
 And ther-to haue we hondes holden
 And truthis¹ plyzt & fyngres folden.'
 The tydandes ran fro halle to halle,
 Eche man tolde other this tale: 14564
 "How here kynges haue ben at Troye
 And brouzt tydandes of moche Ioye,
 How thei scholde reste a wel gode while."
 Eche man thanne be-gan to smyle. 14568
 ¶ Gamenoun than was wel glad,
 And so was euery lord & lad,
 And euery a knyght that vndirstandis
 The right sothe of these tythandes. 14572
 Now euery man helis his soris,
 Euery man his tentis restoris
 Off mete & drynke & other store,
 Wel better than thei were ore. 14576
 ¶ Thei were fayn of that grace
 Off her trewe so long a space,
 Vntil Achilles were y-couered.
 Many a lord ouer him houered 14580
 Eche day him to solace;
 He gan Troyle faste manace.
 ¶ He seyde: "when he hadde hele,
 That he wolde with Troy[l]e dele, 14584

that the truce
is granted for
half a year.

The Greeks
are very glad
at this mes-
sage;

they smile.

They heal
their wounds,
re-store their
tents,
and procure
new victuals.

Achilles is
nursed by
many lords;
he menaces
Troilus.

¹ MS. *thruthis*.

	He wolde not lette for al Fraunce [lf. 215, bk.] 14585	
	But he tok of him vengauce."	
The Greeks think the Trojans are deceived	Thei sayde : "that Troyens were dissayued, And that thei nere not persayued 14588	
	To graunte the trewes when thei it asked, For thei scholde now be euel a-tasted, Thei graunt the trewes In the dismole.	
and will be all slain, after Achilles is recovered.	For were it so that he were hole, 14592 He scholde sole Troyle and alle thos other, As he hadde done Ector, his brother."	
	W Ele was hem thei scholde soiorne, It was for hem a noble turne : 14596	
They gather grasses, make plasters and salves, and heal their wounds ;	Thei gadered gras on eche halue, And made plastres & eke salue, Thei dyght here woundes that sore gored. Off mete & drynke thei ben wel stored, 14600	
they play at chess, eat and drink, and tell fables. All the surgeons of the whole army	Thei played at the chesse & tables, And ete & drank and tolde fables. And alle the leches that craftly were In al the ost that tyme there, 14604	
	¶ Alle that coude of surgerye, Off Plasteres and of herberye,—	
take care of Achilles ;	Hadde Achilles In that cure To hele his woundes & his visure : 14608	
they nurse him well,	Thei zaff to him wel gode kepyng To brynge him to his right slepyng, Thei made him drynkes of gode licour And broght a-zeyn his fair colour ; 14612	
and restore him to good health,	¶ Thei zaff him drynke many skyns, And heled him vp with medycyns, That he was hole, stalworthe, & fere In his strengthe & playn power, 14616	
before the truce ends.	Er euere the trewes come fully out. Then were the Gregeis holde & stout,	

¶ *Hic Troiani ordinauerunt magnum Bellum.*

Whan he was hole & ȝede on fete. [lf. 216.] 14619

For tene his herte wex grete, 14620 Achilles is
That Troyle did him the vilony; angry,

He hadde to him gret envy,

He swore by god that dwelled In heuene

He scholde him sele for odde or euene. 14624 and swears to
Troilus, be revenged on

AChilles is hol & clene In myȝt,
Bold and strong, semely In syȝt,
For he is hol In flesch & fel,

And as hole as any pykerel. 14628

Hit drawes faste vnto that day, The truce
That thei most nede leue her play nears its end,

And bygynne aȝeyn the werre,

For no man may ther-fro hem sterre; 14632 No man may
Vntil that on for ay & euere keep them
Be al for-done, thei blyn neuere. will never
one of them
cease until
fight, as they
back from
They prepare
themselves for
a new battle.

¶ Euery man ordeynes now his gere,

Sadel, & bridel, & stalworthe spere, 14636

Fresche atyre, wel gode newe helmes,

And made hem gode staues of oke & elmes

Ful of warres and of knottis,

Piked staues with heuy bottis. 14640

Achilles thinkes day & nyghtis,

How he may sle douȝti knyȝtis;

He nolde it lette for non aȝt

That any man him ȝeue mauȝt. 14644

WHen the trewes were alle gone,
And th[e]i were heled euerychone,

And day was comen thei scholde fyght,

And thei were rysen & redy dight,— 14648

Eche man In his armure

On gode stedis, be ȝe sure!—

The Troyens ride to Ilyon;

Kyng Philomene & Mennon, 14652 the Trojans
ride to Iliou.

	Odeman & Eueas,	[lf. 216, bk.]	14653
	Antenor and Palamydas,		
	And eche a lord ȝede with his ost;		
The Trojans are waiting in Ilion for the orders of Troilus, how he may array them.	And alle men houed then a-cost		14656
	¶ Aboute Ilyon, that riche palais,		
	To here what Troyle to hem says:		
	"How he here batayles wolde devise,		
	In what manere and what wyse;		14660
	Ho schal haue the vaunwarde,		
	Who the myddel, and ho the rereward?		
	So were thei redi In that mornyg,		
	Al redi dyght by sone rysyng.		14664
Troilus is very careful in arranging his troops well,	D Oghti Troyle faste him payned		
	That thei were wel ordeyned;		
	When thei were ordeyned wele & clene,		
and sends them out	He bad hem go forth al be-dene,		14668
	Euery lord with his Eschele,		
	And come aȝeyn with Ioye & hele.		
with all good wishes.	The ȝate was than vndone & opone		
The gate 'Dardanides' is opened;	That we by-fore hadde of y-spoken,		14672
	That ȝate was cleped Dardanydes:		
they go out,	Ther was of knyȝtes mechel pres,		
	¶ At the ȝates thei outward issed,		
	As doughti Troyle hem hadde wissed;		14676
	Thei ride to-gedir vpon a rase		
and ride to- wards the Greek lists,	Toward Gregeis a gode pase,		
	Til thei were comen nye here lystes.		
	Thei houed stille at here tristes,		14680
	Til thei se Gregeis oute comande		
They wait till the Greeks come out.	With brode baneres a-boute wayvande.		
	¶ Troyle now rides and his Troyanes		
	With his burgeis & Citeȝaynes		14684
	Out off Troye—alas the wo!		
	For he schal dye, er he then come ffro.		
	Alas troye		

Alas Troye ! what is thi grace ?	[lf. 217.]	14687	Alas, Troy !
To the fel neuere gode trace,		14688	
To the fel neuere gode chaunce,			thou and thine
Ne non of alle thi retenaunce !			never had good
Thoow thow be gay & glorious,			luck.
Thow were euere ¹ on-gracious !		14692	
Off thow hede of Cites were,			Though thou
Blysful hap to the fel neuere !			wast the head
For better men were neuere lyuand,			of the cities,
Than were that tyme to the longand ;		14696	and thy people
And 3it was it here alther schap,			were the best
That thei died alle by myshap.			living,
¶ Ther-fore I trowe In my thoght :			they were all
Azens godis wille so were thei ² wroght.		14700	to die.
Hadde destyne ben Ector frende,			Had destiny
Or doghti Troylus that was so hende,			been the friend
The Gregeis nad not hem sclayn ;			of Hector or
But destene turned hem azeyn,		14704	Troylus, the
Destyne was here enemy			Greeks would
And sclow hem bothe vnhappily.			not have slain
And also died alle that other kynde			them.
Off gode men that were In mynde.		14708	
T He Gregeis saw the Troiens come			The Greeks see
Out of Troye alle on a throme,			the Trojans
Armed wel In her maneres,			come out of
With faire penseles & brode baneres.		14712	Troy, well
The wannward than to hem thei sende,			armed and
The Middelward ³ come afterhende ⁴ ,			with banners.
The rerwarde dwelled lange.			
But when Achilles scholde out gange,		14716	Achilles
¶ He gart his men vnto him calle ;			
And when thei stode aboute him alle,			
He sayde to hem with glad chere :			addresses his
‘ 3e ar my frendes leue & dere,	28 [j]	14720	soldiers.

¹ Some letters erased between *were* and *euere*.

² MS. *Middelward*.

⁴ MS. *asterhende*.

³ MS. *we*.

¶ *Hic ibant ad prelium.*

Achilles says to his soldiers: 'I know your faithfulness.	I wot wel 3e loue me mechel With trewe herte & no-thing fikel, And to do my byddyng are 3e meke ;	[lf. 217, bk.] 14721
Do now what I beseech you !	Now for my loue I 3ow be-seke : To my sawe 3e 3eue good tent, And beth to me obedient.	14724
Ye know how Troylus wounded and unhorsed me the other day.	¶ 3e wot wel what affray I toke of Troyle that other day, Wiche an harm and a wounde ; And how I fel vpon the grounde ; Bode I neuere scuche a dispit.	14728
Help me now to take revenge for it on that boy !	Now helpis me that it were qwit ; But I be venged of that boy, In myn herte gete I neuere Ioy.	14732
	T Herfore for my loue I 3ow pray That 3e do as I 3ow say :	14736
Don't care for any king or knight,	That 3e this day 3eue no gome To kyng ne knyzt ¹ ne to grome, Man to sle ne to take, Ne non assaut to non make,—	14740
but only to get at Troylus.	But beth besi on alle thing, How 3e may him among 3ow bryng !	
	¶ When 3e thedir comen are	
And when you see him, sur- round him very closely,	And 3e of him may be ware, Be-closes him al a-boute That he fro 3ow go not oute, And stondis a-boute him on a throme	14744
that his men may not help him,	That non of his may to him come Him to defende fro myn hond. Ful stille aboute 3it 3e stond,	14748
and let me fight with him alone.	And lete vs two oure myght schewe ; And I schal that boy al to-hewe. But loke that no man to vs come, That fro my hand that he be nome ;	14752

¹ MS. *knytt*, but the scribe has tried to alter the first *t* to *3*.

¶ *Hic preliauerunt.*

- | | | | |
|---|------------|-------|-----------------|
| I schal him ful wel qwite | [lf. 218.] | 14755 | I'll take re- |
| That his spere did on me bite, | | 14756 | venge on that |
| And thus may I haue my wille | | | boy. |
| That foule boy for to spille. | | | |
| ¶ Ther-fore I pray 3ow alle— | | | And I pray you |
| For any thyng that may be-falle, | | 14760 | to do as I tell |
| And as I am 3oure a[l]ther lord— | | | you.' |
| That 3e be alle at this acord | | | |
| And 3if to no-thyng elles kepe.' | | | |
| And with that word Achilles wepe,— | | 14764 | Achilles weeps. |
| So wolde he fayn on him be yenged. | | | |
| The batayles ben to-gedir renged, | | | A fierce battle |
| Thei of Troye & thei of Grece; | | | begins: |
| Thei hewe here bodies al to pece, | | 14768 | |
| Thei did gret sorwe & mechel wo, | | | |
| Whan thei gan to-gedir go. | | | |
| T He stoure is styff & strong be-gonnen, | | | |
| Euery man on other is ronnen, | | 14772 | |
| Thei haue her speres brosten & broken, | | | spears are |
| Ful ffewe wordes ther were spoken; | | | broken, few |
| At that tyme were many kastoun | | | words are |
| A-3eyn the grounde that al to-brastoun, | | 14776 | spoken. |
| Ther died many at that torpel. | | | |
| But then come Troyle, y-armed wel, | | | Troylus rushes |
| With mechel peple of Armed kny3tes | | | against the |
| Come he thedir at that ri3tes; | | 14780 | Greeks, with |
| With scheld enbrased & spere enbossed | | | many knights; |
| A-mong the Gregeis he ran & pressed: | | | |
| That he to ran, dethe was his dome; | | | all he meets |
| Wel euel was he thedir wel-come. | | 14784 | he kills. |
| ¶ When Troyle hadde broken his spere, | | | |
| He toke his swerd that wel coude schere, | | | |
| It was trenchaund & wel poynted, | | | |
| With Gregeis blod it was anoynted | 28 i[j] | 14788 | |

- Fro the poynt to the hilde, [lf. 218, bk.] 14789
 Ful many Gregeis hadde it spilte.
 He rased scheldes ffro here neckes,
 He teres the mayles as it were sekkes, 14792
 ¶ He bare hem doun to grounde al flat,
 He 3aff hem many a sori sqwat¹;
 He droff doun alle that come him by,
 As doth bestes that ben hungry. 14796
 Thei were noght to him worth a schelle,
 He blan neuere to scle & felle
 Fro he come thedir to the mydday,
 That thei fro him fled a-way; 14800
 Thei fled echon by on red,
 And elles thei hadde ben alle ded.
H It was a litel be-fore the none,
 A-boute mydday, that this was done 14804
 That thei of Grece ffro Troyle fled,
 So were thei of his strokes dred.
 But Achilles ne none of hese
 Were comen not to that purprese; 14808
 But when he herde hem criande,
 He loked & sey hem fleande,
 He saw hem flee ffro that purprise,
 He bad his men be war & wyse. 14812
 He was y-armed at alle rightes,
 Strong & hole In alle his myghtes;
 ¶ He tok his swerd that was so gode,
 Hit wolde bite as it were wode, 14816
 Ther was none suche hard ne towe;
 Many a Troyen ther-with he sclowe.
 He bad his men: "so mote thei thee"—
 'Socoures now hem that now dothe fle! 14820
 Helpis now, for thei haue nede!'
 Achilles than to hem 3ede,

Troilus
wounds and
slays many
Greeks,

until midday;
then the
Greeks begin
to flee.

Achilles and
his men had
not yet turned
up;
but when he
hears the
Greeks cry,
and sees them
flee,
he bids his men
rescue them.

He takes his
good sword.

¹ MS. *sqwat*.

- ¶ He bad his men thenk on his spellis [lf. 219.] 14823
 And attende to [no] man ellis; 14824
 And thei bad him be not abayst,—
 “But on him he scholde trayst.”
 He passed forth with his meyne
 And socoured hem that he saw fle, 14828
 Thei mette the Troyens In her wyse
 Thei bare hem down at the burdise. and bear the Trojans down.
- ¶ Achilles and his Murimdonez
 Socoured alle her Gryffones; 14832
 For by her help and her comyng
 Thei were tho lettid In her chasyng,
 And Gregis keuered a-3eyn the feld
 And made good visage with spere & scheld 14836
 To her enemys ful boldely
 And fau3t with hem apertly ¹.
 The Greeks recover the field and attack their enemies.
- G Regais turned and gete the place,
 For Troyens were let of here chace. 14840
 The Murimdonez for-3ete no-thing
 What was her lordes faire praying :
 Among Troyens bothe ner & fer
 Thei loked aboute In euery corner 14844
 Off that batayle afftir sir Troyle,
 Iff thei saw owqher that kny3t royle.
 So were Thei war where he stode
 Seleande Gregeis as he were wode : 14848
 ¶ He was that tyme hi[m]-self alone,
 Off hyse that tyme with him were none ;
 Him faste flyghtand alone thei founde
 Opon the Gregais In that stounde. 14852
 Thanne wente aboute him alle that frape,
 That he my3t no-wayes skape,
 And made a scheltrone him aboute
 And spered him fro alle his route. 28 i[ij] 14856
 They find him fighting quite alone against the Greeks,
 and surround him.

¹ t very indistinctly inserted over line.

¶ *Hic Achilles occidit Troylum.*

Off Gryffons come ther many a knyzt [lf. 219, bk.] 14857

And halp the Murimdonez with her myzt.

Achilles is glad ¶
when he sees
Troylus sur-
rounded ;

Achilles—lord ! that he was glad !

Off alle the world no more he bad ! 14860

He come ridande on his stede,

Off sir Troyle toke he gode hede

How he sclow doun right his men

That thei lay dede In the fen. 14864

he insults him.

‘ Turne the ’—he seyde—‘ fals gadelyng !

Thow schalt now dye—by heuene kyng !

My dispite schaltow sore abigge !

Kepe the fro me ! I the sigge.’ 14868

They draw
their swords

¶ Thei drow her swerdes that were gode

And hew to-gedir as thei were wode,

and wound
each other.

The rede blod ran by here side,

Thei made hem woundes longe & wyde : 14872

Achilles hews
Troylus's
helmet off
his head, and
throws down
his shield.

Achilles hewys In-two his mayles,

The rede blod afftir rayles ;

He hew the helme al of his hede,

His scheld sone he him be-reued. 14876

Troylus
defends him-
self bravely ;

But Troyle defendis him by his myzt

With al his strengthe, that gentil knyzt.

but Achilles is
stronger,**B**Vt Achilles was so strong

That he myzt not endure long,— 14880

and nobody
can help
Troylus ;

No man myght to him come

For Murimdonez that stode athrome,

The Gregeis also with al here myght[es]

Passyng twenty thousand knyghtes. 14884

he grows
weary and
falls from
his horse.¶ Troyle was wery¹, he myght not sitte,

He was al faynt & out of witte

For the blod that he gan blede,

Tho fel he doun of his stede. 14888

Achilles draws
his sword,

Achilles tho lyght glad ynow

And his noble swerd out-drow

¹ *y* seems to be corrected from *i*.

¶ **Lamentacio Troianorum.**

- And smot his hed fro the body [lf. 220.] 14891 smites off
 And throw ¹ it away dispitously; 14892 Troylus's head
 He tyed his body at his hors tayl and throws it
 And drow him tho thorow the batayl. away,
- ¶ Achilles has sir Troyle sclayn,
 And ther-of he is wonder fayn; 14896
 Michel schame & vylony
 Did he tho that dede body :
 He tied him at his hors ers binds the dead
 And drow him ouer myre & Mers, 14900 corpse to his
 Thorow her ost & her batayle horse's tail,
 He drow him at his hors tayle— and drags it
 As he hadde ben a cut-purs, over the field.
 Ne myzt he him haue don no wors. 14904
- ¶ When it was told sir Palidomas ²,
 Antenor, & sir Eueas,—
 And his brother sir Paris
 When he herde telle of this, 14908
 He myght not speke no ³ word, but swoun,
 Among hem alle tho fel he doun. Paris swoons.
- ¶ The Troyens than hadde sorwe y-now,
 When thei saw how he him drow, 14912
 Thei ran on the Grues alle on a res
 To reue sir Troyle ffro Achilles.
 But thei of Grece so with-stode
 With egre wil & sturdy mode, 14916
 That thei myght not the Gregeis twyn
 Ne that body fro hem wyn. but they do not
 succeed.
- A** wonder stoure and a cruel
 Be-gan thei thanne & a mortel, 14920
 For alle the Troyens ther-about
 Gadered hem vpon a route,
 The ded body fro him to reue;
 But Gregeis wolde it not leue. 28 i[iij] 14924

¹ MS. *drow*.

² *idomas* written by another hand on erasure.

³ MS. *speken o*.

	Achilles cleues alle her bones,	[lf. 220, bk.]	14925
	For sorwe thei crye & bitterly grones.		
When King Mennon hears this news,	¶ But when Mennon, that noble kyng, Off Troyle herde this tydyng,		14928
	Whan he wyste that he was sclayn And thorow that ost so foule drawyn,— An hundrid sithe he seyde ‘alas!’		
he bewails the death of Troylus,	So was him wo that he ded was: “Alas!”—seyde he that tyme & tyde— “That euere scholde he that day a-byde To se so noble a doghti knyght Be so destroyed & foule dyght!”		14932 14936
and presses to Achilles; he insults him:	With sore herte thorow alle that prese Cried Mennon to Achilles, ¶ When he was comyn to him neye;		
‘Traitor, I defy thee! How couldst thou bind to thy horse’s tail and drag through the brooks	He sayde: ‘traytour, I the defye! To thi ¹ hors tayl that knyght to bynde, In thi foule herte how myght thou fynde? And drawe him thorow bekke & broke That gentil knyght that thou so toke,		14940 14944
such a good and gentle knight?	That was so gode of vasselage ² , Off douȝtines & of corage!		
Beware!	Ware the, traytour, now for me! By him that made leff on tre:		14948
Thou shalt not drag him any farther!’	Thow schalt him no further drawe With-oute harm for loue ne awe!’		
Achilles is furious that Mennon so despises him,	L ord, that Achilles was wode! That alle tho chaunged his blode!		14952
	That he sette him so at noght, He thoght it scholde be dere a-boght;		
and smites him with all his might.	He smot tho kyng Mennon a-ȝeyn With al his power & his mayn,		14956
Mennon smites him too,	And kyng Mennon to him with that; But Achilles In his sadel sat.		

¹ MS. *his*.

² MS. *basselage*.

But thorow his scheld & Aketoun	[lf. 221.]	14959	and pierces
He smot Achilles In that raundoun ;		14960	Achilles's
¶ Achilles was sore aschamed			shield and
And of that dede foule a-gramed,			'aketoun.'
Opon his swerd his hond he layde			Achilles is
And swere by othe and seyde :		14964	ashamed,
"That he scholde down for leue or lothe!"—			
And therto Achilles swor his othe.			and swears to
¶ Achilles smot that knyzt sore,			bring Mennon
That he fel down of his hors thore		14968	down.
Opon the grounde In a ded swone,			
And of his hors he fel a-doune.			He smites and
The Troyens than fro him wan ;			unhorses him ;
But 3it ther died many a man		14972	
With dynt of sword In that batayle,			Mennon
Thei suffred ther ful mechel trauayle.			swoons.
T He while thei were at this fight,			
The Troyens with strengthe & myght		14976	The Trojans
Troylus body a-way thei stale			recover the
As faste as thei myght hale,			body of Troy-
Til it was stolen out of that ost,			lus.
Vndir a dike layde a-cost.		14980	
Than gan these ostis parte atwynne,			The parties
For of that fyghtyng wold thei blynne ¹ ;			separate ;
And kyng Mennon a hors was brouzt,			
But arst with Troyens was hit ful touzt.		14984	Mennon is
¶ But it was euen, they myzt not dwelle,			rehorsed,
Thei departed, as I 3ow telle :			Night ends the
Hit was ney the euenyng,			battle.
The sonne was ney at his setting ;		14988	
And bothe parties hamward drow,			
For thei hadde foghten long y-now.			All go home.
The Gregeis 3ede to here tentis ;			
And Paris vp that body hentes,		14992	

¹ MS. *thei not blynne*.

442 *The Corpse of Troylus is brought to Troy. All bewail his Death.*

Paris brings
the corpse of
Troylus to
Troy.

And a-none hamward gan royle, [lf. 221, bk.] 14993
And ledde with him the body of Troyle.

THei haue her fyght for this day ent;
And thei of Troy hamward went, 14996
The dede body with hem thei ledde,
Al of blod it is be-bled.

All the bells
ring, and
everybody
weeps, know-
ing that some
one of theirs is
dead.

At euery temple the belles ronge,
Euery man wepe, and no man songe; 15000

And ther-by wiste alle tho of Troye
That some of heres were dede & foye.

Philomene & kyng Mennon
That body bar to Ylion, 15004

And alle the Troyens on a rowe
With loude cryng and moche harrowe.

When they
hear those
bearing the
corpse cry,
they ask the
reason.

¶ When thei of Troye hadde herd that cry,
Thei asked "how?"—the chesoun whi 15008

Thei cried so and wepe so sore—
"And what he was that thei bare thore?
Iff he were lord of gret renoun?

Or any kyng of any regioun?" 15012

On hearing it
is Troylus,

And thei answered & seyde a-3eyn:
"That it was Troyle that ther was sclayn."

they wring
their hands
and bewail his
death.

¶ When thei of Troye the sothe wiste,
Ther was wrongen many a ffiste. 15016

'Alas'—thei seide—"now he is ded,
Now are we alle with-uten red!"

Thei wyste tho to lese her lyues,
Bothe here children & here wyues, 15020

And alle the godis euere thei aught;
Off here lyues tho rouzte thei naught.

So do his
father and
mother.

¶ The sorwe that the fadir made!
Ther was no man that him myght glade. 15024

Out off sorwe was not the quene,
Ne his suster Pollexene.

- Sche made for him sorwe y-now, [lf. 222.] 15027 Pollexena,
 For dele hir body al to-drow, 15028
 Hir louely heer sche al to-rent,
 Sche cracched hir face & al to-schent,—
 That it was ruthe & gret pite
 So fair a lyff so dyght to se. 15032
- ¶ In gret mornynge was dame Heleyn, Eleyne, and
 When sche wiste sir Troyle sclayn;
 And his brother, sir Paris,
 Gret sorwe made he y-wis: 15036 Paris bewail
 He sorwed bothe day & nyzt. Troylus,
 And so did euery lord & knyzt, and so do all
 And alle that euere were In the toun; the other lords
 For thei seide alle: "thei were a-doun,"— 15040 and knights of
 And al the nyght til the morwe Troy.
 Lyued thei In gret sorwe.
- ¶ But the Gregeis were wel glad;
 Lord, the Ioye that thei mad 15044 But the Greeks
 That her strong fo was sclayn! are very glad,
 Lord, that thei therfore were fayn! and make
 Thei slepe al nyzt and made blythe, merry,
 And thonked her god ofte sithe, 15048
 And solaced Achilles thei also
 For that prowesse that he hadde y-do. and congratu-
 late Achilles
 on his having
 slain their
 strong foe.
- ¶ When day was comen, and nyzt gon, 15052 Next morning
 Thei toke her hors euerychon¹ all prepare for
 And rod aȝeyn In-to the feldis, a fresh battle.
 Out of the toun & of the teldis;
 And be-gan a newe assaut,
 Til hit was fer with-Inne the naut. 15056
- W**hen it was day, & thei sei lyght,
 And thei were armed & redi dyght,
 Out of Troye rod the Troyanes;
 A-ȝeyn hem come alle the Danes, 15060

¹ *chon* on erasure, but by the same hand.

¶ *Hic Pugnabant per vij^{tem} dies.*

	Wel arayed on horse rydande,	[lf. 222, bk.]	15061
	With fair scheld & spere In hande.		
Many are wounded,	Many a man ther strokes toke,		
	That many of hem her lyff for-soke ;		15064
	Many a body was ther to-koruen,		
many die.	And many gode knyzt was ther storuen.		
They fight the whole day, till night ends the battle.	¶ And thus ferde thay til it was nyght,		
	That thei of sonne had no syght,		15068
	That thei most nede take her rest.		
Next morning they begin again ;	On morwe were thei al prest		
	That ffyght a3eyn to be-gynne ;		
	For that wolde thei neuere blynne,		15072
	Vnto that on were for-done,—		
	And that scholde now be sone.		
and thus they fight seven days without rest.	¶ And thus ffauzt thei to-gedur samen—		
	Alle on earnest & not on gamen—		15076
	With-oute rest dayes seuene ;		
It would take too much time to relate all their deeds ;	But alle her dedis may no man neuene,		
	For that wolde be to longe dwellyng,		
	To moche werk of my tellyng :		15080
	For who-so wolde aboute that dwelle		
	Alle her dedis for to telle,		
many books might be filled with them.	Many bokes myght men make ;		
	I wol not now vndirtake.—		15084
	¶ But seuene dayes with-outen pes,		
	With-oute rest—so saith Dares—		
	Fauzt thei to-gedir day for day,		
Only Achilles did not fight; he lay in bed healing his wounds.	Saue Achilles In his bed lay		15088
	To hele the woundes that he hadde cauzt,		
	When he & Mennon to-gedir fauzt		
	Off that fyght that thei hadde meled.		
	The seuenthe day whan he was heled		15092
	Off his woundes wel & fyn,		
	Off his Angwys & his pyn,		

¶ Incipit bellum In die septimo.

He Armed him as other did,	[lf. 223.]	15095	Achilles, on the seventh day of the battle, arms himself
To go & fyght the Gregeis myd.		15096	
¶ Then were the Gregeis bold & glad ;			
Alle his men tho faire he bad ¹ ,			and instructs his men how to surround
That when thei come to that batayle,			Mennon,
That thei scholde alle Mennon assayle		15100	
And close him alle envyroun,			
That him myght helpe no man ;			
And jiff to no man elles entent,			and not to take heed of any-
But that he were amonges hem hent,		15104	body else,
That he myght do hem wreche,			in order that he may be
And sle him for his ² last speche,			avenged.
And for he woundid him so sore—			
He swore : “ he scholde do so na more ³ .”		15108	
¶ And therefore he bad his men not fayle			
To helpe him wele In that batayle ;			
Thei bad him holde him stille,			They promise to do so.
Hit scholde be done at his wille.		15112	
H IT was opon the day seuend,			
Achilles thoght he wolde be euend			
Vpon the doghti kyng Mennoun.			
He bad her kynges & Agamenoun :		15116	Achilles bids Agamemnon array the bat-
“ That he scholde the Gregeis aray,			talions.
To se that day qwat thei do may ? ”—			
‘ For I my-selff that day schal lede			Achilles will lead the first
The formast warde, so god me spede ! ’		15120	one.
¶ Agamenoun tho hem arayed,—			Agamemnon bids them
With baneres brode alle displayed,—			
And bad echon thei scholde hem hye			make haste,
Forward with her companye,		15124	
For thei of Troye were comen alle			as the Trojans are already in
And with-uten her Cite walle			the field.
In-to the feld, to take her stale,			
With many riche amerales.		15128	

¹ Some letters erased after *bad*.

² s on erasure.

³ MS. *namore*.

	¶ Kyng Mennoun the vamwarde ledis, [lf. 223, bk.]	15129
	Vnto Achilles he him spedis ;	
Achilles and Mennon meet at once ;	When he saw him be-fore comande, He hied to him faste ridande :	15132
	Rode thei to-gedir with gret envy As faste as thei myght fly,	
they wound and unhorse each other,	Ayther smot other In-myddes the scheld, That bothe fley on the feld	15136
	Fro her horses to the grounde, That nother was with-uten wounde.	
and fight on on foot.	¶ But thei lepe vp & fau3t on fote, For tho was hem no more bote :	15140
But Mennon is alone.	But Mennon was his men with-oute, Here horses ran fro hem a-boute ; Ther was no man to him 3aff gome, Kyng ne sqwyer, kny3t ne grome.	15144
Trojans and Greeks meet ;	T Royens mette & the Gryffons With sword & spere & gret burdons, With piked staues wel y-wrythen.	
a strong fight.	Ther was a fyght strong y-3euen :	15148
Many are slain in this battle.	On bothe parties thei died thikke, But thei schal leue non qwyk,	
The wounds are described.	Many a schanke brake thei In-sonder, And many lay his hors fet vnder ; Ech-on other smot & quelled That thikke to grounde ded thei felled.	15152
	¶ Many an hed was al to-squat ¹ , And many ded on his hors sat ;	15156
	Some loste nose, & some her tonges, Som her lyuer, & som her longes.	
When the Myrmidons see the combat between their lord and Men- non, they surround them,	The Murimdones when thei were ware Off kyng Mennon & his fare A-3eyn her lord, thei hadde gret tene, Thei closed him tho hem by-twene	15160

¹ MS. *alto squat.*

¶ *Hic Achilles occidit Mennonem Regem.*

That no help myght he haue	[lf. 224.]	15163	
Off no Troiene—so god me saue!		15164	and keep the Trojans back.
Thei holde hem oute with gret fyght			
And sclow the Troiens down right.			
¶ Achilles and Mennoun fauȝt In-fere,			Achilles and Mennon fight hard;
The strokes myght men fer here ;		15168	
The knyghtes were bothe gode & strong,			both are very strong.
But her fyght myght not dure long :			
But Mennoun woundes Achilles sore,			Mennon wounds Achilles severely,
But Achilles did him wel more,		15172	but
Thei fauȝt to-gedir as thei were wode,			
Bothe thei ran al on blode.			
¶ Mennon scheld is al to-hewe,			Achilles cuts Mennon's shield to pieces,
He cutte his mayles rewe on rewe,		15176	
With his blod-brode bronde			
He hewe his scheld to his honde :			
Mennon was faynt for many wounde,			wounds him several times,
Achilles smot him down to grounde,		15180	throws him on the ground,
He cleue his hede to his brest,			and cleaves his head.
He bad him lye ther & rest.			
M ennoun is ded, and that is harm ;			
He lithe ded In his blod warm.		15184	
Trojens bere him a-way thore,			The Trojans take away Mennon's body ; but
Thei were tho agast sore.			
But then come down to that semble			
Menelaus with his meyne ;		15188	by Menelaus,
And so did duk Menescenes,			Menescene,
And Ajax Thelamens,			Ajax,
And Diomedes with his peres,			and Diomedes
With his gode men & comperes :		15192	
And hem of ¹ Troye so schent & donge			
And so stoutly among hem thronge,			
That thei made hem the feld for-sake			they are put to flight.
And to the flyght for-sothe hem take.		15196	

¹ of inserted by the same hand over line.

The Trojans flee,	¶ The Troyens fledde, for thei hadde nede; [lf. 224, bk.] 15197 Thei were echon In gret drede For tho that Gregeis ouer-toke, Afftir lyff myght thei not loke.	15200
many are slain and wounded;	Thei sclow the Troyens many on And wounded also gret won;	
but others flee into their city	But alle that hadde space to fle Flow In-to Troye, the strong Cite,	15204
and bar the doors.	And spered the 3ates with keye & lokke To kepe out the Gregeis folke.	
	¶ The Cite 3ates are sperd & stoken, That thei be not on hem broken;	15208
Hectuba bewails the death of her son Troylus,	And thei wente alle In-to her Innes. But Hectuba, the quene, not blynnies Reuful sorwe & dele to make For doghti Troyle, her sones, sake;	15212
who is yet lying unburied.	For 3it he liggis vpon molde, I-buried In clothes of golde.	
Priamus weeps,	P Riamus wepis and makes mone, And so do alle the lordes echone,	15216
and sodo Paris,	Paris wepis for him sore, And so did his suster wel more,	
and Pollexena,	That faire mayden Pollexene, And Eche burgeis & Cite3ene.	15220
and all the others.	For eche man cares now for his lyff, For his children, & for his wiff. For Mennoun kyng were thei sori, Ther was non that he ne was drery.	15224
Hector, Dephe- bus, Troylus,	¶ Now is Ector ded, and Dephebus, Troyle also the vigorous,	
and Mennon are now dead;	And sir Mennoun, the doghti kyng. "Alas, Alas!" thei gan to syng,	15228
only Paris is left.	For hem is lefft none but Paris, Now of Troye is litel Prys.	

p¹Riamus

¹ The rubricator forgot to paint over the small p.

¶ Hic Troiani pecierunt pacem ad sepeliendum Troylum
& Menonem Reges¹.

- P**riamus calles his conseleres, [lf. 225.] 15231 Priamus sends
And biddes hem chese two Messageres 15232 messengers to
That ben witti and curtays,
That may wende on Message to the Gregays;
He bede hem riche robis done on
And wende to kyng Agamenoun². 15236
- ¶ The Messageres to Gregays wende, they go and
The kny3tes curteys, gode, and hende, truce;
A trewe to aske—as here kyng sayde;— which is
And thei hem graunt and are wel payde. 15240 granted.
And thei come a-3eyn ridande They ride back
To telle him of her tydande, to Troy
And seyde: ‘the trewes are ferme & stable, and relate the
Sicurly with-uten ffile.’ 15244 good news.
- ¶ The Troyens haue at Gregays ben,
And trewe is taken hem be-twen.
A precious tombe for Troyle was wroght,
And his body ther-In was broght; 15248
And leyde him ther-In bischopis thre
With wonder gret solempnite:
Ther was for him a riche offerynges
Off Erles, Dukes, and of kynges. 15252
A precious
tomb is built
for Troylus;
three bishops
bury him
with great
solemnity.
- ¶³ And Priamus made also
Another tombe Menoun vnto,
And did his men ther-Inne him brynge
With fair seruice & gret offrynge. 15256
Another tomb
is erected for
Mennon.
And whan that seruice was al y-done,
To her mete thei wente sone,
Thei dight hem to her mete.
But Hectuba has not for-3ete 15260
After the
funeral
service, they
have dinner.
Off Troyle deth, that doughti knyzt,
That sche loued with al her myzt:
Many a way that lady soght
And wel narwe sche hir be-thoght, 29 j 15264
But Hectuba
cannot forget
the death of
Troylus.

¹ One line in MS.

² MS. *Agamenon*.

³ In the MS. the *next* line (15254) is standing here, after this sign.

¶ **Lamentacio Hectube.**

Hectuba
considers how
to be avenged
on Achilles;
she calls Paris
to her,

How sche myght venge hir on that swayn [lf. 225, bk.] 15265

That hadde hir two sones schayn.

Sche called to hire hur sone Paris

And seyde to him wepande y-wys :

15268.

and says to
him : 'Thou
knowest how
this Achilles
has slain thy
brothers.

¶ 'Paris'—sche seyde—'thow wost wele

Off this Achilles euery dele.

This wicked theff Achilles

Thi bretheren hath schayn with-oute les

15272

With his falshede & his quayntise,

Ther-fore I wolde on alle wise

Be venged on that wicked fode;

Me were it leuer than any gode!

15276

I will be
avenged on
this wicked
beguiler.

Pray, do all
I bid thee!

I pray the: do thing that I bidde,

That my consayl be not kidde.'

Paris swears
to do so.

Paris swor bothe loude & stille:

"Alle her wil he wolde fulfille;

15280

What thyng that sche wolde haue done¹,

Hit scholde be done swithe sone."

Then Hectuba
says to him :

Hectuba with dreary mode

Seide to Paris ther he stode:

15284

'This wicked
man, peerless
in battle,

'This wicked man, this losengere

In al this batayle hath no pere;

intends
destroying all
of us.

He wol vs alle distroye,

But we the rather may him anoye.

15288

But as he is in
love with
Pollexena,

This Achilles, wham I mene,

Loues thi suster Pollexene,

and has
several times
prayed to have
her in
marriage,

And has ofte sent his message

Hir to haue In mariage;

15292

¶ He wolde neuere of sendyng blyn,

Til he of me answere myzt wyn.

I'll send and
tell him that
he may come
and have her.

I wol therefore—so god me a-mende!—

To-morwe erly aftir him sende

15296

And bid him derely: "come me tille,

And he of hir schal haue his wille."

¹ MS. *doð*; the scribe is very inconsistent in the endings *oð* and *oū*, he even rhymes *oð* and *oū* sometimes, as here, and leaves the reader to decide which is right.

- And than wol I—so haue I blis!— [lf. 226.] 15299
- In the temple of Apolynys 15300
- That thow be hid with certayn knyztis,
Armed wel at alle rightes ;
And when he comes a-mong 3ow alle,
That he be sclayn,—what so be-falle !— 15304
- That he no wyse passe quyk,
For that were then to vs ful wik.'
- P**aris than answered & sayde :
' Mi dere Moder, I holde me payde 15308
Off 3oure biddying & 3oure consayl ;
Hit schal be done with-oute fayl.'
- On morwe erly, whan it was day,
Paris thanne with-oute delay 15312
- Wente to the temple, and ther him hid
With twenti armed knyztis myd
That were hardy & wondir strong,
To secle Achilles hem among. 15316
- ¶ The sonne schon, the day was cler,
Hectuba sente hir Messanger
Aftir that knyzt, sir Achilles,
And bad him faire : " whil it was pes, 15320
Come swithe home to hir house,
And he scholde haue to his spouse
Pollexene, that semely may,
That he so moche loued ay." 15324
- ¶ When Achilles these tydynges herde,
With mochel Ioye & murthe he ferde,
For he was so with hir loue bounden :
Thooow he hadde of rede gold founden 15328
An hundrid thousand pounde,
He hadde not ben so glad that stounde
As he was thanne—I vndirstande,—
When he herde this tythande. 29 i[j] 15332

Thou and
some well-
armed knights
shall hide in
the temple of
Apollo, and
slay him
there.'

Paris answers :
' I agree ; all
shall be done
so.'

In the early
morning Paris

and twenty
knights
hide in the
temple.

Hectuba

invites
Achilles to
her house,
to have
Pollexena as
his wife.

Achilles
is very glad ;

though he had
found 100,000
pounds of gold,
he could not
have been
gladder.

¶ Qualiter Achilles fuit occisus.

Achilles calls Archilogus, the son of Nestor :	¶ He called as sone vnto him tho [lf. 226, bk.]	15333
	Duk Nestor sone ¹ with-outen mo,	
	A doghti knyzt, sir Archilogus,	
	And seide anon to him thus :	15336
	‘ Archilogus, my trusti frend,	
	I pray the now : with me thow wende ;	
‘ I have faith in you, and will tell you my secret :	On the is now my most trayst,	
	Ther-fore I am not a-bayst	15340
	The to telle my priuete :	
I’ll go to Troy ;	I wol wende to that Cite,	
	I schal haste me thedir now ;	
nobody else must know it.	Schal no man wyte but only thow.	15344
	¶ For I haue then suche tythandes had	
	That I am bothe mury & glad :	
I shall have for my wife her whom I love more than my life, Pollexena.	For I schal wende vn-to my wyff	
	That I loue more than my lyff ;	15348
	I schal wedde that mayden clene,	
	The kynges doghter, Pollexene,	
	That is whitter then Blauncheffour ;	
	And I haue loued hir per amour	15352
	And suffred for hir moche pyne,	
	But now is sche on of myne.	
Therefore I’ll hasten.’	¶ I wol therfore to hir me spede,	
	That sche delaye no more this dede.’	15356
They ride together to Troy very merry.	A Chilles than & his ffelawe	
	Rode so forth with mochel plawe,	
	With mury heite & mochel loye	
	Rode Achilles In-to Troye.	15360
	¶ When thei were comen to Troye 3ate,	
The porter lets them in,	The porter was redi ther-ate,	
	And lete hem In with fair semblaunt,	
they ride to Ilion singing.	And thei to Ylion rod syggand	15364
	With mury herte & louely chere,	
	And that aboute thei ful dere :	

¹ MS. *Nestorsone*.

For whan thei comen at that palays, [lf. 227.]	15367	Achilles and Archilogus
Thei fonde ther knyghtes curtays	15368	are led into the temple
Vnto the temple that hem ledde,		
Ther thei leide ¹ her lyff to wedde.		
In-to the chirche when thei were gon,		
Thei spered the dores euerychon ;	15372	
And Paris thanne & his comperes		where Paris and his men are hidden.
Come walkyng out of here soleres		
Ther thei hadde ben In a-wayt,		
To brynge Achilles to his dissait.	15376	
¶ Achilles thei alle tho discried,		
And he hem alle boldely defied :		
Tho twenti knyghtes on a rowte		They attack Achilles and his fellow,
By-sette Achilles al abowte,	15380	
And euery man his sword out-drowe		
And seyde : ‘ Achilles, defende the nowel		and shout :
For thou schalt for thi vilonye,		‘ Thou must die to-day for the death of Troylus.’
For thi falshede & cowardye	15384	
That thou sir Troyle so foule slowe,		
Die this day, yff that we mowe.’		
A Chilles saw he was dissayued :		Achilles sees he is betrayed ;
Fro his necke his mantel he wayued,	15388	
And a-boute his Arme he caste,		
And with his hond he held it faste ;		
And smot a knyght amonges hem alle		he slays one of the Trojans,
And made him his swerd to falle.	15392	
His felawe was slayn lyghtly,		but his fellow is knocked down.
But Achilles tho fauȝt myghtly,		Achilles slays ten of his assailants.
And ten of tho that him assayled		
He sclow, er his herte fayled.	15396	
¶ But Paris stod fro his meyne,		Paris shoots three darts at Achilles.
And In his hond held dartes thre		
And kest hem at Achilles		
Ther he fauȝt In-myddes the pres,	29 iij 15400	

¹ The MS. has *leff*, but crossed out, and *leide* inserted by another hand over line.

¶ *Hic Achilles Interfectus fuit.*

And wounded him, as he fauȝt thore, [lf. 227, bk.] 15401

In his body with *hem* ful sore.

Paris wounds
Achilles
severely, else
he would have
slain all
twenty.

And nad Paris so *him* wounded,

Alle his knyghtes hadde he comfoded 15404

With his manhoud¹, & thorow his myȝtes

He hadde selayn the .xx^{ti}. knyȝtes.

But he hadde than many a wounde,

Achilles dies.

Tho fel he ded vpon the grounde. 15408

¶ Whan he was ded, thei him to-coruen ;

Paris orders
his body to
be thrown to
the rooks

When Paris saw that he was storuen,

He bad *hem* take him by the leggis

And throwe him ouer In-to the seggis 15412

And let him ligge to roke & rauē ;

He swor : " he scholde neuere be grauen,

and dogs.

But he scholde to houndes mete,

And rokis & rauēys him scholde ete." 15416

BVt when that the quene Helayn

Wyste that thei were so slayn,

Sche come rennande thedir blyue

And sir Paris sche gan to schryue ; 15420

Sche prayed for loue & curtasye :

Eleyne asks
Paris
not to do
shame to such
a renowned
knight.

" He scholde not do that vylonye

To that knyȝt that was alosed."

So sche spak & so sche glosed, 15424

That he bad men scholde *him* lay

Paris then has
the corpse laid
in the highway,
that every
Trojan may
see it.

Somwhere In Troye In an hye way,

That euery man that likyng hadde

Might hem be-holden & be gladdē, 15428

¶ Whan thei saw ded that ilke body

That was that mortel enemy.

The Trojans
are very glad to
see slain him
whom they
feared so
much,

In Troye tho was mochel Ioye

Among alle burgeis of Troye, 15432

When thei saw *him* ded & selayn thore

That thei be-fore hadde dred so sore.

¹ *With* on erasure, but by the same hand ; in *manhoud* something has been altered, it seems to have been like . . . *hond*.

Thei sayde tho: "thei hadde no drede [lf. 228.]	15435	The Trojans
Off the Gregays ne of her dede,	15436	say they don't
For thei scholde neuere the Cite wynne,		fear the Greeks
Sithe he was ded her trust was Inne."		any more, as
¶ And thus was Achilles done to ded		they will never
Thorow a wicked woman red,	15440	win the City,
Thorow her sleght & consayl		since Achilles
Died the knyght with-oute fayl.		is dead.
And so hath many a-nother man		Thus Achilles
Died thorow red of a womman:	15444	was done to
That neuere were so gode knyghtes		death through
Off fairnes, of connyng, ne of myghtes,		a wicked
¶ The beste body that euere ete bred		woman's
Thorow fals wymmen haue ben ded.	15448	advice,
And so did Achilles, the strong knyght,		like so many
Thorow a womman lost al his myght;		other good
And sche ther-afftir sclayn was		knyghts,
For the deth of Achilles.	15452	
A Chilles ligges In gret wondryng		She was
Ded In Troye In gret wowenyng;		afterwards
Among the burgeis of the toun ¹		slain for the
The word goth bothe vp & doun ¹ .	15456	death of
So fer the tythandis were told,		Achilles.
That duk Nestor, the knyzt so old,		
And alle the Gruwes gret & smale		The news of
Hadde yherd that sori tale.	15460	his death
¶ T[h]er was tho a delful cry & gale ²		reaches Nestor
Among the Gregeis gret & smale,		
Thei wepyn for him more & les;		and the
Thei seyde: "thei were al redeles,	15464	Greeks.
Tho thei coude no more red,"—		They bowail it.
But seyde echon: 'now he is ded		
That al oure los & worschip wan!'		
Ther wepte for him many a man.	29 iiij 15468	

¹ MS. *ton* . . . *doun*, see note on p. 450.

² & *gale* inserted later, but by the same hand.

¶ *Hic Imperator Grecorum pecijt corpora Militum.*

The Greeks
swear to give
up the
beleaguering.

Thei swor alle by her god lege, [lf. 228, bk.] 15469

That thei wolde alle bylene that sege,

Thei wolde no lenger holde it forth ;

Thei held hem no-thing worth : 15472

Gret sorwe made thei al day,

That he was ded—I dar wel say.

Agamemnon
sends messen-
gers to

A Gamenoun, her Emperour,
He sente to Troye a *procuratour*, 15476
Lordis, knyztis, & squyeres,

Priamus and
Paris, asking
for the two
bodies.

And bad the kyng, for her prayeres,

And also to sir Paris,

To graunte hem tho two bodyes 15480

To grauen hem the moldes vndir,

That men on hem no more wondir.

Priamus
grants this ;

¶ Priamus graunt the kynges bone
And seyde : “ her wil scholde be done,” 15484

And escused him of that dede,

Bothe of assent and of rede ;

He bad thei scholde hem hom lede.

the Greeks
bring the
corpses home.

Thei toke hem tho bothe In¹ her wede² 15488

As blody as thei wore ;

For Achilles thei wepyn sore

And ledes hem home to here Grues,

But euery a man his sorwe newes, 15492

Off no Ioye thei ne rought,

When he was so ded hom³ brought.

Then they ask
leave to bury
Achilles and
his companion

A Chilles is to Gregais broght ;
Priamus then thei be-soght : 15496

“ That he wolde to hem graunte

That knyzt that was vayllaunte

somewhere in
the town.

In that toun to grauen somwher,

Wher he ordaynet for hem ther.” 15500

¶ Priamus wolde not werne,

He bad hem graue them In an herne

¹ MS. *In bothe.*

² *de* by another hand on erasure.

³ *o* altered from *e*.

In som 3ate of that Cite,	[lf. 229.] 15503	They are
As hem thought best, In that entre.	15504	allowed to
The Gregais than a-non did make		bury them
A tombe of Marbil gray & blake,		in a gate, and
Off Alabaster as white as mylke ;		erect a
¶ In al this world is non silke,	15508	gorgeous tomb.
So noble werk, ne so riche ;		
Ther is no tombe In erthe it lyche,		No tomb in the
So craffteli coruen, ne so precious,		whole world
With gold be-gon, ne so glorious,	15512	is like it.
With gold & gemmes so y-dyght,		
And schon a-nyzt as bryght ;		
That 3aff so bryght a gleme,		
As it hadde ben the sonne beme ;	15516	
Men seide: "ther was non suche y-wroght		
As wyde as men hadde erthe y-soght."		
T Hese knyttes are layd In monument,		The knights
And alle these lordes hom ben went	15520	are buried
Vnto her tentis & here hales.		therein.
Ther were amonges hem many tales :		The Greek
Some bad pul vp rope & stake,		lords
For thei wolde hamward schake ;	15524	return home
And some bad dyght schip & ore,		from the
For thei wolde dwelle ther no more.		burial ; they
"Thei wolde wende"—thei sayde—"In hast,		prepare to
To dwelle lengur it were but wast,	15528	give up the
When he was ded, that gentil knyzt,		siege.
That hadde her strengthe & her myzt."		
¶ Agamenoun, her Emperour,		When
Herde this cry and clamour ;	15532	Agamemnon
He made anon a bedel crye		hears this, he
Thorow that ost al on hye :		calls them
"That eche a lord by on assent		together.
Scholde come to a parlement."	15536	

¶ *Consilium inter Reges Grecorum.*

Ther was no lord that herde that word, [lf. 229, bk.] 15537

That thei ne ros fro table & bord

The Greek
lords come,

And come to him ridande alle,

And sette hem down In his halle

15540

and ask what
is the matter.

To wete of him: "what he be-ment

That thei were alle afftir sent?

And whi he afftir hem sent so sone?"

Agamemnon
says:

'To wete'—he sayde—"what is to done,

15544

NOw are 3e alle to-gedir here,

Kyng & duk alle In-fere:

'They tell me

Hit is me told a newe tythyng,

That In this ost is gret gronyng

15548

For this kny3t that thus is ded;

that many of
you intend to
return home,

Here are manye at suche a red—

As I here say—to leue this place

And take the see opoun a race,

15552

To wende hamward to here contre,—

For here wol thei no lenger be,

because
Achilles is
dead.

Sithe he is ded that thei on traist,—

To dwelle lenger thei ben a-baist.

15556

Tel me ther-fore 3oure Iugement—

Will you do so
indeed, or
stay?"

Whil 3e are here alle in present¹—

Whether wil 3e duelle or wende?

Telle me the sothe, let here an ende!

15560

¶ When Agamenoun his tale hath ent

Be-fore the lordes that were present,

All answer;

Eche man telles his resoun²

Afftir his owne discrecioun²;

15564

some think
it best to
return home;

Some sayde: "thei held it best

To make hem redi & prest

To passe the see to here contre,"—

'For 3onder Cite neuere gete we

15568

With non of vs that here are now,

Now he is ded & lith In throw³

¹ This line, signed +, inserted by another hand in the left margin; cf. note 3. ² MS. *resoun*... *discrecioun*, see note on p. 450. ³ The last line of this page, following this one, runs thus: *Therefore to wende henne is for oure prow*; it is struck out by the same hand probably which wrote line 15558, and put 'vacat' before pointing to line 15558.

- By wham we oure worschip wan; [lf. 230.] 1557¹
 To dwelle lenger is no wis-dam.' 1557²
 And some seyde: 'nay, it is not gode
 To leue the sege & passe the flode, others to stay
 For we are ner now oure honour, for another
 year,
 We schal scle hem In fight, In stour, 1557⁶
 Or thei schal fayn this Cite 3elde,
 Er we haue holden a 3er this felde.
- ¶ To wynde the toun is now but hende:
 Ther nys no man may hem defende, 1558⁰ as the Trojans
 Sithen thei Ector for-3ede, have nobody
 And Troyle that was doughti In dede, left to defend
 them.
 And Dephebus, & kyng Mennoun.
 Hit were schame to take so vpoun 1558⁴
 To leue the toun In suche a plyt,
 When thei ben so ney discomfyt.'
 Eche man afftir his herte wille
 Seide his resoun & his skylle, 1558⁸ Thus every-
 body states
 his opinion.
- ¶ Some wolde hom, & some dwelle:
 But at the laste—the sothe to telle—
 Thei were alle at this acord,
 Kynges, duk, and euery a lord, 1559² At last all
 agree to
 continue the
 siege.
 Pat pey¹ the sege wolde holde stille
 Til thei my3t hem of Troye² spille.
 Thei swor echon that place to holde,
 And not remewe for hote ne colde, 1559⁶
 Til thei of Troye were alle sclayn,
 And wonne a-3eyn quene Helayn.
- ¶ For thei seide alle: "thoow it so were
 That thei Achilles hadde not there, 1560⁰ They say:
 'Though we
 have lost
 Achilles, we
 may trust in
 our gods,
 Thoow thei for-3ede him & his help,
 Off her goddis my3t made thei 3elp."
 Alle here hertis were trustely set
 In here goddis that hem be-het³: 1560⁴ who pro-
 phesied

¹ These two first words on erasure.
 between y and e.

² l seems to be erased

³ A later hand made two lines full of scrib-
 blings, quite indistinct, and blotted out at once by the finger.

that we
should con-
quer the city,

'The Cite'—he sayde—'3e schal gete';— [lf. 230, bk.]
Ther-fore the sege wolde thei not lete. 15606

Off here godis thei toke hede
That hem be-het: "thei scholde spede 15608
That thei scholde wynne hit In a throwe
And alle toures down throwe,"
As here goddes by-fore hadde told.

slay the king,
and burn Iliou.

"Thei myzt ther-fore be sur & bold 15612
To sle the kyng & brenne Ilyoun,"—
'As oure eldres did Lamedoun.'

Ajax proposes

A lovely knyght, that het Ajax,—
With lokkis faire, 3elow as wax, 15616
Hongyng side aboute his swyre—

A kyng of Grece, a wel gret sire,—
Stode vp thenne & tolde this tale
To alle the lordes In that sale, 15620

to send for the
son of Achilles,
Pirrus,

And seyde: 'sithe he is take vs fro
In wham oure help is thus for-go,
Off this gode kyng, sir Achilles,—
Sende we to kyng Lycomedes 15624

and ask him
to avenge his
father's death;

Afftir Achilles sone, sir Pirrus,
And bid him: "that he come now to vs
To venge him on his fader bane,
When he the ordre of knyzt hath tane." 15628

'for I have
often heard,
that without
his help we
shall never
win Troy.'

¶ For I haue herd often say
That we schal neuere by nyzt ne day
With-oute him wynne this Cite,
For thus say thay of oure destane; 15632
And he schal venge his fader dede
And gete the toun & do hem quede.
I rede therfore: do be my consayle,
I trowe it schal vs alle a-vayle! 15636

They say his
advice is good.

Thei seyde tho alle: "thei vndirstode
That his consayl was to hem gode."

- ¶ Thei saide echon: "it was to done." [lf. 231.] 15639
 Thei toke consayl among hem sone: 15640 The Greeks deliberate who must go to fetch Pirrus from Lycomedes.
 "Wo scholde afftir Pirrus sende?
 And who myzt best Afftir him wende
 Off kynges alle of that baronage,
 To wende for him In this message?" 15644
- ¶ Menelaus thei chese tho
 Afftir Pirrus for to go
 Ther Lycomedes dwelled at,—
 To fecche that child that Pirrus hat 15648
 To helpe hem to wynne the toun
 And gete him los and gret renoun;
 As his fader be-fore him did,
 And be a knyzt of worschepe kid. 15652
- Off this is now no more to carpe,
 For now ben speres grounden scharpe,
 And every man lokes his atyres,
 Some to arwes, som to vires. 15656 They prepare their armour for a new battle.
 Some now ben went al out of the trewes
 Be-twix the Troyens & the Gruwes;
 And day of fyght now is taken,—
 Nother side wol it for-saken,— 15660 The truce ends
- ¶ The sixte day for-sothe of Iune,
 As chaunce hem schop & fals fortune:
 When the day is alther lengest,
 And the hete of the sonne is strengest, 15664 when the sun shines hottest.
 Aboute mydsomer—as 3e wele wote—
 The day is long, the sonne is hote:—
 The Gregays were alle arayed In the feld,
 Couered with helm & with scheld, 15668 The Greeks are in the feld,
- ¶ To begynne al newe the stour;
 Eche lord with his baneour,
 Armed wel with alle her myzt,
 Wel y-harneyst & wel y-dyzt,— 15672 well armed.

Ajax goes to
the battle,

Saue Ajax that dud folye, [lf. 231, bk.] 15673

Gret out-rage, & surfetrye :

Armes wold he bere none

To saue him fro woundis flesche ne bone, 15676

But al vn-armed on his stede

With-oute scheld to batayle he zede ¹,

Vpon his hede bare he no helme,

Ne spere of asche ne of Elme, 15680

Ne on his bak non haberioun,

Platis, pysane, ne aketoun;

armed only
with his sword.

But al naked saue his sword

Went forth that douȝti burd. 15684

Priamus
arranges his
battalions ;

PRyamus also made his men

Hye hem ouer more & fen,

With her enemyys for to mete.

The Archeres alle that wel coude schete 15688

To sir Paris were thei be-tauȝt,

To wende with him In that assauȝt ;

The furst batayle that day he ledde,

their leaders
are : Paris,
who weeps
much for his
brothers'
death,

Sore wepyng & sore adredde : 15692

¶ He wepis ful sore vndir his hatir

Many a tere of salt watir

For alle his brether that hadde ben souerayn,

Be-fore him were thei alle sclayn. 15696

Polidomas,

Afftir him wente Polidomas

Esdras,

With his batayle, and then Esdras,

And then come afftir him [&] alle his

Philomene,

The noble kyng Philomenys ; 15700

Eneas.

Eueas then with his batayle,—

The leste ost hadde he saunfayle.

¶ When thei were alle with-oute the ȝatis,

And sey that thei most fyght algatis, 15704

And thei ned nother one nor other,

Gode Ector, ne Troyle his brother,

¹ MS. *ȝode*.

¶ *Hic Incipit Bellum Magnum.*

- Ne Dephebus that was so wys, [lf. 232.] 15707
 Thei tolde of hem but litel pris : 15708
 ‘ Alas ! ’—thei seide—‘ that we were born !
 Oure gode lordes that we haue lorn ! ’
- ¶ The Troyens then to batayle ȝede
 With sori herte & mochel drede, 15712
 And bende her alblastes & her bowes,
 And rayed hem on renge & rowes,
 With baneres brode blawande a-boute.
 Ther was tho an hidous schoute : 15716
 When thei were met with speres,
 Eche man other ouer-heres.
 Many a Grew to dethe was schet,
 When Paris men & thei were met ; 15720
- ¶ For Paris & his gode Archeres,
 His bowemen, & his Alblasteres
 Sclow hem thikkere with her arwes
 Than tyndes of tre stondis In harwes. 15724
 The stour was strong, the cry was gret,
 Thei rored grisly as it halde ben net.
 Many a man with moche stryff
 Loste that day bothe child & wyff, 15728
 A thousand died for-sothe & mo
 Er euen-tyde with moche wo.
- ¶ The day was hote, the wedur warme,
 On bothe parties was gret harme ; 15732
 The fyght was sterne and wyk,
 The peple died wondir thik ;
 When thei were alle to-gedir samed,
 Many a man ther was lamed, 15736
 And some be-gan donward to loute.
 And Diomedes lokod aboute
 And saw kyng Philomenys
 Play with the Gregays al on mys : 15740

The Trojans
go to battle
with heavy
hearts.

Many Greeks
are shot to
death,

for Paris and
his archers
slay

more than
a thousand of
them.

The day is hot,

the fight is
strong,
many die,

many are
wounded

- Diomedes fights with Philomene a long time. He toke a spere & ran him to, [lf. 232, bk.] 15741
 And Philomene another also ;
 Thei brak here speres & drow her brondis
 And fauzt to-gedir on the sondis ; 15744
 Thei smot to-gedir many a dynt
 And sturdy strokes, er thei wolde stynt.
 ¶ But Philomenys & his men
 Hadde slaw of Gregais sixti & ten, 15748
 Thei ferde the Gregais so foule with
 That thei droff hem out of the frith ;
 Diomedes flees. Diomedes made he fle
 For drede of him & his meyne, 15752
 For he myght not In no manere
 With-stonde that kyng & his power.
 Philomene drives the Greeks back
Philomene hath the better syde :
 He made the Gregays on-bak to ride, 15756
 Thei¹ 3ede backward a gode space,
 And thei of Troye Grewes chace.
 And that be-held duk Menescene,
 And therfore hadde he gret tene : 15760
 ¶ He rode to sir Palidamas
 With a spere that stalworthe was²,
 And smot him so that he 3ede doun,
 Op his fet & doun his croun, 15764
 And lay ther vndir his hors fete
 Sore wounded upon the grete.
 Menescene drow his sword tho,
 Polidamas thocht he to sclo ; 15768
 And sicurly so he hadde done,
 Ne hadde come him socour sone :
 ¶ But when that doghti Philomene
 Polidamas so falle hadde sene, 15772
 And Menescene, that noble duk,
 So vilensly him rebuk,

He wente

¹ MS. *And*.² *was* inserted with another paint.

- He wente ridande to him anon [lf. 233.] 15775
 As faste as he myght gon, 15776
 And socoured him In that gret nede
 And made him lepe upon his stede ; Philomene
 And he fyghtande for him standes, delivers Poli-
 Til he was brouzt out of her handes. 15780 domas,
 And elles for-sothe he hadde ben ded, else he would
 Menescene elles had hadde his hed. have been
 slain.
THe stour is styff, the ffight mortel,
 The knyghtes are kene & cruel. 15784
 Ajax—that I be-fore of told— Ajax is foolish ;
 Was fol-hardi, & ouer-bold :
 He rod al day with-oute Armure, though un-
 And neuere tok harm ne blemure 15788 armed, he is
 Off his bodi In that batayle ; not wounded
 And that—thinketh me—was meruayle, during the
 That he vnarmed scholde so ride whole day :
 Fro morwe erly vn-to that tyde 15792
 With-oute harm of his body ;
 Hit was a wonder sicurly. it is quite
 ¶ He rod the batayle thorow-out a wonder.
 And 3aff that tyme many a clout, 15796 He wounds
 Vntil he come to Paris ffolk :
 Many made he here¹ blod to bolc,
 Many of hem refitte he the lyue,
 He sclow of hem .xx. & fyue ; 15800 and slays
 Thoow he vn-armed were & naked, many Trojans
 Gret martirdom of hem he maked. of Paris's
 ¶ But sir Paris ther-with was wrothe battalion.
 And with gret tene swore his othe : 15804
 That [he] or euen scholde him slo,
 On lyue scholde he not fro him go. Paris swears
 The stalwortheeste bowe that Paris hadde, to kill him.
 Off noble tre sicur & sadde, 30 [j] 15808

¹ here inserted over line.

	He toke to him that rapely bent,	[lf. 233, bk.]	15809
	And an Arowe to him sent		
	That [was] venymed hede & vale,		
	That was forsothe that knyghtes bale :		15812
Paris wounds Ajax mortally with a poisoned arrow.	In-myddes the ribbes he him hit,		
	That his herte blod he spit.	¶	Hic Paris
	Ajax hadde his deth than ;		occidit <i>Ajax</i> ¹
	To chaunge colour he be-gan,		15816
Ajax, feeling that he must die,	He wiste ther was non other red,		
	He saw that he was tho but ded.		
	He thoght ther was no other bane		
	Off wham the deth he hade tane ;		15820
says to Paris :	¶ He called loude & saide : ‘ Paris,		
	Thow hast me rafft this worldis blis !		
‘ Thow hast slain me with thy arrow ;	Sicurli thow hast me slayn		
but I’ll be avenged.	With thin Arowe & thi flayn !		15824
	And I schal on the be a-wreke,		
	The wile I may go & speke ;		
It is time that thou leave thy love,	It is gode skyl that thow for-gange		
for whom so many have been slain.	That loue that thow hast loued so lange		15828
	With mochel wrong & gret vn-right.		
	Many a doghti kyng & kny3t		
	Hath ben slayn In this ten 3ere,		
	And that schalt thou bye so dere !		15832
Though I must die, thou shalt die before me !’	I telle the, Paris, witterly		
	That thou schalt dye ere then I !’		
Ajax cleaves Paris’s head ;	A jax smot thanne Paris so,		
	That bothe his chekes he cleue atwo ;		15836
	In-to the baly the gode sword sprong,		
	And he fel dede among the throng.	¶	Hic <i>Ajax</i> occi-
	And <i>Ajax</i> fer not fro him 3ede,		dit Paris ¹
	Er he fel ded doun of his stede ;		15840
	And so lay ded vpon the sand		
both fall to the ground dead.	Side by syde, of aytheres hand.		

¹ On the left side in MS. ; signs blue, words red.

T He Troyens saw Paris ded falle ; [lf. 234.]	15843	The Trojans,
Sori men than were thei alle,	15844	on seeing Paris fall,
Whan he was ded of that wounde.		
Thei lyfft him vp upon the grounde		take him up
And fled away to that Cite		and flee to the
As faste as thei myght fle.	15848	city.
The Gregeis folewed afftir faste,		The Greeks
Wo was hem that was the laste !		
I wote thei sclow at that flyghtes		slay many of
Mo then a thousand knyghtes,	15852	them ;
With-uten squyeres & fotemen		
That lefte dede ther In the fen.		
¶ Thei bare that day ded & foy		
Fro strete to strete thorow-out Troy,	15856	
Vntil thei come to Ilyoun ;		
Kyng Philomene & Odemoun		but Philomene
Thei leyde Paris In that fair hous		and Odemon
By-fore Helayne, the quene, his spous ;	15860	succeed in
Whan sche saw him ded ligge ther ¹ ,		bringing the
Sche scratte her face & tare hir heer		corpse into
As wight that was with wo by-gon,		the town.
For him sche siked & sore gan ² gron ;	15864	They lay Paris
Sche was so ful of sorwe & care,		down before
Sche seyde : ' alas, that moder me bare,		Eleyne ;
Or fader me get In this world !'		
Hit was del se, how sche ferd	15868	she bewails his
Whan sche saw him ded In his blod,		death,
Sche ferde as womman that were wod.		
¶ His fader als for him weped sore ;		and so do
And so did alle that In Troy wore,	15872	Priamus and
Euery man of his lyff dispaire ³		all the
And sori is of his wiff & his ayres,		Trojans ;
Thei leue to lese here heritage,		all despair.
Here godis, & alle here lynage.	30 [ij] 15876	

¹ This line inserted by another hand in the right margin, a cross standing in the left one between ll. 15860 and 15862. Cf. note 3.

² *gan* inserted by another hand over line.

³ Between ll. 15873 and 15874 the following line is standing which is crossed out (cf. note 1): '*Off his catel & sore payres.*'

¶ *Hic Paris sepultus est.*

	Off hem-selff coude thei no rede,	[lf. 234, bk.]	15877
	Now alle the kynges sones be dede.		
The Trojans are full of sorrow. They weep. They erect a splendid tomb of precious stones;	But In that sorwe & that wepyng, The while he was In kepyng,		15880
	A tombe was made of precious stones,— To lay him In, bothe body & bones,— Off riche werk, of fair facture :		
	Off saphires, gold, & riche asure ;		15884
	¶ Hit was richer then other fyue ;		
to describe it at full length	I may not al the werk discryue, Ne halff the richesse that ther was on Off riche gold & precious ston ;		15888
would take too much time.	Hit were long tellyng, Ther-on make I no dwellyng.		
Paris is buried therein.	But when that seruice for him was seyde, And his body In tombe layd, Euery man wente to his In, For sorwe coude thei neuere blyn.		15892
	P aris is dede & doluen depe, Night & day for him thei wepe,		15896
They bewail his death day and night,	With-uten reste thei wepe ay, Thei are In mornyng nyght & day : Echon to other of sorwe telles, Thei tende to sorwe & nothyng elles,		15900
	Ther is non for wele ne wo That dar with-oute the ȝatis go.		
and dare not go out. Agamemnon causes the Greek tents to be brought near the walls of Troy,	¶ Agamenon remues his place And ner the toun his stede he tace, He bad euery lord with tent & hale With-oute dwellyng remue here sale, And bad hem sette ner the toun Hale & tent and Paulyoun.		15904
	To Priamus, the kyng, he sende And bad " that he scholde him defende		15908
and sends a messenger to Priamus.			

¶ *Hic Troiani clausuerunt Ianua sua per .ij. menses.*

A3eyns the Gregeis, his enemys, [lf. 235.] 15911

As a kyng of mochel pris"; 15912

And bad him "come with his meygne

With-oute the 3ates of that Cite,

That he the batayle to him nome

Til that on of hem be ouercome, 15916

Agamemnon
challenges
Priamus to
come out with
his troops to
fight,

¶ As he was man of gret renoun

Or kyng worthi to bere croun;

For suche a kyng schulde euere dispice,

For that was token of cowardise; 15920

And ligge not ther as an hog In sty,

For that was to him a vilony."

and not to lie
there as a hog
in a sty;

BVt Priamus with that seyde "nay,"

Hem thurt no more of that play; 15924

but Priamus
refuses.

That wolde he no wyse graunte,

To sende out kny3t ne sergaunte

To fight with hem with-oute the walles,

For no-thing that ther be-falles. 15928

With-Inne the toun whil thei dwelle stille

For fferd of more perel & ille,

For he was ferd his men to tyne

And die him-selff with moche pyne. 15932

All remain in
the town.

¶ To fight with hem the Gregais assayed

Aud therto wel ofte thei prayed;

But al was noght that thei coude do,

For he wolde not assente ther-to, 15936

Thei dwelled so forthe In the toun,

And walked vp the toun & down,

And kepte the 3ates and the walles

With alblasteres, bowes, & qwarelles, 15940

With many an armed knyght & man,

That thei with-outen the toun not wan.

Thei helde so Troye a ful .ij. monethe,

That thei fau3t neuere her somen with, 30 [iij] 15944

but the gates
of Troy are
not opened,
only defended.

But kepte the toun so al aboute [lf. 235, bk.] 15945
 For ferd of hem that were with-oute.

After two
 months the
 gates of Troy
 are opened

Two Monethes the 3ates were stoken
 That thei were neuere vnloken, 15948
 Vntil a quene gentil & fre

for Penthesi-
 lea, queen
 of the
 Amazons,

Come hem to helpe fro fer contre.
 The quene was called Pantasaley,
 A noble womman of Chyualry, 15952
 Sche was quene of Amazone;

She arrives
 with 1,000
 armed girls
 to help the
 Trojans,

For hir was furst the 3ates vndone :
 Sche come thedir with a thousande
 Off hardi maydenes wel fyghtande, 15956
 To helpe Troyens, tho hir was tolde
 That the Gryffons proude & bolde
 With mechel ffolk & gret aray
 Aboute the toun of Troye lay 15960

And seged hem that were with-Inne,
 To scle the kyng, the toun to wynne.

Hearken now
 of this queen
 and her
 maidens !
 I'll tell you of
 their land and
 manners :

BVt herkenes now of the quene,
 And of hir maydenes bolde & kene ! 15964

I wol 3ow telle, if 3e wol here,
 Off here lond the right manere ;
 Where it is, and what lande,
 The manere schal 3e vndirstande. 15968

And elles wol 3e haue meruayle—
 That wommen scholde go to batayle,
 Armed as men vpon her stedes,
 And be so doghti In her dedes. 15972

In the east end
 of the world
 is an island,
 Amazone,
 where wild
 and proud
 women
 dwell.

IN the est-ende of alle the world—
 ¶ De Insula
 Amazone¹.
 As I In bokes haue I-herd—

Is a lond, a louely Ilde,
 That wymmen dwelle In, wonder wilde, 15976
 Off grete renoun and prowesse,
 That Amazone y-called is ;

¹ On the *left* side in MS.

- Wymmen dwelle ther-Inne alone, [lf. 236.] 15979 They live
Men with hem wol thei haue none. 15980 there alone,
without men ;
- ¶ Off these wymmen the stori spekes
And seythe : thei are strong frekes,
Styff, & strong, stalworthe In werre they are good
Strokes to zeue and to berre, 15984 warriors.
Armes to bere In many a stoure,
To wyne hem los and gret honoure ;
For alle here herte & couetyse
Is to be of gret emprise. 15988
- ¶ Be-syde that Ile another Ile was,
Long & large, brode In compas, Near this
Wonder fayr and delitable, island is
Plenteuous and amyable,— 15992 another,
And telles vs the right story,
That men with-oute company
Off womman-kynde dwelles ther-In.
To telle þow wol I begyn : 15996
What vse thei haue, & what custome,
And how thei to-gedir come ?
- T**Hese wyse clerkes for-sothe telle,
That these wommen that so alon dwelle 16000 They say that
In the lond of Amazone, these Amazons
Comen to the lond ther men In wone
Sicurly thries In the þere,
And dwellen to-geder ther In-fere 16004
To haue her murthes & delite
And do here wille day & nyzte.
¶ These clerkes say and Philofoferus :
The womman to the man hir proferus, 16008
For thei are also styff & strong
That no man dar come hem among
In-to her lond aþeyn here leue,
For men hem schulde no-þyng greue 30 [iiij] 16012
- they do not
allow men
to come to
their
island.

The whole year the Amazons stay in their own land ;	Ne nothyng done azeyn her wille. [lf. 236, bk.]	16013
	In her lond holde thei hem stille, Til tyme of 3er that thei come doun And dwelled with hem In tour & toun,	16016
only in April, May, and June they meet with the men,	And take her solace & here play— That is In Iune, Aueril, & May ¹ . ¶ Euery 3er these thre Monethe	16020
and then return to their island.	Come thei to dwelle ther-In withe, And wende azeyn than to her Il[d]e.	
The female children are kept for ever in their own island,	Iff it be so thei be with childe, And it be ought of womman-kynde, Among the wymmen—thei it fynde—	16024
	In her lond ther stille it dwelles Among hem euere—as my boke telles.	
but the male ones are brought up by them only till they are three years old,	¶ Iff it be man, thei brynge it forth Til it be so moche worth,	16028
	That it can go and be so bold That it be fully thre 3er old ; And whan it is of thre 3er elde That it may it-selff welde,	16032
and are then sent to their fathers,	To that Ilde that is hem hende Ther men dwelle, the childer thei sende To the fader and to his kyn, To dwelle with hem the lond with-In.	16036
Penthesilea was then queen of this island ;	T hat tyme—godemen!—of that prouynce ¶ De Pantasa- Pantasalye was quene & prince, lia Regina ² . A doghti Mayden & sterne,	
she had been secretly in love with Hector.	That loued Ector wel longe derne For his prowessse & his noblay That sche herde of him often say.	16040
When she hears that the Greeks have crossed the sea,	When that quene, that frely fode Off Amazone, so vndirstode That thei of Grece were passed the see And Priamus and his Cite	16044

¹ MS. *That is In. June. Aueril. & May.*² On the left side in MS.

- Hadde be-seged him & his londes wasted, [lf. 237.] 16047
- Pantasalye to him sche hasted 16048 she hastens to come to Troy with 1,000 maidens.
- And toke with here Maydenes x. hundre
- That echon were hir baner vndre,
- To helpe the kyng for Ector sake
- And do the Gregais mochel wrake. 16052
- But sche wiste not of Ector ded,
- To wende to Troye tho sche toke red ;
- Sche wiste right not, til sche come thore.
- When that sche wiste, sche weped wel sore ; 16056
- Sche hadde for him gret wo & payn,
- When sche wiste that he was sclayn.
- P**Antasalye, that worthi wyght,
- Is comen to Troye with-oute knyght, 16060
- With-outen knyghtes or any men,
- But fair companye of hir wymmen
- That are hardi as men In dede,
- Off lyues man haue thei no drede. 16064
- But than hadde sche care In thoght,
- When Ector was to dethe y-brought ;
- ¶ At hem of Grece hadde sche gret Ire,
- Sche prayed the kyng for the loue of hire, 16068
- That he wolde then the zates vndo
- That sche myȝt wende the Gregais to,
- For sche scholde so do,—sche him be-hight,—
- That a mayden was worth a knyght 16072
- And as strong and as zepe,
- When thei were met on an hepe.
- ¶ So longe prayed sche, he graunt hir bone ;
- He bad a zate scholde be vn-done, 16076
- He bad opou Dardanides ;
- But him hadde leuere haue ben In pes,
- For he was ferd what scholde be-tyde,
- When he saw hem of Troye out-ride. 16080
- She does not know of Hector's death until she gets there.
- Her grief when she hears of it.
- No knights are in her company, but her maidens are as brave as men.
- Penthesilea prays Priamus to let her fight the Greeks,
- and he at last orders a gate to be opened for her

¶ *Hic Priamus ordinat Prelium magnum.*

The gate Dardanides is opened for Penthesilea.	¶ Dardanides that 3ate dos opon, [lf. 237, bk.] 16081 Pantasalye on horse is lopon With hem of Troye and with alle hires, Armed wel In al here tyres. 16084
Priamus arrays his troops as she orders, for she is their leader that day. Penthesilea rides out	P riamus his men araied As that lady him praied ; Sche was that day here souerayn, Here ledere, & here cheuayntayn. 16088 Pantasalye that 3ate rod oute With-outen fere ¹ & with-oute doute Off hir enemys or of hir fos, Ful hardeli to hem sche gos, 16092
with her girls ;	With hir Maydenes ridande be-syde That wolde with hir In stour abyde.
Philomene, Eneas, Polidomas,	¶ Kyng Philomene and Eueas, And afftir that Polidomas, 16096 Come with here batayles on a rowe, And thei of Perse with qwyuer & bowe— That Paris was wont to lede— Forth to ffyght with hem thai ² 3ede. 16100
and the Persians follow her.	¶ When thei of Grece saw hem come out So proudly praunsande & so stout, Thei were echon gretly meruayled What it myght be that hem ayled 16104 That thei come out so proude & gay, And ther-byfore not many a day With-oute her 3ates durst thei not passe ? Thei hadde meruayle how it was ? 16108 But when thei saw hem out comande, Eche man toke his harneis In hande And hyed hem that thei were clad, For of here werre ³ were thei glad. 16112
as hitherto the Trojans durst not come out of the gates.	¶ Thei lepe on horse with moche rape And rod out vpon a frape,
The Greeks arm in haste,	
and mount their horses.	

¹ *fere* inserted by another hand over line.

² MS. *that*.

³ *werre* inserted over line by another hand.

¶ *Hic venerunt omnes ad Bellum.*

With manye brode gomfanoun,	[lf. 238.]	16115	
As lordis of gret renoun.		16116	
When thei were comen to-gedir there,			
A wonder noyse men myzt here			
Off speres that thei brak & barst,			A fierce battle ensues.
Off knyghtes that were to grounde cast.		16120	
Echon on other wolde be wroken,			
Ther were many bones broken,			The poet describes the wounds.
Hedis corven, heeres schorne,			
Scheldes reven, armes torne.		16124	
¶ But herkenes now, my louely frende,			Hearken now, how Penthesilea and her damsels
Off Pantasalye, that mayden hende,			
And hire hardi damyseles			
That come with hure & with hure penseles		16128	
How sche bare hir In that pres			behave in that battle:
With hir Maydenes that sche ches ;			
How sche bare that day the pris			Penthesilea fights best that day ;
Off alle that fauzt In that [emp]ris ;		16132	
How sche made hem to flee,			she puts the Greeks to flight,
And how sche hem droff In-to the see ;			
How sche hem felled & wounded,			
And scholde hem alle [haue] confounded,		16136	and would have confounded all of them, but for Diomedes.
Ne hadde y-ben withouten les			
The doghti kyng Diomedes.			
N OW ar thei alle to-gedere on hepis,			
Now euery man on other lepis,		16140	
Scheldis ryue, & speres crake,			They fight hard,
Eche man fightis with his make,			
Fotemen falle, stedis straye,			many fall and are wounded.
Knyghtes wounded ligge & braye.		16144	
The dust ros so thikke on hye,			
That men myzt not se the skye.			
¶ Pantasalye, that douyti quene,			
Hatis Gregais—and that is sene :—		16148	

¶ *Hic Pantasalia Regina pugnauit cum Regibus Grecorum.*

Penthesilea
slays many
of the Greeks,
and puts them
to flight.

That douȝti quene ful wel hem knowes, [lf. 238, bk.] 16149

Sche keste hem doun & ouerthrowes ;

With-Inne a while so fele sche hath sclawe,

That thei fro hir a-weyward drawe ;

16152

Thei knewe ful sone al hir strengthe,

Thei fled fro hir on brede & lengthe.

Menelaus,
being envious
of the queen,

M Enelaus hadde grete envy

Off that quene Pantasaly,

16156

That sche the Gregais so defouled¹ ;

On hir that tyme ful foule he schouled

says he'll try
to fight her.

And seyde : " that he wolde to hir ride

To se whether sche wolde him abyde."

16160

He rides up to
her,

He rode to hir with mochel Ire,

And sche was war & keped that sire

and is smitten
down by her ;

And smot him euene In-myddes the scheld,

That he fley out In-myddes that feld ;

16164

Among her horses stille he lay,

Til that he was drawen a-way.

she gives his
horse to one of
her girls.

By the rayne his stede sche cauȝt

And to a mayden sche him be-tauȝt.

16168

Diomedes,

¶ Diomedes, that douȝti kyng,

By-held that tyme that Iustyng,

on seeing
Menelaus fall,

He saw the kyng falle a-doun,

Vp the fete & doun the croun ;

16172

His hors was lorn, & he on fote,

resolves to
avenge him.

He seyde : " ther-on he scholde do bote,

That sturdy strok scholde sche abyde."

He attacks the
queen with all
his might ;

He rode thanne to Pantasalye

16176

With al the myght that euere he hadde,

But sche was not of him a-dradde :

they fight
hard with
spears,

Sche cauȝt a spere, when sche was war

That pat kyng to hir was war ;

16180

but the queen
does not move
in her saddle,

A sterne strok was hem by-twene,

But on hir hors sat the quene

¹ o corrected from e.

That bridel ne stirop sche ne tynt,	[lf. 239.]	16183	whilst
But he was feld down at that dynt;		16184	Diomedes is unhorsed.
Fro his nekke toke she his scheld			Penthesilea takes his shield and gives it to her handmaid.
And toke hir mayden for to weld,			
And bad: "that sche scholde it bere			
Euery day ther In that were,		16188	
In vilonye and In dispit			
Off him that it auzt, what so he hit."			
K yng Thelaman stode euere alone			Thelaman,
And saw the dedis that sche had done,		16192	on seeing her unhorse
He saw hir felle that douȝti kyng,			Diomedes,
And his scheld take with-oute lesyng			
Fro his nekke his vnthankes,			
And felde him down at his hors schankes;		16196	
And he was feld upon the grounde,			
And sche sat stille hol and sounde ¹ .			
He herde neuere speke of suche a woman			
That feld In fyght so gode a man.		16200	
¶ Gret envy hadde he ther-ate,			is much enraged,
Opon hys ² hors ther he ³ sate;			
He wex for tene blak as Cole,			
That schame myght he no lengur thole		16204	
That sche hadde done the kynges two,			and resolves on avenging both the kings.
He wolde assaye what he myght do:			He takes a spear,
¶ He toke a spere of stalworthe tre,—			
For he on hir wolde venged be,—		16208	
And rode to hir with gret herte;			and assails Penthesilea,
And sche him kepis rapely & smerte,			
Sche smot him euen In-myddis the scheld			but is unhorsed like the others.
That he fley out In-myddes the feld.		16212	
So sore to grounde the knyght sche puttis,			
That he wende he hadde to-brosten his guttis;			
And sche gurd forth among the Grewes ⁴			
And mochel bale among hem brewes ⁵ ;		16216	

¹ ll. 16197-8 are following ll. 16201-2 in MS., and are crossed out several times.

² *y* and *s* on erasure.

³ *s* seems to be erased before *he*.

⁴ MS. *gregais*.

⁵ MS. *brennes*.

Penthesilea,	Sche turned a-ȝeyn to Thelaman	[lf. 239, bk.]	16217
	And sturdi strokes laid him an,		
	Sche bete that kyng for-sothe so sore		
	That sche of force toke him thore;		16220
with the help of Philomene,	With the help of Philomene		
	Sche did to him that day gret tene,		
takes Thelaman prisoner.	Sche toke the kyng to hir meygne		
	To lede him to Troye Cite.		16224
When Diomedes is risen and sees Thelaman led away,	¶ But Diomedes, when he was resen, Saw Thelaman was taken to prison, Toward the toun he saw him go,— Lord god, that him was wo!		16228
he calls his men together. 10,000 come,	He blewe his horn & samed his men, Ther come aboute him thousand, ten Off doughti knyȝtes swithe proude,		
and ask why he has blown.	And asked: "whi he blew so loude? What it be-mente? what it myght be?"		16232
'Don't you see,' he says, 'how Thelaman is taken prisoner?	He seyde: 'felawes, may ȝe not se How Thelaman, that doghti knyȝt, With hem of Troye is discomfyȝt?		16236
	¶ Lo! where thei lede him toward toun Ouer dale and ouer doun! But sicurly, if I may spede, Thei schal him not to Troye lede.		16240
I beseech you,	I ȝow be-seke, falawes myne alle, For any-thing that may be-falle:		
don't fail me, till I've brought him back.'	In this gret nede fayle me not, Til I haue him fro hem y-brouȝt!'		16244
Then he follows the Trojans who are carrying Thelaman off,	W hen he these wordes to hem hadde sayd, On his scholdur his spere he layd: He ran to hem that Thelaman ledde, And thei of him were sore a-dredde,—		16248
and wounds some of them,	Some he ¹ hurt & some by-heded, With stalworthe strokes he hem schedid.		

¹ MS. *by*.

To lete him go thei were fayn,	[lf. 240.]	16251	
That thei of him were not sclayn.		16252	
¶ Thelaman ¹ fro hem he toke			Thelaman is set free.
And faste awayward with him schoke.			
When the quene herde it say .			Penthesilea, on hearing this,
How he from hem was led away,		16256	
For wratthe sche wax ner wode,—			
So sterne sche was In hir mode.			
That ladi thanne, Pantasalye,			
To hir Maydenes by-gan to crye		16260	calls her maidens together,
And gadered hem vpon a route ;			
When thei were comen hir aboute,			
Sche bad that thei scholde kythe here myght			and incites them to take revenge.
Bothe on kyng & eke on knyght.		16264	
P Antasalye, that Damysele,			
When sche herde telle how it felle			
That Thelaman was fro hem twyght			
Thorow Diomedes, that gentil knyzt,		16268	
Sche swor an othe ther : “ for his sake			She swears she'll slay whoever she meets.
Sche wolde sele that sche myght take.”			
Hir maydenes to-geder tho samed,			
Sche seyde : ‘ are 3e not aschamed		16272	She addresses her girls : ‘ Are you not ashamed that this king has been delivered ?
That this kyng is take fro 3ow ?			They shall pay for it.’
Felawes myn, I pray 3ow now :			She rushes among the Greeks,
For so haue I euere gode chaunce,			
Thei schal bye his lyueraunce.’		16276	
¶ Sche strok hir stede with hir spores,			
Ouer falow & ouer forwes			
Among the Gregais sche ther rennes—			
As dos the fulmard among the hennes.—		16280	
Many a scheld that lady rofe,			and breaks many shields and helmets
And many a basenet sche al to-drofe ² ,			
Many a bak that day sche bowed,			
For Thelaman was so rescowed.		16284	because Thelaman was freed.

¹ MS. *Diomedes*.

² MS. *alto drofe*.

Many Greeks are slain or wounded ;	Sche wounded & sclow & droff doun [lf. 240, bk.] 16285
	The men that most were of renoun,
	Sche barst gerthes, paytrel, & pole ;
	The gentil quene delis hir dole 16288
	Here & thore as sche hem takes,
	Gret ma[r]tirdome of hem sche makes ;
they are driven back to their tents.	Vn-til here tentis sche hem reuersed,
None dare oppose the queen ;	In enery a side that ost sche persed. 16292
neither Diomedes, nor Ajax,	W As non of hem that tyme so bolde
nor Menescene,	Durst fyght with hir upon the wolde,
	Not Diomedes, that vigoros,
	Ne Ajax Thelamanyus, 16296
	Ne that sturne knyzt Menescene
	Durst not byde hir In here tene,
nor Aga- memnon, nor anybody else ;	Ne Agamenon, here Emperour,
	Ne thei that were of most valour 16300
	Not ones loke to hir ward ¹ ;
but all flee to their tents.	But alle thei flow awayward,
	Vntil thei come to her tentis.
Many die,	Many a man her dethe ther hentis, 16304
as Penthesilea follows them, sword in hand.	¶ For sche hem chased with swerd In hande,
	With loude vois hem manassande,
	And droff hem ouer doune & dale,
	And fro her tentis & fro here hale, 16308
They are driven back as far as the sea ;	Vntil thei come vnto the see
there they turn and defend themselves.	That thei no wyse myght fer flee.
	Tho turned thei azeyn and fauht,
	As thei that tyme nede mauzt, 16312
	Or haue ben draynt In the see.
	So that quene by-gan to slee,
They would have died, had not Diomedes come to their rescue.	¶ Thei hadde died tho with gret trosture,
	Ne hadde tho y-comen socoure : 16316
	For tho come than with-oute les
	The noble kyng Diomedes

And made

¹ MS. *hirward*.

And made of the Greces resistens	[lf. 241.]	16319	Diomedes
A-3eyn the quene & hir defens,		16320	gathers the
And mayntened the fight tho			Greeks,
A3eyn Troyens with mochel wo,			and maintains
Til it was nyght & day gone.			the fight,
Thei departed sone anone,		16324	which is ended
For hadde thei had day at wille,			only by night.
Many a Grew hadde thei don spille.			
¶ Thei of Troye rode to the toun,			
And Gregais to here Paunyloun;		16328	The Trojans
And set hem down In tent and hale,			return to the
Wel sore & dreri, wan & pale			city, the
For werinesse of that Iornay,			Greeks to their
That it myght no better be that day.		16332	tents;
To dight here mete her men thei bad,			they are very
To comforte hem for nede thei had,			weary, and
And ete & drank as thei myght,			sorry that they
And sone to reste thei hem dight;		16336	hadn't better
For werinesse off that Iornee			luck.
Nede to reste tho haued hee.			
T hat worthi wyght, that fair lady,			They sup, and
That doghti quene, Pantasaly,		16340	go to bed.
With hir Maydenes is comen to Troye			
With mochel murthe & mochel Ioye,			Penthesilea
For gret worschepe & los sche wan			and her girls
Off many knyzt & many man		16344	are much
For dedis that day that sche hadde done.			honoured in
The tydandes come to Priamus sone,			Troy.
At hure Innes that sche was lyght			
With hir Maydenes stalworthe & wyght.		16348	When
¶ When Priamus, the kyng, herde say			Priamus hears
That the worthi gentil may			of her return,
Was I-comen to hir Inne,—			
Til he come ther wolde he not blynnē,	31 [j]	16352	he hastens to
			meet her.

	That noble quene to ¹ thanke & se . [lf. 241, bk.]	16353
	That so hadde meyntened that melle	
	For him al day ² to his honour ;	
Priamus hopes to win by Pen- thesilea's help.	3it hoped he to be conquerour	16356
He pays her a visit,	By that quene of alle his foos.	
and thanks her.	Kyng Priamus to hir vp goos	
	With mury herte & glad chere,	
	And thanked hir on his manere	16360
	Off hir godenesse & noblay	
	That sche for him hadde done that day.	
He proffers her all his goods,	K Yng Priamus to hir him profered	
and gives her many jewels and presents :	And al his goodis to hir he offred,	16364
	And 3aff hir 3iftis many & fele,	
	Many worthi riche Iuele ;	
	Many a noble riche present	
	The kyng to hir that euenyng sent :	16368
golden clothes,	Clothes of gold of mochel pride,	
horses, and	And stedes stronge vpon to ride,	
arms.	And gode Armure of gode a-tyre	
	Sent Priamus that nyght to hire.	16372
He is hopeful, ¶	He was so fayn of hir prowessse,	
	That he wende by hir doghtinesse	
	Off al his bale to haue bote.	
but before the year is out,	But he was—lord!—3it vndirfote,	16376
	Er that 3er was al out-paste ;	
his palace will be destroyed, and all his kindred.	That fair Palais was ouercaste	
	And distroyed, and al his kyn,—	
	Wyff, & child, & cosyn,—	16380
	And alle the kynrede that he hadde ;	
	And that was ruthe, by seynt Chadde !	
The citizens are very glad of the queen's help	¶ Ther was gret Ioye & solace	
	That euery a burgeis now hace	16384
	Off that noble doghti quene	
	And of hir Maydenes gode & kene.	

¹ MS. *he to*.

² MS. *alday*.

Thei lyued ere In sykyng sore	[lf. 242.]	16387	
And In gret mornying wore,		16388	
Thei make gret Ioye & melody			The Trojans are glad,
That thei haue hir In company,			
On euery part In that Cite,			
When thei herde of hir pouste.		16392	
For ȝit hope thei sche schal relese			and hope to get peace by Penthesilea's help.
Hem of that wo, and sitte In pece			
Thorow hir gret myzt & hir dede,			
Iff sche may leue & rightfully spede.		16396	
¶ Sche called styward and boteler,			
Sergaunt, coke, & hir sqwyer,			Penthesilea takes supper.
And bad thei scholde her soper dyght,			
For it was wel with-Inne nyght.		16400	
The bordes were layd, the clothes spred,			
And thei were set & richely fed.			
Than afftirward thei gon to rest,			They go to bed.
Eche bodi his clothes of-kest,		16404	
And ȝede to bedde & wele ¹ hem wrapped ;			
When thei were layd, sone thei napped			
A L the nyzt, til it was morn.			
Than was blowen many an horn,		16408	Next morning they prepare for a new battle,
Many an horn & many a beme,—			
Iff thei of Grece to hem toke ȝeme.			
Thei ride al forth with-oute the ȝatis,			and ride out.
The quene by-fore rydyng algatis		16412	
Opon a stede strong & store,			
With spere In hande & gilden spore.			
And thei of Grece be that were ȝare			The Greeks are ready too,
Aȝeyn Troyens for to fare,		16416	
That thei se comande on a route ² ;			
And not-for-thi thei were In doute			but are afraid to meet them.
To mete with hem an hundrid score			
For that day that was be-fore ;	31 ij	16420	

¹ The first *e* altered from *o*.

² MS. *aroute*.

The Greeks
are forced to
defend their
lives.

The armies
meet,

and fight all
day.

And so they
do many days,

till they are
obliged to bury
their dead.

Then both
agree upon a
truce of two
months.

They swear on
the relics to
keep it well.

But ther lay non other amende, [lf. 242, bk.] 16421
But¹ nedes most thei here lyff defende.

Now thei mete with spere & scheld,
Bothe parties In-myddre the feld 16424
By-twene the hales and the toun;

Thei ride to-gedir with gret randoun,
Euery man now hath of other envy;
Ther was a carful company, 16428
When thei were to-gedre met:
Echon other al to-bet,
Schlow, & wounded, & thorow-bare;
Non of hem wolde other spare. 16432

And thus ferde thei that neuere blonne
Al that day, whil thei hadde sonne,—
That thei most part fro that fyght
For wantyng of that dayes lyght. 16436

¶ And thus mette thei to-gedre efft
Many a day or thei lefft,
Til thei most the feld make clene
Off men that were sclayn hem be-twene, 16440
And thei hem-self so weri wore²
That thei myght fyght no more.

Tho toke thei be-twene hem grithe
To be In pes a two monethe,
To reste her bones that were weri
By assent of bothe parti. 16444

¶ The trewes was take monethes two,
That non of hem schal other mysdo 16448
Lastande the trewes a nedle worth:

The relykes are y-brought forth,
And thei are sworne & made ther othe,
Thei schal hem hadde for leue or lothe. 16452

¶ The Gregais alle toke consayl to wende,
That thei wolde afftir Pirrus sende

¹ The capital B is altered from V by the same hand.

² o altered from e.

¶ *Hic Greci mandauerunt post Pirrum filium Achillis.*

To the kyng sir Lycomede, [lf. 243.] 16455

To help hem In that gret nede,— 16456

That was so tyff & strong In stoure.

Agamenoun, here Emperoure,

Bad than his brother Menelaus

With his meygne wende afftir Pirrus; 16460

And he as sone wente to the see

With his men & his naue,

And sayled forth with mochel spede

Vn-to that lord Lycomede. 16464

The Greeks
send Menelaus
to Licomedes
for Pirrus.

Menelaus
sails,

¶ When he was comen In-to that hauen,

He bad sqwyres, 3omen, & knauen

Lede out here hors upon the sonde;

And he lepe vp & rode to londe, 16468

With Lycomede til he was met :

With curtais wordis he him gret

And welcomed him with loueli chere,

And sette hem doun to-gedir In-fere 16472

In his hye halle upon the dese.

Then seyde the kyng Lycomedes :

‘Sir kyng, to me welcome thow art !

But me meruayles what [t]he has gart 16476

Come fro thi Grues thus fer to me ?

And what thow wole In this contre ?

What tydandes haue 3e broght hidur ?

And what thow wol with the haue thidur ? 16480

For wele I wot : with-oute skille

Art thow not comen this lond tille.’

and reaches
the harbour of
Licomedes.

Licomedes
welcomes
Menelaus,

and asks him
why he comes.

¶ Menelaus to him then sayde :

‘Sir Licomede, so thow be payde !

I schal the telle myn erande, whi

That I come hedir sicurly :

The kynges of Grece alle In-fere

The gretes wele, as thow seis here, 3l [iij] 16488

Menelaus
answers :

‘I’ll tell you
my business :

The Greek
kings greet
you.

	Bothe by mouthe & eke by letter,	[lf. 243, bk.]	16489
They think it better for Pirrus, whom you keep here,	And sayn that it were moche better,		
	Child Pirrus, that thow holdest here		
	In vn-manhed & foule manere,		16492
	To send to hem & to his kyn ¹ ,		
to win honour,	And loos & worschipe to wyn,		
and to avenge his father's death.	¶ To venge his fader on his Enemys,		
	When he were man of loos & pris ;		16496
	And be his fader fomen bane,		
	The order of knyzt when he hadde tane,		
	And not to ligge thus In scolcurye.		
It is villainy for you and for him,	Hit is, sir kyng, a vylonye		16500
	To the, sir, and to him bothe,		
	The kynges of Grece with the are wrothe ;		
to keep him thus like a bird in a cage,	And thow him holdis as brid In cage,		
	That he wynnes him no vasselage,		16504
	But leses his time & his loos,		
	And helpis hem not azeyn here foos,		
	As him by skyl auzt for to do.		
	And thus bad thei me say the to.'		16508
Licomedes is angry,	L Icomede wex blo of blod,		
and says :	When he these wordes vndirstod ;		
	' Off god '—sayde he—' I take witnessse,		
	On no wise long on me non isse		16512
	That he hath dwelled so longe fro zow :		
' I did not know how to send him,	For I wiste neuere whi ne how		
and he did not know the way.	¶ I myght him sende, ne by what man ;		
	Ne he him-selff the way ne can.		16516
	But sithen the kynges for him haue sent,		
But now, Pirrus, I bid thee go and avenge thy father.	And thow thi-selff [art] here present,		
	Child Pirrus, I the be-teche		
	Thi fader deth to gete wreche.		16520
	He[r] by the hand I the him bede,		
	Ouer the see with the to lede		

* ¹ MS. *And to hem & to his kyn.*

¶ *Hic venit Pirrus ad Grecos.*

Vnto the lordis & kynges alle.	[lf. 244.]	16523	
I pray to god, that fair mot 3ow falle.'		16524	I wish you good luck. Menelaus is very glad,
M Enelaus when he herde that,			
He was Ioyful ther he sat ;			
Him thoght his herte wel hesed,			
Whan he of him was fessed & sesed.		16528	
He thoght no lenger ther to dwelle,			and takes leave at once,
He hadde no tale lenger to telle ;			
He toke his leue at him to go			
To hem of Grece that he come fro.		16532	.
¶ He bad god that made sonne & mone,			
Brynge hem thedir sound & sone ;			
And thei to-gedir verament			
Vn-to the see thei ben y-went.		16536	He goes on board with Pirrus ;
When thei were comen to her schippis,			
Eche man afftir other In hippis ;			
And drow vp Anker & her ropes,			they weigh the anchor,
And caste on hem cloke & copes		16540	
To saue hem fro the salt water,			
That it be-sprenged not her hater.			
¶ Thei sayled bothe day & nyght			and sail day and night,
With spede & haste that thei myght		16544	
Ouer strem & ouer wawe,			
Vn-til thei stonde before hem sawe			until they arrive before Troy.
Off trusti Troye the hye walles,			
Here gaye toures, & her halles ;		16548	
On hem schon the sonne bem.			
Thei sayled forth ouer that strem,			
Til thei were come to here flote ;			
Thei wente to londe tho by her bote,		16552	They land,
¶ Thei leue her schippis & gon to londe			
And riden to-gedir hond In honde,			and ride to the Greek camp.
Til thei come to here Paulyons		.	
Among the Grues and the Gryffons.	31 [iiij]	16556	

Pirrus

A Mong the Gregais Pirrus is lyght [lf. 244, bk.] 16557

A fair man, hardi, & wyght;

Many a lord Pirrus by-held,

Whan he was broght to that teld: 16560

is heartily wel-
comed by the
Greeks;
he is much
like his father.

Thei were echon for him ful glad,

Hem thocht that thei his fader had

With hem a-3eyn, so was he lyche

To his fader—by heuene ryche! 16564

Agamemnon
and all the
other lords
welcome him,

¶ Agamenoun, her Emperour,

And alle the lordis did him honour,

And did him worschepe ther he stode,

And welcomed him with chere gode. 16568

and so do the
Myrmidons.

The Murundones come to him than,

And welcomed him, euery man;

Ioyful & glad thei with him wore,

That he hem was comen thore. 16572

Agamemnon
orders all
Achilles's
riches, tents,
horses, arms,
&c., to be
given to
Pirrus.

¶ Agamenoun as sone gan brynge

Al his fader richesse & rynges:

Pauelons, tentis, & his teldis,

Stedis, speres, helmys, & scheldis, 16576

And al his gode fair Armure,

And clothes of gold, fyne & pure,

Off say, of silk, bothe red & grene,—

And 3aff hem Pirrus al be-dene. 16580

Next morning
they dub him
a knight;

The morwe Afftir thei made him knyzt,

Richely was he dubbed & dyzt.

Ajax girds him
with the
sword,

¶ Ajax Thelamaneus

Off hem was most glorious,

16584

He gyrd his sword aboute his swire

And sayde to him: 'Pirrus, leue sire!

I gird the with thi sword, take hede

To venge thi fader as thow most nede. 16588

and wishes
him good luck.

And moche Ioye haue thow of thin ordur of knyzt,

As thi fader hadde that venged vs In fyzt.'

Two lordes of Grece, princes, skete	[lf. 245.]	16591	Two princes
Set his spores on his fete,		16592	buckle on his spurs.
That were of gold, pure & ffyn.			
Then myzt men here a mechel dyn			
Off Trompes, pipes, & other glues			
Among the Gregais & the Grues.		16596	
Gret was the murthe & the melody			The Greeks make a great festival,
That ther was of Menstraley :			
¶ The Grues held gret feste & strong			
Many dayes afftir and long,		16600	
And made gret Ioye & solace ¹			and are very merry.
In worschipe of him that newe knyzt was.			
P irrus is knyght gode & gay,			Pirrus is a good and gay knight,
Off ffair porture, of gode aray,		16604	
Off wel riche apparayle,			
Off gentil blod, of fair entayle ;			of gentle blood.
He prayes tho his Murundones			He bids his Myrmidons
That thei go sette here Paulyones,		16608	set up their tents as in his father's time
As thei were wont to stande			
The while his fader was lyuande.			
And thei on to-geder went			
And did her lordes comandement ;		16612	They do so.
And his tentis tho thei maked,			
Faste & sekirly thei hem staked			
In-to the erthe with lyne & cordes ;			
And sette his tentis by other lordes.		16616	
¶ And whiles the trues last			Pirrus gets to know all the other lords.
A-qwynted with the knyztres fast,			
In fair manere & gode beryng			
He was a-qweynt with euery kyng,		16620	
Er euere the trewes was fully ent ;			
But it is ney verament,			The truce ends.
3e that thei be-twene hem set			
The trewes to holde as thei be-het.		16624	

¹ ce very small on erasure.

Both sides
prepare for a
fresh battle.

Pirrus, in his
father's
armour,
leads the van-
guard :

he rides out

with all his
men ;

and so do all
the other
kings,

with 70,000
men.
The poet
enumerates all
the Greek
leaders.

THe trewes are past with-oute faile, [lf. 245, bk.]
And day is comen of here batayle : 16626

Thei buske hem faste & bowes bende,
Vnto the fyght a3eyn to wende. 16628

Pirrus In his fader wede
That vaunwarde that day he dos lede,

¶ He hath his batayle wel arayed
Off men byfore ofte assayed ; 16632

He is wel dight & horsed als,
His fader scheld aboute his hals

And Achilles swerd also,—
Many man to dethe ther-with was do,— 16636

¶ His armes Are stronge & sicur.
And he with that rides In-to that bicur,

He passes forth ouer the dikes
With his men that wel him likes, 16640

And takes the fel[d] brod & large
Couered vndir helm¹ & targe.

And euery a-nother kyng
With alle her men In her ledyng, 16644

Knyght & sqwyer, erle & swayn,
Rode & 3ede vn-to that playn

Ther thei were wont for to fyght,
With thosandes sixti two & eyght. 16648

¶ Ther was the duk Menescene
With alle his men, & kyng Chelene,

So was the kyng Menelaus,
And Ayax Thelemaneus, 16652

Dux Nestor, & Vlixes,
And the doghti Diomedes,

Theseus kyng, & Thelamon,
And the Emperour Agameon, 16656

Polinytes, & kyng Thons :

Tho rod thei forth on a pas,

¹ MS. *him*.

Euery a lord with his ost,	[lf. 246.]	16659	
Proudly pyght lest and most.		16660	
¶ And thei of Troye were comen out			The Trojans come out too.
With-oute drede or any dout,			
Off here enemys hadde thei no drede.			
Bothe the parties to-gedur 3ede,		16664	The parties meet; a
A wicked werre thei ther by-gan,			wicked war
Thei sclow ten thousand, or thei blan.			begins, 10,000 are slain.
N ow are thei to-gedir samen,			
Alle on earnest & not on gamen;		16668	
Now are thei to-gedir broght,			
A woful day schal ther be wroght:			
The speremen ride, the bowemen schote,			Spearmen ride, bowmen
Thei fel faste ded at horses fote,		16672	shoot,
The swordmen smyte & strokes 3eue,			swordsmen smite;
Helmes breke, & scheldes cleue.			helms are broken,
¶ Lordes & laddes lesen her lyues,			shields cloven.
Echon other rendis & ryues;		16676	Many lose their lives.
A bitter bale haue thei be-gonne,			
Now this folk to-gedir is ronne.			
Ther were bowes al to-broken ¹ ,			
Stedis stiked & thorow-stoken,		16680	
Helmes holed, & heuedis houen,			
Knees & cropes with knyues clouen,			The several wounds are
Schonkes schyuered, schuldres schorne,			described.
Blodi burnes In bostis borne;		16684	
With ferli fare tho freykes ferde,			
Off suche an hepe neuere I herde.			
¶ Pirrus prikes aboute & praunses,			Pirrus rushes about,
Fro man to man aboute he launses		16688	
Al his strengthe for to assay,			
He dud gret harm on hem that day;			and does much harm that day.
His fader Armes that day he bare.			
Off Palamides so was he ware		16692	He meets Palamides (i.e. Polidomas).

¹ MS. *alto broken*.

- A-3eyn the Gryffons fyghtyng faste, [lf. 246, bk.] 16693
 - Grues & Gregais down he caste.
- Pirrus attacks ¶ He turned his stede to him sone,
 Polidomas. He thoght on him to wynne his schone: 16696
 He rode to him with so gret haste
 That al his spere In-sunder braste,
 That he fel down upon the grounde
 And hadde a wel greuous wounde. 16700
 His gode sword sone he drow,
 He wol him take if he mow,
 Or of his hand ther be sclayn;
 Ther-to putte he al his mayn. 16704
- Philomene, on ¶ But that be-held kyng Philomene,
 seeing Pirrus He saw the fyght hem be-twene;
 about to kill Polidomas, He saw the knyzt Palamydes¹
 In gret perel of Pirrus was, 16708
 For that newe knyzt Pirrus
 Was with him ful noyus,
 For he thoght him so mate & make,
 That he scholde secl him or take. 16712
- comes to his But Philomene hit myght not thole:
 rescue To Pirrus turned he his fole,
 And led with him al his meyne—
- with 2,300 Two thousandes knyztēs & hundres thre,— 16716
 men. And put Pirrus fro his euel wille,
 That he ne scholde his falawe spille
 Ne that tyme him not dere,
 For no-thing that he myght swere. 16720
- Pirrus is very ¶ **P**irrus for-sothe hadde gret dispit
 angry with That he fro him scholde be quyt,
 Philomene, With Philomene was he wrothe:
 and attacks He leues that other and to him gothe, 16724
 him. With tene of herte kepte he that kyng,
 And toke him thanne In suche a swyng

¹ e seems to be altered to a.

That he bar him tayl ouer top,	[lf. 247.]	16727	Pirrus
That he lay ther as a sop.		16728	unhorses Philomene,
¶ Then myzt men here a wondir cry			
Off alle his men stode him by,			
For Pirrus wolde her lord haue,			and tries to
And thei wolde him fayn saue :		16732	take him prisoner.
Thei wol ther her lyues stende,			
But thei may here lord defende ;			
Thei put hem certes In gret perel			Philomene's
To saue her lord In that torpel.		16736	men try to deliver their
But al was not that thei coude do,			lord,
For thei no-wyse myght come him to,			but in vain.
For Murundones were so wode			
That thei her strengthe styffly with-stode.		16740	
P Alidomas come thanne rennande,			Polidomas
And al his ost with wepen in hande,			then comes to his rescue,
To socoure & helpe kyng Philomene,			
As he did him In his gret tene ;		16744	
But he myght not flor that he couthe,			but in vain.
For al that he was knyzt In his 3outhen,			
He myght not saue him fro her handis,			
That thei ne him toke & putte In bandis		16748	The Myrmi-
To lede him to Pirrus tent.			dons would have captured
But of her purpos were thei rent,			Philomene,
For that louely lady fre			
Qwit him out of here pouste.		16752	had not Penthesilea turned up.
¶ The stour was fel & strong,			
The hilles of here strokes rong :			
Pantasalye come thedur than			Penthesilea
With many hardy kene womman,		16756	arrives,
A sterne stede the quene be-strode,			
Among the Gregays that lady rode ;			
Sche sclow & felde many & fele,—			and slays and
The sothe to say and not to hele.		16760	wounds many Greeks.

- Hir armes were white as swannes flawe ; [lf. 247, bk.] 16761
 The Grues hir dredde whan thei hir sawe,
 For sche on hem gret Angur did
 And sche to hem hir strengthe so kid. 16764
- Ajax, onseeing ¶
 Penthesilea
 slay so many
 Greeks,
 attacks and
 unhorses her ;
 but she leaps
 up,
 and swears to
 take revenge :
 ¶
 she hurls Ajax
 down,
 takes his
 horse,
 rides among
 the Greeks,
 and slays
 many.
 ¶
 When she
 hears of
 Philomene's
 capture,
 she swears
 she'll free him.
- ¶ Thelamanyus Ajax was war
 That sche to grounde Gregais bar,
 In his herte hadde he gret Ire :
 He toke a spere & rode to hire 16768
 And bar that ladi fro hur stede,
 Vn-warned or sche toke hede.
 But sche lepe vp as myghti quene,
 Hardi & bold, doghti & kene, 16771
 Opon hir feet with-oute dwellyng,
 And swor that he schold that ¹ fellyng
 In that day wel sore a-bye :
 Sche lete a stroke vpon him flye, 16776
 Sche 3aff him certis suche a pat
 That doun to grounde he fel flat ;
 Sche toke hir hors & lepe vp tite—
 Maugre hir foos that stode be-syde— 16780
 And rod hir thanne among the Grues
 And mechel bale amonges hem breues,
 Sche wrought hem wo In hir wode res,
 And many sche slees er sche hadde pes. 16784
- P**Antasalye hir stede by-strides,
 Among Gregais & Grues rides ;
 Tydynges were that ladi tolde
 That sir Pirrus, that newe knyzt bolde, 16788
 Hadde Philomene, that kyng, tan
 And swor that he ² scholde be his ban.
 That bold mayden meved hir blod,
 When sche tho tydandes vndirstode ; 16792
- ¶ Sche vowes to god & alle his halowes :
 " He scholde not lede him over the ffallowes

¹ MS. *bye that*.

² MS. *she*.

- To tent ne Paulyoun that he hadde." [lf. 248.] 16795
 Alle hir Maydenes than sche badde 16796 Penthesilea
 To folwe hir where sche ȝede, calls her
 And leue hir not for no nede. maidens
 together,
 ¶ With-oute mo wordes went sche forth, who at once
 With alle hir maydenes that mechel were worth, 16800 ride up
 To Pirrus & to his Murundones to Pirrus and
 That with the help of her Gryffones his Myrmi-
 Hadde taken that kyng Philomene. dons.
 Harde strokes gan sche hem lene, 16804 She wounds
 ¶ The Murundones sche sondres & schedes, and slays
 And fele of hem sche maymes & hedes ; many of them.
 Many a baly scho ther rittes
 And many a scheld sche al to-sclittes ¹ ; 16808
 Many a knyȝt les his entrayles.
 So harde the quene hem assayles.
 U Hen Pirrus saw that mescheff—, When Pirrus
 Sche felde his men at gret repreue, 16812 sees this mis-
 How thei were hurt and euel dyght, chief,
 Wounded euele and discomfyght
 With that quene Pantasalye,—
 Opon his men be-gan he crye 16816
 And sayde : ' men, for him ȝow boght !
 What do ȝe ? ne schame ȝe noght
 To dye so foule of feble thinges ?
 A few wommen to dethe ȝow brynges ? 16820
 ¶ But turnes aȝeyn & folowes me, Follow me !
 And thei schal sone discomfit be ! We'll soon
 Ther schal but fewe—so mote I thryue !— discomfit
 Off hem passe away on lyue ! ' 16824 them.'
 He let thenne go kyng Philomene He sets
 From him & hise qwite and clene Philomene
 With-oute ramsoun or any mede, free,
 For he myght him not thennes lede. 16828 as he cannot
 carry him off.

¹ MS. *alto schittes*.

	P Antasalye herde his speche, [lf. 248, bk.] 16829	
	On him sche thoght to take wreche ;	
Penthesilea rides up to him and says :	Sche drow toward him ner	
	And seyde to him, that he myght her :	16832
' I despise thee and thy words !	' Off thi proude wordes ne of thi sawe	
	Ne of thi-selff I ȝeue not an hawe !	
	By him that made al mydelerde !	
I do not fear thee ! I despise thee for thy father's cowardice, who slew Hector,	Off the am I not a-ferde,	16836
	But now and euere I the dispise	
	For thi fader cowardise,	
	That he falsly sclow that knyght	
	That passed al other In strengthe & myght,	16840
the most worthy knight on earth !	¶ In doghtinesse & In valoure,—	
	Off Chiualrie he was the floure,—	
	The worthi knyzt Ector the gode !	
Every man ought to avenge his death on thee and thine,	Alle the men of gentil blode	16844
	Aught to venge his deth by skylle	
	On the & alle that longeth the tille !	
	And not only al gentil men,	
and even we, the women, have come to avenge him.	But we that are here wymmen	16848
	Are comen to venge with oure myght	
	The deth of that gentil knyght !	
I hope we shall do so for thy false father's sake. May his soul burn in hell !	¶ For ȝit I hope that I & myne	
	Schal venge his dethe on the & thine,	16852
	For that fals traytour coward, thi sire !	
	His soule mot brenne In helle fire !	
	At hir wordes Pirrus not smyled,	
	When he herde him so reuyled :	16856
	With-oute worde & mochel tene	
Pirrus rides tō her to take revenge ;	Rode sir Pirrus to the quene,	
	To venge him if that he myght ;	
	And whan sche saw come that knyght,	16860
	Sche slaked hir bridel & rayne	
she rushes towards him.	And ran to him with al hir mayne,	
	{ Sche kept }	

¶ *Hic Pirrus pugnavit cum Pantasalie Regina.*

And¹ kept that knyght In hir rennyng. [lf. 249.] 16863

In his grete tene and herte-brennyng^a 16864

¶ Pirrus smot Pantasalye

Pirrus fights
with Penthe-
silea; he breaks
his spear on
her shield;

Opon the scheld so an hye,

That al his spere In-sunder brast;

But sche was not down cast. 16868

But sche smot him wers than so,

Sche brast hir spere on him In-two

And bare him ouer the sadel y-wis,

she unhorses
him.

That he hadde leue the grounde to kys. 16872

But sicurli he ros vp sone,

He rises up

To venge that schame that sche had done

Vn to him by-fore his folke,

For tene his herte began to bolke: 16876

¶ Stalworthe strokes sadde & sore

and strikes
her several
times.

Pirrus strok at hir thore,

Thei made tho so gode pay

That al her harneis was of blod ray; 16880

Al on blod was her harneis.

But thenne come many proude Gregeis

Then the
Greeks come
up and divide
them.

And *partid hem* sone a-twyne,

And of her baret made *hem* blynne, 16884

And broght Pirrus a stede strong

And horsed him hem among.

Pirrus now & Pantasalie

Bene *partid* with gret envie; 16888

Pan[ta]salye hir men relies,

Philomene to hir he hyes

Philomene
thanks
Penthesilea for
saving his life.

And thanked hir of his lyueraunce,

And prayes god: "ȝeue hir gode chaunce; 16892

For sicurly nadde sche bene,

His lyff hadde ben lorn clene."

¶ Agamenoun, her Emperour,

Agamemnon,

Come then down vnto that stour, 32 [j] 16896

¹ And, though the catch-word on lf. 248, bk. is *Sche*.

498 *New Forces arrive, a fresh Battle begins, Glamicon is killed.*

Diomedes, the Duke of Athens, and all the Greeks arrive.	With Alle his men Diomedes; So did the duk of Athenes, And alle thes other kynges euerychone With bowe, alblaster, and flone.	[lf. 249, bk.] 16897 16900
Penthesilea is angry with the Greeks. Philomene,	¶ The quene with hir men asamed, With the Gregeis was sche gramed, And the gode kyng Philomenys Relyed aȝeyn to hir al his; And then come thedir a gode pas	 16904
Remus, and Eneas, come to help her.	Kyng Remus, & Eueas, To socour hem with her meyne. Sicurly then myght men se	 16908
A fresh battle begins.	A wonder stour aȝeyn be-gynne, To se who scholde the felde wyne.	
	¶ When ayther of hem were so refresched, Echon on other dong & thresched, That thei fel down as water fro yse; Many a worthi man of prise	 16912
Many fall, many die.	Be-twene hem tho her liff thei tynte, Off that assaut er thei wolde stynte.	 16916
Pirrus slays many Trojans,	Pirrus rode among the Troiens, He bete down of her Citesens And sclow right fele,—as Dares sais,— He halp wel that day Gregais.	 16920
rides up to Glamicon, a half-brother of Polidomas,	P irrus rode to sir Glamicon ¹ , A knyght that was Antenor sone ¹ , Palidomas was his half-brother, On lyue that tyme hadde he non other,— Off Another moder born; His lyff for-sothe has he lorn: For sir Pirrus In his wode layke, In his rydyng & In his rayke,	 16924 16928
smites him, and kills him.	With his sword smot he so sore, That he among hem died thore.	

¹ MS. . . . oð . . . soð; see note on p. 450.

¶ *Hic Pirrus occidit Glamiconem.*

¶ Pantasalye by-fore hir eyne	[lf. 250.]	16931	When
Saw Glamicoun die with pyne,		16932	Penthesilea
Sche saw him die bothe blak & blo ;			sees Glamicon
For him sche was In hette wo,			die,
And for-fouȝten as sche was			she grows
Sche come fro hir meygne a-pas		16936	angry
And rod to him ouer-twert.			
And Pirrus it saw with Irus hert,			and attacks
And saw that quene to him ride			Pirrus again ;
As faste as sche myȝt glide :		16940	
He cauȝte a spere—I the be-hete—			Pirrus seizes
Strong & styff, that quene to mete ;			a spear,
¶ He stroke his stede & mette the quene,			and meets her ;
And so did sche him, & that was sene !		16944	
Ayther other so assayled,			both are
That neyther of other fayled ;			unhorsed,
Thei mette so that bothe ȝede doun			
Fro her hors opoun ¹ her croun.		16948	
¶ But sone & smert bothe vp ros,			but get up
And ayther of hem to hors gos,			again,
And lepe vp with mochel spede ;			
And eyther of hem to other ȝede,		16952	
And fauȝt to-gedur harde & longe,			and fight
Til thei were partid with that thronge,			fiercely
Or elles longe or it hadde be nyght,			until they are
That on hadde be foule discomfight.		16956	separated.
P olidomas when he herde say			Polidomas, on
His brother had mad his endyng-day,			hearing of his
Wo was him, whan he hit wiste :			brother's
Among the Gregais he him thruste,		16960	death,
He sclow & faste leyde to grounde,			
He ȝaff the Gregais many a wounde,			slays and
And sclow hem doun as he were wood ;			wounds many
Thei fay & sprauled In her blood.	32 [ij]	16964	Greeks.

¹ MS. perhaps *opon*.

Penthesilea
slays many.

And the quene Pantasalye— [lf. 250, bk.] 16965

Thorow hir many doth dye :

So thorow here bothe myght ¹

The Greeks
flee,

The Gregais were sone discomfight ² 16968

And fledde away & lefft her place,

And thei hem folwed a long pace.

the Trojans
follow them.
Only Dio-
medes, Pirrus,
and Thela-
manius
resist them.

¶ But Diomedes, and sir Pirrus,
And the doghti Thelamenyus, 16972

These thre thanne hur chase with-stode

And thei no further backward 3ode,

But turned a3eyn & lefft here fyght,

Night ends
the battle ;

For it was ner-hond the nyght : 16976

The sonne was went In-to the west,

Hit was ney set & gon to rest ³ ;

And thei departed with weri bones

they go home,

And 3ede alle hom to her wones,— 16980

¶ Some to tentis & some to toun, —

doff their
arms, sup, and
go to bed.

Did of her Armes & set hem down,

Ete & drank and 3ede to bedde,

Whan thei were alle wel y-fedde,— 16984

And ros a-3eyn when thei myght se,

They rise
again to fight
till one wins.

For thei wol not lete it so be,

Vn-to that on were vndirlyng,

And that other lord & ⁴ kyng. 16988

Night is went with his merke cloude,

The waites blew, the Cokkes croude,

The sonne is rysen & schynes bryght,

They
prepare for a
new battle.

And thei are vppe & redi dyght 16992

Vnto her note a3eyn to go,

Ther thei the nyght be-fore come fro.

Thei are horsed & Armed redi to fare,

Thei are a3eyn to-gedir thare, 16996

Ther are thei to-gedir met ;

Iff any lefft In other det,

¹ MS. *myghtes*. ² MS. *discomfightes*.
the margin, but blotted and therefore indistinct.

³ Scribblings in
⁴ MS. *a*.

Thei thenke hit schal be wel quyt.	[lf. 251.]	16999	
Thei fare as thei ¹ were out of wyt,		17000	A fierce and dire battle.
¶ So betis & lais echon on other Stalworth strokes as a ffother, Ryues, & rendes, and down beres, Woundes, & slees, & al to-teres,—		17004	
Fro morwe erly that thei hadde sonne Til it was nyght thei neuere blonne, And thus ferde thei with-outen les Many a day, er thei hadde pes.		17008	They fight from morning till night, many days.
¶ But by him that schope book & belle ! Alle here dedis may I not telle, How thei fauzt to-geder euery day ; Alle here dedis may I not say. For sicurly with-oute fayle— As was wreten of that batayle:—		17012	But I cannot relate all their deeds,
T Hei fauzt to-geder a ful foure woke That thei neuere reste ne toke, Day by day to lande & forow ; And alle the fold ² thorow & thorow Lay sprad with dede bodies, As it hadde ben rattis or mys. For sicurly by-twene hem was selayn With-Inne the dayes In that champayn		17016	for they fought four full weeks, without taking rest.
		17020	
¶ —As Dares seis—thousandes ten Off men of Armes & doghti men, With-oute comune & other pedale,— That was wel mo with-oute fayle. And the quene Pantasalie Off hir Maydenes a gret partie Hadde tynt with-Inne a while & ³ lorn, That lay ther ded al to-schorn. Viiij & xx ^{ti} dayes plener Held thei the fight al entier ⁴		17024	10,000 knights are slain, more common soldiers,
		17028	and a great many Amazons.
	32 [iij]	17032	

¹ *thei* twice in MS.

² MS. *folk*.

³ & is somewhat blotted.

⁴ MS. *entrer*.

¶ *Hic ceperunt pacem inter eos ad sepeliendum corpora mortuorum.*

Day by day vpon the wold, [lf. 251, bk.] 17033

That thei reste neuere—as I ȝow told—

When the
whole field

Til al that place & al that feld,

Ther the fyght [was] be-twene hem held, 17036

is covered
with corpses,

Was spred ful of dede bodies

As thei myght ligge y-wis.

the armies
agree on
another truce,

And than was take another trewes

Be-twix the Troyens & the Grwes, 17040

That thei myȝt make clene the feld;

to bury their
dead.

That ligge so ded vndir her scheld,

That thei with hem eft were not let,

When thei were eft-sones y-met. 17044

The truce is
taken;
the last one,**T**He trewes ar take & almost past,

And sicurly these arn the last

That euere schal Troyens or Grues take;

For now schal thei an ende make; 17048

for the next
battle will end
the war,

The next batayle schal be her ende;

For than schal Troye to schame wende,

And so schal alle the riche Troyens,

as the Trojans
will lose their
'maintainer.'

For thei schal lese that hem mayntens.

¶ Schal neuere the kyng ne non of hise

For al his noble & his vpprise

A-ȝeyn Gregeis mayntene more stoure,

For now lesen thei her mayntenoure 17056

All their goods
and houses
will be burnt,
and they will
all die;

And alle the gode that thei owe,

And here houses brende on a lowe;

And thei schal go to dethe vile,

Euerychon with-Inne a while. 17060

but by false
treason only!
God curse
them!

¶ But that schal be by fals tresoun;

God ȝeue hem his malesoun

That¹ the tresoun schope & wrought

And that hit so aboute broght! 17064

Antenor and
Eneas are the
traitors.

That was Antenor & Eueas—

God ȝeue hem an eucl gras!

¹ MS. *And*.

Come thei neuere In heuene riche, [lf. 252.] 17067

That thei wolde so her lord be-swyke 17068

And al that gentil nacioun !

Schal be put In-to dampnacioun !

TErme is went out of the trewe,
And that may men of Troye rewe : 17072

For if thei wiste what wolde be-tyde,

Thei wolde not out of Troye ride.

But now ben thei of Troye out-gon,

Wel on horse is euerychone ; 17076

¶ In-to the feld are thei alle went,

With scharp sword & bowe bent

For to schete & smyte In haste ;

And thei of Grece ben comyng faste. 17080

Ful wel are thei now batayled,

And echon other faste assayed

With swordes & speres scharpe ;

Off alle her dedis may I not carpe. 17084

¶ But Pirrus saw Pantasaly ;

Be-twene hem two was gret envy :

He rode to hir, & sche to him,

Ayther was on other brym ; 17088

Pirrus smot that ladi so,

That he to-barst his spere In-two

And thrilled thorow-out hir scheld.

But that quene hir sadel held

17092

That sche fel not with his smytyng,

But sche smot him with-oute flytyng

And zaff him on vn-to his mede,

That hir spere In-sunder zede ;

17096

But he fel not ther-with to grounde,

But sche zaff him an hidous wounde

That of hir spere a gret parti

Lefft stone-stille In his bodi.

32 [iiij]

17100

The truce
ends ;

if the Trojans
knew what
was coming
they would
not ride out.

But they go
into the field.

The battle
begins.

Pirrus and
Penthesilea
meet ;

Pirrus breaks
his spear,

but cannot
unhorse the
queen ;
she smites
him,

breaks her
spear too,

but wounds
Pirrus
severely ;
the spear-head
sticks in his
body.

¶ *Hic Pirrus occidit Pantasaliā Reginā.*

Pirrus is smeten & euel dyght, [lf. 252, bk.] 17101
His blod ran out with mochel myght;

The Greeks
fear for
Pirrus,

For him was made a gret cry

they can't pull
the spear out
of his wound.

Off alle the Grues that were him by; 17104

For thei were alle In mochel doute

How the spere-hed scholde gon oute

With-oute lesyng of his lyff.

They attack
the Trojans.

Then be-gan a delful stryff

17108

To hem of Troye ther thei stode:

For alle the Grues were ney wode

That sche smot him so greuously;

Thei cried on hir dispitously,

17112

¶ Thei vowed to god thei scholde hir slo.

Many Greeks
charge the
queen;

Many a Grewe & Gregais tho

3ede aboute that dou3ti quene

And did hir mochel wo & tene,

17116

they break her
helmet,

Thei brak hir helm & hir hauberk

And made al blod hir white scherk,

Thei brast on-sonder many a mayle,

The stalworthe lace of hir ventayle,

17120

and wound
her in the
head.

Sicurly In-to her hare

Thei maken hir hed naked & bare.

Pirrus,

¶ When Pirrus saw hir hed al naked,

In his body thoow he were staked

17124

With his spere-hede, to hir he soght

As he of his lyff not roght;

not caring for
life or death,

Off lyff ne deth 3aff he no tale,

But that he my3t brewe hir bale

17128

When he saw hir In suche a poynt:

He smot hir euene In the Ioynt

Be-twene the sholder & the scheld,

That hir lefft arme fflow In the feld,

17132

Penthesilea
dies.

And sche fel ded & stille lay

Among hir horses as clot of¹ clay;

¹ M 5. In.

And Pirrus In his greuance	[lf. 253.]	17135	
Toke on hir a foule vengauce,		17136	
For he lefft not of hir a spot			
That he ne hit hewe as flesch to pot.			Pirrus cuts her body into pieces,
And he him-selff wex than so wan			
For blod that out of his wounde ran,		17140	
That he amonges hem fel ther doun			and then falls down in a dead swoon ;
Fro his hors In a dede swoun ;			
¶ But his gode men ¹ lyff[t] him on loffte			
And on his scheld laide him soffte		17144	
And bare him hom to his tentis,			he is carried to his tent,
And did of alle his garnementis			
And laide him faire vpon his bed,			and put to bed.
For he was feble and al by-bled.		17148	
P Antasalie is ded & sclayn,			Penthesilea being dead,
And thei of Grece are ther-of ffayn ;			
But hir maydenes haue sorwe y-now,			her girls
Many a Grewe that tyme thei sclow.		17152	
Thei were so for the quene en-yred,			
To dye ther thei desired :			
Troyens thanne & tho wymmen			
Sclow two thousand doghti men.		17156	slay 2,000 Greeks.
¶ But what myght that a-vayle,			But what can that avail ?
Whil ther were 3it with-oute fayle			
Thre hundrid thousand of Gregais knyghtes,			
Off bold men & stronge In fyghtes,		17160	
And of sqwyers gret multitude ?			
And 3aff thanne strokes wel vnrude,			
And sclow the Troyens as thei were wode,			The Greeks kill
That men myght haue bathed In here blode :		17164	
¶ Dares seith "thei sclow that tyde			
Ten thousand men of Troians ² syde."			10,000 Trojans ; the others flee towards Troy.
Wherfore alle that myght fle			
Fled away to hir Cite		17168	

¹ MS. *godemen*.

² *Trojans* by another hand on erasure.

The Trojans
shut and bolt
the gates.

And spered the zates wel and faste [lf. 253, bk.] 17169

With many a spire that wel wolde laste,

With lokke & keye, haspe & pyn;

And held hem alle the toun with-In, 17172

For of the Gregais hadde thei suche doute

That thei wolde no more passe oute:

¶ The Troyens wol no more out-wende,

For now is broght the fight to ende; 17176

Thei zeue no tent to no-thing elles—

Non that In the toun dwelles—

They only
watch their
walls;

But her walles for to wayte,

That thei with-oute with no dissayte, 17180

With no qwayntise¹, ne with no wile

By day ne nyzt hem t[h]o by-gyle.

For thei are sicur y-now & traist,

That thei ne thar no-thing be a-baist; 17184

whose great
height will
protect them.

For thei wot wel thei are so hye,

That no-thing In erthe but foule that flye

May come hem to, for out thei do eyzt,

But if it were with tresoun or slezt. 17188

THe waytes is set, the toun kept,

That thei wele & sicurly slept.

The Greeks
surround the
city,

But thei of Grece haue hem be-cast

With the sege wele & faste 17192

On euery a side ouer-al aboute,

That thei may not for hem come oute.

But ther-of haue thei no drede,

But if thei haue of vitayles nede; 17196

but the
Trojans are
not afraid, as
they are safe
so long as they
have food.

¶ For thei may leue & wele fare

With-Inne the toun for euer-mare,

But it be so that hem fayle

Corn, or wyn, or other vytayle. 17200

The Troyens make gret del echone,

Gret mornyng, & mochel mone;

¹ MS. *qwanytise*.

Alle that euere to Troye out long	[lf. 254.]	17203	All the Trojans bewail
Maken gret dele and sorwe strong,—		17204	Penthesilea's death;
¶ Kyng & knyzt,—whan thei hem thenche			
Off that worthi doughti wenche,			
That noble quene Pantasalie,			
That hem defended so nobly.		17208	
The sorwe is gret that thei alle make			they are sorry that they cannot get her corpse.
For hir dethe & for hir sake,			
That thei may not hir bodi haue—			
As hem wel auzt—In erthe to graue.		17212	
¶ The Gregais wol not hir bodi grauen,			The Greeks will not bury it;
But let hit ligge to roke & rauen;			
But sir Pirrus with that seyde: ‘nay!			but Pirrus pleads
Hit is no skyl’—he sayde—‘parfay!		17216	
That so dougti a body as sche			
A-bouen erthe vn-grauen be,			
Ne be with best ne foule y-schent!			for entombing it.
But fair be layd In monument!’		17220	
¶ But Diomedes verament			Diomedes opposes him.
With-sayde sir Pirrus Iugement,			
He seyde for-sothe “that hir bodi			
To ligge In erthe is not worthi.”		17224	
But ther-to come it at the laste			
That In a lake that quene was caste,			They cast the queen into a lake.
For thei seyde “thei wolde hir not brynge			
To sepulcre ne to bureyng.”		17228	
P Antasalye liggis In a pole;			The Trojans bewail her;
The Troyens make moche dole ¹ ,			
Thei make sorwe that sche is ded;			
For now are thei with-uten red,		17232	as they are now helpless.
Thei haue no hope to no ² socour;			
With-Inne the toun make thei soiour,			
For thei se wel: hem is no bote			
A-zeyn Gregays more to mote.		17236	

¹ MS. *dele*, but the first *e* seems to be corrected to *o*.

² MS. *to no so*.

Anchises,	Anchises, that waried wyght,	[lf. 254, bk.]	17237
	That Ancien ¹ schrewe, that olde knyght,—		
Eneas,	And his sone, fals Eueas,—		
Antenor,	And Antenor—thes thre, alas !—		17240
and Polidomas	And his sone Palidamas—		
plot to save	These foure be-gan the compas :		
their own	How thei myght best saue her lyues		
lives and	And alle her godis & here wyues :		17244
goods and	¶ Thei toke amonges hem many consayle,		
wives,	What myght best to hem a-vayle ?		
	But at the laste, thus thei ent,		
	That thei were alle at this assent :		17248
	“That if thei were dryuen ther-to		
	That thei myght no more do,		
and to betray	Thei scholde the kyng & his be-swyke,		
king Priamus	To saue hem foure and that hem lyke,		17252
and his folk.	Alle here kynrede & here frende,—		
	And Priamus & his to schende.”		
They will	¶ So sayde thei be-twene hem thore :		
advise him	To consayle the kyng that it gode wore		17256
	A fynal pees of Grues to craue,		
to make peace	For so myght he his lyff saue ;		
with the	And that he wolde take a-zeyn		
Greeks,	To Menelaus the quene Eleyn,		17260
	And make amendes of that Paris		
and give	Hadde done to hem & heris amys,		
Eleyne back to	And do restore that he & hise		
Menelaus.	Hadde born fro hem In any wyse.		17264
But which of	¶ But who myght leue that any lord		
the Greeks	Off hem of Grece that wold acord ?		
will assent to	To graunte the pees to hem so sone		
this ?	Afftir the harm that thei hadde done,		17268
	And greued hem sore & offte anoyed,		
	And so fele lordes of hem destroyed ;		

¹ MS. *Amicien*; cf. l. 17838.

¶ Qualiter Priamus & omnes alij. Troiani decepti fuerunt.

And thei haue hope the toun to wyne, [lf. 255.] 17271

And alle the godis that ben ther-Inne; 17272

For In the toun so bold none was,

With-oute the zates that durst pas.

But sicurly ther myght men se

That it myzt not but tresoun be, 17276

Openly & discouert,

And it was tresoun ryzt apert.

But thei myght speke of a pees,

Thei myght not elles speke with Gregais, 17280

For to telle hem of here wille,

How the toun wolde thei tresoun & spille.

THese traytours that this toun wol traye,

Thei are went her erande to saye 17284

To the kyng In the sale:

Boldely thei telle bothe her tale

Be-fore the kyng & lordes fele;

But her tresoun thei wol slely hele,

Thei wil not telle what thei thenke—

The deuel hem mot In helle senke!

¶ When Priamus saw of pees thei touched,

Off here wordes no gode he souched: 17292

Him thought it was no gode tokenyng

That thei of pes made procuryng

Afftir the harm that he hadde tan

Off hem that were his sones ban, 17296

Him thocht it souned to no gode

That thei of pees hadde turned her mode;

¶ He saw right wele here two assent,

To traye the toun that thei haue ment, 17300

And not-for-thi he held him stille

And lete him speke & say here wille,

For he wolde not lette hem perceyue

That he saw thei wolde him disceyue. 17304

The plot can
be carried out
only by
treason.

The traitors
go to Priamus

and tell him
their plan.

but dissem-
ble their
treason.

Though
Priamus
suspects it,

he keepssilent,
and lets them
speak.

¶ *Hic Antenor & Eueas loquitur de pace In deceptiōe Regis.*

- He spak to hem & seide: 'lordynges! [lf. 255, bk.] 17305
- Priamus will deliberate with his coun-
cillors. I wil a-vise me of thes thynges;
I wol not ȝeue her-of Iugement
With-oute consayl & avisement.' 17308
- Eneas scorn-
fully ¶ Fals Eueas scornfulli be-gan
Vn-to the kyng speke than,
advises him to
give in to their
proposal. He seyde: 'and thow wol consayle take,
I rede that thow oures not for-sake. 17312
If the hit like, the ne thar non other;
Iff thow dost not, thow may take other.'
- Priamus says
that ¶ The kyng answered with wordes meke:
'Lordynges!'—he sais—'I ȝow be-seke 17316
That with my wordes ȝe wrathe ȝow not!
For ȝe wot wele—by him vs bouȝt!—
That I haue done ȝoure consayl here,
In al my lyff I wayved hit neuere. 17320
And ȝe say now: "I holde it gode."
But if it were I vndirstode
A-nother were more vn-to oure prow,
Me thenke it scholde not greue ȝow 17324
Thoow I lefft ȝoure & let it be,
And toke that wolde helpe ȝow & me.'
- perhaps
another plan
will be better
for both of
them.
- Antenor urges
that **A**Ntenor ros fro the des
And seide: 'sir kyng! to speke of pes 17328
It is not eucl—I vndirstonde,—
But good to ȝow and alle ȝoure londe;
For ȝe wot wel what noye & care
That ȝe & ȝoures now Inne are: 17332
¶ Be-fore ȝoure ȝatis ligge ffyfty kynges
That wil not parte for no thynges,
Til thei may this toun ouer-throwe
And alle the houses sette on a lowe, 17336
And sle, sir kyng, ȝow & ȝoure
And vs also and alle oure.
- 'There are
50 kings before
the gates
resolved to
take the town
and burn it
and slay all.

- Ne 3e may not with-stonde her myzt, [lf. 256.] 17339 You are not
 Ne 3e dar not with hem fyzt, 17340 able to with-
 And 3e ar now of nom-power, stand, or fight
 Ne vs comes no help fer ne ner. them ; .
 ¶ For-whi I say : better hit is there is no
 Off two harmes to chose the les : 17344 hope of help.
 Better is vs & 3ow also Therefore try
 That 3e sende the Gregais to, to make peace,
 To loke if thei wil graunt 3ow grith
 Off a ffynal pes, lyff and lyth ;— 17348
 And 3eue a-3eyn Eleyne, the quene, restore
 For wham fele lordis haue ded bene ;— Eleyne,
 And alle the godis a-3eyn restore— and all the
 And, if thei wil, 3et somdel more,— 17352 goods Paris
 That Paris In his robbery stole in
 Toke fro hem In Thesaly.' Thessaly.'
- A**mphimacus to speke hadde haste, Amphimacus,
 On of the kynges sones a-baste ; a bastard son
 He ros vp thanne with teneful herte of Priamus,
 And seide to him wordes smerte, answers :
 Herynge alle that¹ set on benche :
 ' Thi wyles ben wicked, so ben thi wrenche ! ' 17360 ' Wicked is thy
 He seide : ' gode men², opon my treuthe ! plan,
 Thow art fals, and that is reuthe ! thou art a
 Thi herte is turned, & so it semes, traitor !
 That thi kyng & vs thus demes ! 17364
 In the for-sothe is now no trayst,
 When thow these wordes vn-to vs sayst !
 ¶ For thi kyng scholde thow suffre mescheff, Thou oughtest
 Er thow saw him falle In any repreff, 17368 to die for thy
 And thow now procurest him vylonye ! king before he
 Erst scholdestow with him die ! is harmed,
 Wele may men se : thi herte is chaunged !
 For we are not 3it so mys-kannged, 17372 But we are not
 yet so
 weakened, .

¹ that twice in MS.

² MS. godemen.

that 30,000
men cannot
die before
that.'

That er schal twenti thousand men [lf. 256, bk.] 17373

Die ther-to and thousandes ten.'

Ful wylusly he him with-sayde,

For he was no-thing with him payde. 17376

Eneas
answers :

¶ But Eueas thanne his wordes pesed,

With faire wordes his herte he sesed ;

He¹ seyde vnto him at the laste :

' We are be-
leagured too
narrowly, -

' The Gregeis haue vs vmbe-caste, 17380

That we dar no more fyght with hem,

Ne open oure 3ates for drede of hem ;

A-nother way—if we be sly—

By-houes vs seke to haue vs by, 17384

And sicurly it is non other

and must get
peace.'

Then bye the pes, my leue brother !'

FOr alle the good of hethen Spayne

Myght the kyng him [not] refrayne, 17388

He was so ful of care & wo ;

Priamus
says to the
traitors :

Vnto the traytours seide he tho :

' Certes '—he seyde—' 3e are to blame !

' You are to
blame.

3e were worthi to suffre schame !

Shame upon
you ! How can
you be so un-
kind to me ?

In 3oure herte how myght 3e flynde

17392

A-3eyn me now to be vnkynde ?

In my gret elde to waxe vn-trewe

That euere 3it haue ben me drewe ?

17396

¶ And nother of 3ow may certes say

I never did
anything
against the
Greeks

That I did neuere be nyght ne day

Any-thing a-3eyn Gregays

In tyme of werre ne of pays

17400

That harmed hem an heryng-tayle,

That it ne was by 3oure consayle.

without your
counsel.
Thou, Eneas,
wast the chief
adviser for
Paris to steal
Eleyne.

And thow, Eueas, was cheff consaylour

To Paris, my sone, In his labour

17400

To rawische Heleyne & lede hir away ;

Thow may not say ther-of " nay " :

{ Ne hadde }

¹ MS. *Thei*.

- Ne hadde, Eueas, thi conseyl bene, [lf. 257.] 17407
 Eleyne ne hadde this toun sene. 17408
- And now afftir my sones ded And now both
 I se 3ow two at otheres red of you advise
 To consail me, to lese my name me to lose my
 And falle for euere In foule schame, 17412 reputation,
- That I scholde now me meke
 The Gregais mercy to be-seke to appeal for
 That haue alle my sones sclayn mercy to those
 And done me wo & mechel payn; 17416 Greeks who
 And 3it scholde I hem merci crye slew my sons!
 And pes & loue of hem bye¹?
- ¶ Hit were a schame to alle my kynde
 That I scholde me to hem bynde,— 17420
 So haue I of my bodi hele!
 This consayl is nother good ne lele, Your counsel
 But waried worthe the tonge it tolde! is not loyal!
 For I drede we ben alle solde, 17424 Cursed be the
 For we ben lorn maugre oure tethe, tongue which
 Ryght nocht it is—& that we sethe.’ gave it!
 I fear we are
 sold and lost!
- ¶ Eueas thanne was wonder wrothe,
 He ros vp & thenne gothe; 17428 Eneas, very
 He was Angred with that sawe, angry,
 Off his kyng stode him none awe.
 Wordes fele of gret outrage,—
 Herande alle the baronage,— 17432 speaks villain-
 S Pake he thanne vn-to the kyng, ous words
 That were veleyns wordes & vn-sittyng. against the
 He gos hamward vnto his halle king,
 With-oute leue of hem alle, 17436 and leaves the
 He wolde no leue at hem nym. hall with
 But Antenor 3ede home with hym; Antenor.
 Thei are bothe hom to-gedur went.
 By him that made bothe Twede & Trent! 33 [j] 17440

¹ Order in MS., 17418, 17417.

¶ *Hic Priamus flebat.*

Iff the kyng hadde wist here consayl, [lf. 257, bk.] 1744¹
 It hadde ben to hem to wrother-hayl!

Priamus
 weeps,

P Ryamus ryses and sore wepis
 That al his brest the water wetis, 1744⁴
 For he parseyued apertly

as he sees that
 his death is
 near.

That his deth for-sothe is ney;
 The kynges herte ful sore tendres..

He sends for
 Amphimacus,

The kyng thanne soñe sendes 1744⁸
 Afftir his soone Amphimacus,

and says :

And seis ful rewfully to him thus,
 Sore wepyng and bitterly :

' We are both
 one flesh and
 blood,

' I am thi fader, sone, witterly ; 1745²

let us with-
 stand the two
 traitors
 together!

¶ Lete vs with-stonde whil that we may
 The two traitoures, sone, I the pray! 1745⁶

They hope the
 Greeks will
 slay me. and
 then have
 this rich town.
 I should like
 to prevent
 this : to-
 morrow be
 armed with
 some friends,

I se thei haue to-gedir spoken
 That thei myzt on vs be wroken ;
 Thei thenke the Grues schal sle me
 And to haue this riche Cite. 1746⁰

I wolde fayn do bote ther-In,
 Iff that I myght with any gyn :

¶ To-morwe next I wol thow be
 With priue folk of oure meygne 1746⁴

Armed wele, when 3e haue dyne ;
 That no man wite of 3oure couyne,
 Vn-til we haue al fully ent

Oure consayl & oure parlement. 1746⁸

and when
 the traitors
 ride home,

And whan it is comen to euen-tyde
 That thei bothe schal hamwardis ride,
 I wol that thow & thine out-wende

cut them both
 down !'
 Amphimacus
 agrees.

And bothe the traytours al to-rende.' 1747²

¶ Amphimacus seide : " it scholde be done,
 By him that made bothe sonne & mone ! "

- But al this myght not hem a-vayle: [lf. 258.] 17475
 I wot neuere how that here consayle 17476 I don't know
 Was told [anon] to Eueas, how Eneas
 That he scholde dye for his trespass heard that he
 That he hadde wratthed that day the kyng should die.
 And Antenor with his spekyng. 17480
- E**neas¹ thanne was wroth y-now: He is very
 To alle his goddis he made a vow angry and
 That he wolde on him be wreke, vows to be
 Iff that he myzt go or speke. 17484 avenged.
- He sente as sone his messenger He sends for
 Afftir Antenor, his comper; Antenor,
 And he come sone at his sonde
 And him al redi ther he fonde. 17488
 Eneas² told him tydande and tells him
 Off the kyng & his couenande, the news.
 And "how he wolde sle hem bothe,
 So was he to hem wrothe." 17492
- ¶ Thes two to-gedir swere:
 "That thei scholde fight to-geder there,
 The toun to traye and tho ther-In,
 And do sle hem & alle her kyn; 17496
 Thei schal not lette for leue ne lothe."
 And ther-to haue thei sworn her othe:—
 'And if so to-morwe³ it⁴ be-tide
 þat⁵ he wol vs at home abide, 17500
 We schal come on suche parayle
 That if he thenke vs assayle,
 ¶ Off his purpos schal he be rent:
 He schal not do as he hath ment, 17504
 I þeue right not of alle his tene,
 Not the value of a bene;
 For I wot wele: we schal be war
 Off him, er we come thar.' 33 [ij] 17508

¹ N altered from U by another hand. ² n by another hand on erasure. ³ to by another hand on erasure. ⁴ it inserted by another hand over line. ⁵ And crossed out at this place in the MS., þ⁶ inserted by another hand in the margin.

- E**Rly on morwe whan it was tyme— [lf. 258, bk.] 17509
 I trowe a litel afftir the Prime—
 Priamus kyng sent his message
 To alle the lordes of his vilage, 17512
 To Antenor & Eueas,
 And bad hem come an hasti pas
 To Ylion vn-to that kyng,
 That thei ne made no dwellyng; 17516
 ¶ And thei bad hem aȝeyn gone,
 For thei wolde come a-none.
 Thei armed hem at alle rightes
 And toke with hem noble knyghtes, 17520
 And come for-sothe to the palais,
 Armed wel In her harneis.
 The kyng of hem was sore affrayed,
 For he saw thanne he was be-wrayed; 17524
 The kyng thanne to his sone gos
 And biddis him lette of his purpos,
 He seyde: ‘sone, leue this thyng!
 We ben be-wreyed—by heuene kyng!’ 17528
 ¶ When these lordes were comen alle,
 Thei sette hem doun In that halle,
 And thei be-gan to-geder trete.
 Eueas wolde his wil not lete, 17532
 He stode vp thanne & boldely spak
 To hem of Troye, & bad hem mak
 Be-twene hem of Grece—iff thei moste¹—
 A fynal pes, what-so it coste;— 17536
 ¶ ‘But ȝe done, ȝe bene alle lorn
 For defaute of wyn & corn;
 ȝoure vitayles may not longe laste
 That ne som-tyme thei wil be paste, 17540
 Then schal ȝe be wel euel at ayse²
 And dye afftir that gret myssayse.

¹ e inserted later, but by the same hand.² MS. *atayse*.

- ¶ Therefore lettes for no man [lf. 259.] 17543 ' Therefore try
To make a pees—if 3e can,— 17544 to have peace.'
- And come at one sone with the Grues!'
- But Priamus that sayng refuces, Priamus
He him with-sais In fair manere; refuses,
- But ther was non that wold him here, 17548 but all want
Thei seyde echon: "thei vndirstode peace,
The pees ffor hem was fair & gode
At suche a plyght as thei were at."
And thus sayde alle that ther sat; 17552
- ¶ Saue Priamus with-seide it ay,
For he was ferd thei wolde him tray.
But Eueas In his wickednesse
Seide to him In gret felnesse: 17556
'Wherto, sir kyng, makestow it so?
Wenes thow oure wille for-do
By thi Powere & thi maystrie?
Wil thow, nele thow—the pees schal be!' 17560
- P**riamus tho held him stille,
For he most nede suffre her wille;
He seyde: 'lordynges, now 3e it say
That it is gode the Grues to pray 17564
That thei wol graunte vs, for of oure,
A fynal pees to here honoure,—
Sithen 3e it say, I wol also
A3eyn my wille—so haue I ro! 17568
For I am ferd hit schal vs rewe
A pees to praye of any Grewe!'
The Troyens then Antenor chese
To do her erande to gete hem pese, 17572
Off a fynal pes if thei myght spede
For siluer, gold, or any mede.
- T**Hei 3ede with braunches of Olyue-tre
Upon the walles, that thei my3t se, 33 [ijj] 17576
The Trojans go
upon the walls
with olive-
branches.

¶ *Hic miserunt nuncios ad Grecos.*

The Greeks make the same sign.	In tokene of pees & saue condit.	[lf. 259, bk.]	17577
	Whan thei of Grece hadde sen that sight,		
	The same tokene made thei a-ȝeyn.		
	The Troyens ther-of were ful fayn,		17580
Antenor is let down from the wall,	Thei lete Antenor a-non doun		
	By the wal out of the toun ;		
	And whan he was on groundes set,		
and goes to the Greek camp.	He ȝede to Grues with-oute let.		17584
He tells Agamemnon his message.	Whan he was comen to here hailes,		
	Her Emperour told he his tales :		
	“ How he was comen fro her kyng		
	To make by-twene hem sauȝtlyng.”		17588
	¶ The Emperour sente afftir other kynges,		
	To here the sothe of these tydynges ;		
	When thei were alle to-gedere thore,		
	He saide “ that thre men, if it wore,		17592
	That wolde be trewe & trusti frende,		
	To brynge this thyng to an ende.”		
The Greek lords choose three men as negotiators.	Thei chose thre men tho for hem alle :		
	“ That what-so-euere scholde ther-of be-falle,		17596
	Thei scholde holde her ordinaunce		
	With tresoun or with disceyuaunce ”		
They swear	¶ And ther made ¹ thei alle her othes		
	By boke & belle & holy clothes		17600
	That longed to her sacrament :		
to hold all that is agreed on. The ‘ King of Grete,’	“ Thei scholde holde her surment.”		
	T hat one of hem was kyng of Grete,		
	The Gregais all by him wel lete ;		17604
Diomedes,	That other was Diomedes,		
and Ulixes are chosen.	The thridde of hem was Vlixes.		
	These thre the Gregais for hem toke		
	That what-soeuere thei wolde loke,		17608
	Thei wolde holde ferme & stable		
	With-oute dissayte or any fable.		

¹ made twice in MS., the second one crossed out.

¶ *Consilium inter Antenorem. & Reges Grecorum.*

- ¶ Thei asked him : " what was the thynges [lf. 260.] 17611 They ask for
That he to hem tydandes brynges ?" 17612 his message.
- He seyde : ' lordynges, I wol 3ow telle :
My thinges that I wol 3ow of melle,
I wolde that no man here but I
And 3e thre kynges witterly 17616
That chosen were of euery lord,
To loke if we foure may a-cord.
- ¶ For if I tolde hit al on hye for if not,
That men my3t here.it openlye, 17620
Hit my3t be wist In other place,
And I be schent ther-by by cace
And lese my trauayle & lese my way
And gete me harm ther-by parfay. 17624
I wol therfore that 3e thre
Come here by-syde and speke with me,
That this thing may be priuay,
Iff that it be vnto 3oure pay.' 17628
- T**Hese thre kynges And Antenore
Fro the ffolke thei 3ede a-fore ;
Antenor thanne, that lyther schrewe,
Be-gan his falshede to hem schewe : 17632
He tolde hem of his tresoun
That he wolde do In schort sesoun,
"How he wolde by-traye the toun
And putte it al In her bandoun. . . . 17636
Thus mechel to say to this couenande,
That thei alle thre holde vp her hande
And swere by him In heuene was :
'Thei scholde saue him & Eueas, 17640
And alle her godis & her houses,
Here kynrede & al here spouses,
And her frendes that thei wolde chese
That thei of¹ heres scholde not lese.'" 33[iii] 17644

Antenor says :
'What I tell
you must be
kept secret
between us ;

I might be
harmd.

Therefore re-
tire with me.'

They retire.

Antenor tells
them

how he
will betray
the city ;

and bids them
hold up their
hands, and
swear that
they will spare
him and
Eneas, and all
their kindred
and property.

¹ of inserted over line.

The Greek
kings are glad
of the news,

¶ The sothe to say the kynges were glad, [lf. 260, bk.] 17645

Whan thei of him this tydandes had

That thei the toun so sone myght wynne

And haue the godis that were ther-Inne, 17648

Kyng, & quene, and al his fe.

and swear

The kynges swore all thre

By him that made bothe erthe & heuene :

to spare them.

"Theischoldehem saue, thoowther weresuche seuene"; 17652

And ther-to her trewthes thei plyght.

Antenor
promises

And he hem treuly be-hight

That he wolde couenande holde

to betray Troy,

To be-traye Troye, that Cite bolde, 17656

if they keep it
secret.

For-whi that thei [hit] holde priue,

That non it wiste but thei & he.

Now hath this traytour be-trayed Troye,—

These kynges maken moche Ioye,— 17660

For him & Eueas it is solde.

God wolde it were the burgeis tolde !

To hide his
treason,
Antenor asks
that Taltibeus
shall go
with him to
the Trojans,
so that they
may believe
him the better.

For he wolde his tresoun hide :

He bad a kyng scholde with him ride 17664

In-to the toun out of the feld,

Taltibeus, a kyng of eld ;

And that thei myght credence of him ȝeue

And the more him leue. 17668

He demands
the corpse of
Penthesilea.

¶ He asked eke for curtesye

ȝeue him the quene Pantasalye,

That thei myght that cors entere.

But that with-sayde alle that were there, 17672

For thei hir hated In certayn ;

For affir thei graunted [hit] with¹ payn.

The Greeks
grant it
unwillingly.
Antenor and
Taltibeus go
to Troy.

¶ He toke his leue & went his way,

And Taltibys with him parfay ; 17676

And thei of Troye opened the ȝatis,

And thei rode In ful faire al-gatis

¹ MS. *with him*.

And sente the kyng word of her come, [lf. 261.] 17679
And rod forth vn-to him home. 17680

THe morwe afftir the kyng did sende
Afftir his burgeis gode & hende,
Alle that euere were In the toun.

Next morning

Priamus con-
vokes a par-
liament.

When thei were come, thei sete down; 17684

He bad Antenor by his Omage :

He asks
Antenor how
he sped.

“ How he hadde sped In his message,

That he scholde ther sey ¹ In presence

And In here alther Audience.”

17688

¶ The fals traytour—the deucl him cheke !—

This false
traitor speaks
artfully.

To hem gan he sclely speke,

He schewed to hem but flaterye,

For he wolde hele his traytourie,

17692

To conceal his
treachery, he
makes a long
prologue : ‘The
Greeks are
strong enough

But tolde a prologe mochel & long ;

He seide : ‘ gode men, the Grues are strong,

Off gret power and wasselage,

Off curtesie & gret parage

17696

Off kynges & lordes & of her men lege,

Longe y-now to holde the sege,

Hardy y-now to fyght & bekir,

Knyghtes trewe & wondir sekir.

17700

to keep up the
siege much
longer ;

¶ By-holdes now a-boute & loke :

Thei breke neuere trewes that euere thei toke ;

And we are so dryuen to noght,

Al to wrecches we are broght,

17704

they never
broke a truce.
We are almost
undone,

To care & wo & mochel sorwe,

Night & day, euen & morwe.

and are full of
sorrow.

Wherfore, gode men, hit were wisdam

That ȝe consayl amonges ȝow nam :

17708

So it is best for
us

By what way that ȝoure wayment

Might come to ende & best be ent ?

to end the war ;

¶ But therto certis schal ȝe not come

With-oute tresor a gret somme :

17712

but this will
cost us much.

¹ sey inserted by another hand over line.

All ought to
bring a large
sum to buy
peace.

I rede euery man bothe more & lesse [lf. 261, bk.] 17713

That is of myzt and of richesse,
And specially vnto oure kyng,
That he be helpande vn-to this thyng; 17716

For we no-wyse In pes may be
With-oute tresor gret quantite.

We'd better
lose our goods
than live in
woe.'

For better is vs oure gode for-go
Thanne euere to leue In noye & wo! 17720

Lo! how slely he hem blente
With his sleyght & his Argument!

He adds:

¶ Then did the traytour more quayntise,
For he wolde In no wyse 17724

His fals tresoun that thei perceyue,
And for he wolde hem clene disceyue;
He sayde also In that throwe:

'The Gregais wil may I not knowe; 17728

'Send Eneas
with me to the
Greeks to
know their
will.'

I rede that Eueas with me wende
To brynge this thyng better to ende.'

¶ The Troyens alle his sawe alowed,
Thei seyde: "he scholde be wele aprowed 17732

The Trojans
consent.

By Eueas¹—so haue thei reste!;—
That he with ȝede that was beste."

Wherfore thei Iugged euerychone
That thei two to Grues scholde gone. 17736

The parlia-
ment ends.

THei haue now done her parlement,
And alle the lordes ben² hom went,

Priamus
weeps,

Priamus, the Troyane kyng,
In-to his Chambre goth wepyng, 17740

He scrat his hede & tare his heer,
Out of his eyen fel many a teer;

as he sees
their falseness.

He saw wele here sotilnesse,
Here flalshede, & her lithernesse, 17744

He cursed that tyme that he was born,
So doghty sones as he hadde lorn!

¹ u might be n; cf. note to l. 17489. ² ben inserted over line
by the same hand, hom crossed out before it, and repeated behind it.

- " And now to leue of her batayle, [lf. 262.] 17747 Priamus
Most he ȝeue al his catayle 17748 laments that
That he hadde geten by olde dayes ! he must give
And ende his lyff In gret affrayes ";— his all for
' Wolde god I were now certayn peace,
To haue my lyff & be not sclayn ! 17752 and is not sure
ȝet wolde I thanne haue some Ioye. that he can
But er y trowe the toun of Troye save his life.
Schal be by-traied & go to pyne,
And I schal dye & alle myne.' 17756
ANtenor and fals Eueas¹— Antenor and
Se thei neuere god In the fas!— Eneas
Thei are bothe went to hem of Grece, go to the
To saue her bodyes & here fece, 17760 Greeks,
And priueli to traye the toun,
• To brenne Ylioun & caste it down.
When thei hadde spoken a ful gode while and treat with
How thei myght Troyens best by-gyle, 17764 them.
¶ The Gregais bad "that Vlixes
And his felawe Diomedes
With Antenor and his comperes
To Troye scholde wende alle In-feres, 17768
To wite of hem what thei wolde ȝeue
That thei scholde hem no lenger greue,
And for to telle hem what thei craue
Iff thei scholde hem let pes haue." 17772
Thei ȝede alle forth here way snel
To the toun with-out dwel ;
¶ To Priamus when thei were comen,
He did his men as sone somen 17776
Bidde his lordis & his burgeis,
To-morwe to come to his paleis.
When thei were comen & al doun² set
And thei were alle to-gedir y-met, 17780 .

¹ u might be n; cf. note to 17489.

² MS. *aldoun*.

- In the Trojan
parliament
Ulixes de-
mands,
- Vlixes stode & tolde his erande: [lf. 262, bk.] 17781
 'This thyng may not be wernade;
 Iff 3e wil haue the sau3tlyng,
 3e most graunte her askyng.' 17784
- (1) that they
exile Amphi-
macus,
- ¶ He saide: 'the Grues asken thynges two:
 That on is that 3e most do
 Out of this toun & this Ile
 Amphimacus vntil exile, 17788
 That he come neuere a-3eyn on lyue';—
 And this the Troyens graunte blyue;—
- and (2) that
they give
enough gold
and corn for
every Greek.
- ¶ 'That other is that 3e do fet—
 For to 3eue hem to here profet— 17792
 Off gold & corn so gret porcioun
 Vnto here a[1]ther reffeccioun,
 That euery a man haue so gode store
 To haue y-now for euere more.' 17796
- While he
speaks
a terrible
noise is heard
in the hall.
- G**Ret meruayle among hem alle
 In his spekyng fel In that halle:
 A wonder noyse amonges hem thore
 Was tho y-herd of hem that wore. 17800
- They wonder
what it can be.
- What that myzt be thei were ameruayled;
 The kynges wende men hadde hem assayled;
 Some men wende the noyce thei herde
 Hadde ben the kynges childres so ferde 17804
 For her brother Amphimacus,
 For her¹ fadir Priamus
 And for her¹ brother schulde be exiled,
 With Antenor that so was be-gyled. 17808
- ¶ Eche man loked what hit was,
 Nobody knows But ther was non In al that plas
 Ne in that hye Cite
 That coude wete what it myzt be, 17812
 Ne whethen that it come, ne how.
 Eueryche a lord hamward hem drow,

¹ MS. *his*.

- ¶ **Hic Antenor narrauit Regibus Grecorum de reliqu[i]o Palladij.**
 And ent here consayl tho alle sone, [lf. 263.] 17815 The parlia-
 And went home when thei hadde done. 17816 ment ends.
- A** Ntenor him hamward spedde,
 The kynges two with him ledde
 In-to a wondir priue place,
 Ther thei to speke hadde good space. 17820
 Antenor re-
 tires with the
 Greek kings
 to a privy
 place.
- ¶ **To Antenor seyde Vlixes**
 That sat by him vpon the des:
 ‘I haue meruayle whi thow delayes
 These thynges for vs so many dayes, 17824
 That thow ne brynges hit to no purpos.
 Loke that thow vs no-thing glos
 And brynge vs slely In a bek,
 For thow brynges hit to non affek.’ 17828
 Ulixes
 blames
 him for
 delaying the
 treason so
 long.
- ¶ **Antenor swor & sayde “nay,**
 Bothe he & Eueas nyzt and day,
 So helpe him god”—‘we were ther-about’;—
 “But on¹ thing broght hem In doute”;— 17832
 ‘I wol 3ow telle, what thing hit is
 That bryngis vs In gret gastnes:
 ¶ **The sothe is this: that kyng Ylus,—**
 As oure bokes telles vs,— 17836
 A worthi knyzt, a kyng Troyen,
 Off long tyme and Ancien²,
 That Ilyon did sette & dyght—
 And Ilyon afftir him hit hight,— — 17840
 With-Inne this toun this kyng did make
 For her goddis Pallus sake
 A riche temple, fair & long,
 Brod & wide & wonder strong. 17844
 King Ilus
 of Troy,
 who founded
 Ilion,
 had a rich
 temple built
 for the goddess
 Pallas in this
 town.
- ¶ **When it was made al, aboute the roue**
 That scholde be set the temple aboute
 A wonder thing out of the sky
 Off goddis grace fel fro an hy, 17848
 When it was
 ready,
 a wondrous
 thing fell from
 the sky,

¹ MS. no. ² MS. *Amycien*; cf. l. 17238.

That did the harde wow cleue¹ & bende [lf. 263, bk.] 17849
 Ryght at the hye-auter ende;
 And In the wow him-selff hit sette,
 As faste as hit were zette 17852
 With sement or with any glewe,
 That no man may hit thenne remewe²
 Saue the prestes that hit kepe,
 Be thei wakyng or a-slepe,— 17856
 And thei hit kepe & al day³ se.
 Men say that hit is most of tre,
 ¶ But "what tre" can no man knowe
 Off alle the kernes⁴ that it owe, 17860
 Ne what forme, ne what hewe;
 But hit is thyng of suche vertue:
 The while hit is the toun with-Inne,
 May non the toun with tresoun wyne. 17864
 ¶ Palladin that thing called is
 Afftir Pallas—the sothe hit is;—
 Fro hir It come also, I wene.
 Now haue I told ȝow al be dene— 17868
 So helpe me god & my long way!
 That maketh al oure let & oure delay.'
 Diomedes thanne answered:
 'Sithen we ther-with so moche are dered⁵ 17872
 That hit one the toun may saue,
 That we ne may by no way haue
 For no thyng that may be-falle,
 The while hit is with-Inne the walle— 17876
 ¶ Then thenkes me, sir, witterly,
 That we do alle a gret foly
 That we do noght with-oute fayle,
 But lese oure speche & oure traunyle.' 17880
 Antenor seyde: 'by heuene kyng!
 Iff ȝe haue wonder of oure taryng,

¹ MS. *clene*.² The second e altered to o in MS.³ MS. *alday*.⁴ MS. *kerues*.⁵ MS. *dared*.

This is the cause & the resoun	[lf. 264.]	17883	'This is the only reason of
And alle the verray enchesoun,		17884	our delay.
That ȝe & we are thus delayed.			
But al this while haue I assayed,			But mean-
And offte haue I be-soght the prest			while I have
That kepis this thyng & hit is next,		17888	prevailed on
And haue by-het him gret tresour			the priest
To haue certis for his labour—			
¶ And so haue I the prest be-soght,			
That In certayn haue I him broght		17892	
That he som nyght schal go with me			to go with me
For gret tresor & mychel fe,			some night ;
And then schal I sende to ȝow			then I shall
And ende this thing to ȝoure prow.'		17896	send for you.'
And thanne thei partid & toke her leue ;			They start ;
That god him ȝeue an euel preue !			
N ow haue thei lefft alle her tales,			the Greek
And the kynges gon to her sales.		17900	kings return
And Antenor anon he wente			to their camp,
To Priamus that he hadde blente ;			Antenor
He bad ^d him anon sende vp & doun			bids Priamus
To alle the burgeis of the toun		17904	convoke the
That were with-Inne the Cite ȝatis,			citizens.
That thei scholde come to him al-gatis.			
¶ And whan thei herde of this tydandes,			
Is non that lenger sittis ne standes,		17908	They come
That thei ne ȝede alle or rode			
To his Palais with-oute abode.			to his palace.
When thei were comen & set on rowe,			
Echon by other—as hem owe,—		17912	
Antenor ros & seyde : 'lordyngis !			Antenor says :
I wol telle ȝow of oure spekyngis,			'I'll tell you
What the Grues & I haue spokyn,			of my negotia-
What thei wol haue, or elles be wroken.		17916	tions with the
			Greeks.

And he sende it to Vlixes,	[lf. 265.]	17951	Antenor sends the relic to
And to his felawe Diomedes.		17952	Ulixes and Diomedes.
The Troyens gadered the gold & corn			The Trojans collect the
Erly at euen and on morn ;			gold and corn,
Thei leyde that good & that fee			and put them
In the temple of Menerue.		17956	in the temple of Minerva.
¶ Then seyde the riche Citesenes			When they sacrifice to their gods,
And alle these other pore Troyenes,			
That thei wolde make a sacrifice			
To her godis of gret aprice,		17960	
To thanke hem of grace that thei sende			and thank them that the war is ended,
That her batayle is thus at ende.			
T Hei broght tho many boles & bores,			and when the bulls and boars are brought to the altar,
With lowyng & with loude rores ;		17964	two miracles occur :
But ther be-tydde tho two miracles			
That were to hem gret obstacles :			
When be-fore the Auteres were layd the bestis,—			
As was that tyme that lawe hestis—		17968	
That were doun come thedir, & renne			
To sette In fir, and do hit brenne,			
Thei did brynge the kiddis drye—			
For hit scholde brenne clere & hye,—		17972	
And colis also In bollis & wyndel :			
Thei myght no fir make ther-on kyndel,			The altar fire
For noght that thei coude blowe			
Not ones sette hit on a lowe.		17976	
¶ The Troyens were tho vn-blythe,			
Thei tende hire fir more than ten sithe,			is ten times lighted,
But it zede out by on & on,			and ten times goes out.
That sacrifice myght thei make non.		17980	
¶ That other wonder, gode men, y-wis			
That hem be-fel that tyme, was this :			
Ther come fleyng that tyme an Erne			Then a big eagle flies to the temple,
Vn-to the temple, fleande sterne,	34 [j]	17984	

and bears away the entrails from the altar to the Greek ships.	And al the entrayle, as hit lay	[lf. 265, bk.]	17985
	Off her bestis, bare he hit a-way ;		
	Be-twene here clauwes sche hem kyppis,		
	And beres hem to the Gregais schippis.		17988
All the Trojans are much afraid at these tokens.	Alle the Troyens that ther wore,		
	Off this two thinges abaist hem sore,		
	For thei se by here tokenynges bothe		
	That here godis with hem were wrothe ;		17992
	But whi it was, wiste thei neuere,		
	But alle ther-of affrayed were.		
The Greeks make a brazen horse,	T He Gregais were slely by-thoght,		
	A wonder werk hadde thei wroght :		17996
	Thei did make an hors of bras,		
	Suche a-nother neuere sene was ;		
holding 1,000 knights inside.	A thousand knyghtes myght ther-Inne ;		
	Ther-on was many a selcouthe gynne :		18000
	Dores brode that opened wyde,		
	A thousand men ther myght a-byde,		
	But no man was of eye so bryght		
	That myght with-oute of hem se sight.		18004
The allies of Priamus are angry with his treaty,	¶ The kynges alle that comen wore		
	To Priamus to socoure thore,		
	When hit was done hem to vndirstonde		
	That Priamus so foule a couenande		18008
	Hadde mad to Grues to ben at one,		
and depart.	Thei toke her leue at him echone,		
	To wende hom to her contrese,		
	And lefte him ther, & hem of Grece.		18012
Philomene takes back only 250 knights out of 2,000 he had brought ;	¶ Kyng Philomene had two thousand knyghtes		
	That come with him, thei worthi wyghtes		
	Ledde hem azeyn to his lande		
	But two hundrid & ffyfti of hem lyuande ;		18016
he carries with him the corpse of Penthesilea.	He ledde with him Pantasalye,		
	The worthi body of that ladye,		

¶ Hic rogauit ad pacem & concordiam.

- And foure hundrid of damyseles [lf. 266.] 18c19
 That lyued afftir that turpeles, 18o20
 Vn-to the land of Amazone,
 To berye hir ther sche bar croune.
 They intend to bury the queen in her own land.
- H**It was a day, that lyther fende,
 Antenor, wolde his tresoun ende, 18o24
 Whan Palladin was y-stolne;
 Antenor is about to fulfil his treason: the Palladium is stolen, though the Trojans do not know it.
- And 3it was hit fro Troyens holne;
 And thei of Grece her hors hadde ent.
 To sette a day was here entent, 18o28
 That Priamus & his Troyanes,
 Alle the Grues & the Danes,
 With-oute the toun, opoun the wolde,
 Be-twene hem that loueday schal holde. 18o32
 The Greeks and the Trojans arrange a love-day.
- ¶ Priamus is comen oute,
 And mechel folk him aboute;
 And thei of Grece sicurly,
 Lordes & kynges ther redi. 18o36
 Priamus comes out of the town with many people.
- ¶ Thei did the relikes brynge,
 Her messe-bok that thei on synge,
 Here saynteuarius¹ with al her gere,
 That bothe the parties on scholde swere. 18o40
 They bring the sanctuaries to swear on.
- ¶ Diomedes was ffurst that swore,
 And made his othe vpon the flore;
 He swor by al here sayntwaries,
 And by him that al this world gyes, 18o44
 Off heuene & erthe al-myghti god:
 That he scholde neuere, for euene ne od,
 Breke the couenandes that he made
 With Antenor, so worth he glade. 18o48
 Diomedes swears first, never to break his covenant with Antenor,
- ¶ And so swor alle these other kynges
 That were of Grece gret lordynges.
 Off thai that toun afftir did for-lorn,
 3it thei seyde thei were not for-sworn, 34 [ij] 18o52
 and so do all the other Greek lords. Though they destroyed the town afterwards, they said they were not forsworn,

¹ MS. sayntenarius.

532 *Helena given back to the Greeks. May the Brazen Horse enter Troy?*

because both swore to betray it without mercy.	For thei swore bothe to traye the toun [lf. 266, bk.] 18053 With-oute mercy or any pardoun. But Priamus & alle hyes Made her othe on an-other wyes : 18056
Priamus and his Trojans swear to keep the peace truly. They were beguiled, as they did not know the Greeks' falseness.	¶ Thei swor to holde the pees treuly, With-oute desert, parfitly ; Thei were ther-with foule by-gyled And afftirward foule dispoyled, 18060 For thei wiste not of here fallas ; Therefore here lyff thei lore, allas ! W Han thei hadde sworn & mad surte, Kyng Priamus with herte fre 18064 Made men go afftir quene Helayne ; And he 3aff hem that lady a3eyne, And prayed hem for his loue sake : That sche of hem non harm scholde take, 18068 Vilony, ne no maugre, For that sche was In that contre ; And thei seyde "nay" with ficul thoght. But Priamus thei hadde be-soght : 18072 "That he wol graunte hem alle a bone, That for here loue it myght be done."
and asks them not to harm her	
for her stay in Troy.	
They tell Priamus	
that they have had a horse made for the goddess Pallas, because they stole the Pal- ladium, and they fear her vengeance.	¶ Thei saide : " thei hadde an hors done make For her godes Pallas sake, 18076 For that thei stale out of here chirche Palladine ¹ , whan it was derke ;"— ' And we are ferd alle for hir vengauce ; Hit is therefore oure ordinaunce, 18080 In hir cherche-3erd to do hit sette An hors of bras that we haue gette In hir honour—we telle it 3ow— For that is, sir, oure alther a-vow. 18084
They mean to put that brazen horse in her churchyard.	
They ask leave to do so.	¶ We praye 3ow therfore : werne vs not That it may now to hir be broght.'

¹ Or *Palladium*? MS. . . . *in* or . . . *iu*.

Priamus stode as he were dased,	[lf. 267.]	18087	Priamus is amazed
He was for meruayle al a-mased,		18088	
When he herde the Gregays say			when he hears that the
That thei that relike hadde away ;			Greeks have
He hadde meruayle how hit myght be,			stolen that
Who hadde done him that blynde bounte ?		18092	relic.
But sicurly the blame was layde			
On Vlixes, for it was seyde			They say :
“ That he stale hit with Nigramancye,			‘ Ulixes stole it
Fo[r] he was connyng of gret fayrye.”		18096	with necro-
P Ryamus stode as stille as ston,			mancy.’
Word to hem spake he non,			Priamus stands
He Answered not to here askyng,			stone-still,
Better ne wors, ne non skynnes thyng.		18100	and cannot
But Antenor & Eueas			speak.
That bothe were ther In that plas,			But Antenor
Thei seide : “ It was wel to do,			and Eneas say :
Thei did the toun a worschepe tho,		18104	‘ It is a very
It was a presaut fair & hende			fair present
Vn-to the toun with-uten ende.”			for our town.’
¶ Priamus graunt hem tho her wille,			Thus Priamus
For he saw nede he moste ther-tille.		18108	grants the
The Gregeis thanne, bothe gret & smale			request.
And alle that dwelled In tent & hale,			The Greeks,
3ede with gret processioun			
And with mochel deuoc[i]oun		18112	in a great
This brasen hors for to hale			procession,
Ouer doune & ouer dale ;			drag the horse
Thei drow hit ouer leye & falowe,			towards Troy.
To offer hit to that carful halowe.		18116	
¶ When thei were comen to Troye 3ate,			At the gate
Tho wolde it not In ther-ate :			they see
Hit was so brod, gret, and hye,			it is too large
It myght not In ther sicurly.	34 [ij]	18120	to be brought
			in.

	Tho most thei the walles breke,	[lf. 267, bk.]	18121
	Iff that hors scholde ther-In reke;		
Part of the wall is broken down to let the horse in.	Thei breke ther-of a gret pece		
	Off brede, of heyghte, that thei of Grece		18124
	That her hors thei myght In-drawe;		
The Trojans, on seeing this, help, laugh, and sing. They did wrong;	The Troyens lowe, whan thei it sawe.		
	¶ Thei halpe hit In with mochel sang,		
	Sicurly tho did thei wrang		18128
	To make ther-fore Ioye & play,		
they ought rather to have said 'Alas!'	Hem ight better sey: "waylaway!		
	That euere it come with-Inne the diches!"		
	But euery a Troyen now it lykes,		18132
	But hit schal turne to mochel care		
	To alle the Troyens that ther ware.		
The horse is now in the town.	T He hors is now with-Inne the toun.		
	Ther was a knyght that het Symoun		18136
	That thei of Grece hadde put ther-In,		
Simon	A worthi knyzt of gentil kyn;		
and 1,000 knights are hidden in it; they have orders to creep out of it,	A thousand knyghtes were put with him ¹		
	And was charged on lyff and lym		18140
	That thei scholde holde hem stille & coy,		
	That thei perceyued not of Troy;		
	Til hit be wele with-Inne the nyght,		
when the Trojans sleep,	That thei of Troye to bedde be dyght.		18144
	¶ Thei bad thanne his dores vn-do		
	And come than out, & his also,		
and to give a sign to the Greeks by a torch.	And of stre gete him a wase		
	And make on the walles ther-of a blase,		18148
	That thei myght wele & worldly kenne		
	By that fir that so scholde brenne,		
	Whan thei scholde come In that euenyng,		
	And knowe also by that tokenyng,		18152
	When thei of Troye were alle on slepe		
	That thei zaff to hem no kepe,		

¹ The order in MS. is 18139, 18138.

¶ *Hic Greci receperunt pecuniam.*

That thei myght sle hem In her bed, [lf. 268.] 18155

That thei no wise fro hem fled. 18156

¶ The Gregeis asked thanne her fret,
The somme of corn that hem was het,

The Greeks
ask for the
'fret.'

The somme of siluer & of gold

That thei of hem haue schold ; 18160

Priamus badde ¹ tho his meygne

Priamus
orders it to be
given them.

That it scholde quyk delyuered be.

The Gregais toke that riche tresore

The Greeks
carry it out
of the town

And drowe it alle with-oute dore 18164

Off the temple of Menerue,

And by her men sende hom that fe

Vn-to her tentis & Paulyons,

to their tents

To dele amonges the riche Gryffons ; 18168

The corn bare thei vnto the see

and ships.

And charged ther-with alle her nauee.

And when thei hadde al this ent,

To Priamus thei message sent

18172

Then they
send a message
to Priamus
that they will
sail home.

And seyde " that thei wolde hamward wende

Out of his lond vnto here frende " ;

He bad hem " go In godis name

He bids them
'go in God's
name.'

And god schilde hem fro schame ! " 18176

THei losed bothe Anker & cordes, ¶ *Hic Greci vadunt*

They weigh
anchor,

And drow vp tentis of kynges & lordes, *ad Mare.*

Thei gone to schippes & to bote

That longe hadde stonden ther In flote ; 18180

Thei drow here sayles that alle myght se

and prepare to
depart.

That were In Troye, that riche Cite.

Thei were wel fayn when thei saw go

The Trojans
are glad,

That hadde done hem so mochel wo, 18184

Thei wende thei hadde ben al quyt ;

and hope to be
'quit' now.

But hem scholde falle gret wo ȝit,

For thei schal dye In gret affray,

Twenti thousand, er hit be day.

34 iiij 18188

¹ MS. *hadde*.

¶ *Hic Greci exierunt de Caballo & occiderunt Troianos.*

Priamus re-
turns to Iliou.
The Greeks
sail to Thene-
don,

¶ Pryamus wendes to Ilioun, [lf. 268, bk.] 18189

And Gregais sayles to Thenedoun;

The wynd is swyfft, the schippis dryued,

At Thenadoun were thei aryued; 18192

Er the sonne was go to reste,

Thei hadde souped of the beste,

With mochel murthe, play, & Ioye,

For thei were siker tho of Troye. 18196

and have
supper there.

In the night
the Trojans go
to bed quite
secure.

H It is forth nyghtes, the sterres ben rysen,

The sely caytyues Troyens not wysen,

Thei ȝede to slepe alle In bedde,

Off no-thing were thei a-dredde; 18200

Thei wende thei hadde ben saue & sure,

With-oute dissait or foule aventure.

The Greek
knights hidden
in the horse

¶ The knyghtes that were In that hors stopped,

Thei were nother mased ne mopped; 18204

When Troyens were In bed on slepe,

come out of
it, and give the
signal to the
Greeks,

Out of the hors echon thei crepe,

Thei gete than a gret wase,

Opon the walles thei made a blase: 18208

These enter
through the
gap in the wall,

Alle the Gregeis tho come to toun

And ther thei hadde the wal cast doun

That day be-fore, a wel gret gappe,

Thei come alle In to gret vn-happe. 18212

break into the
houses,
massacre all,

¶ Thei brast vp dores with Iren y-bounde,

Thei sclow al that thei ther founde,

Man & womman & also childe,

Stoute & sterne, meke and mylde, 18216

Wiff & mayden, ȝong & old;

On lyue wolde thei non hold.

Thei hadde no mercy ne no pite

Off ȝonge¹ children, ne ladijs fre; 18220

and loot every-
thing they
find.

Thei robbed & rafft alle that thei founde,

To lede with hem In-to her londe.

¹ MS. ȝouge.

Mochel blod that nyght thei schedde, [lf. 269.]	18223	
It was no wonder of thei dredde,	18224	
To crye mercy was hem no bote,		The Trojans cry for mercy, but it does not avail them.
Thoow thei fellen vnto here fote;		
The cry was gret & fer herd		
Off hem that thus to dethe ferd.	18228	
P Ryamus herde In-to his toure		Priamus, on hearing the shrieks,
That delful noyse & clamoure,		
He was sori & eke a-baist,		
He wiste wele thanne he was be-traist	18232	
With Antenor and Eueas;		
Gret was the sorwe that he thanne mas:		
Out of his bed anon he ros		
And to his temple faste he gos	18236	goes to the temple of Apollo,
By-fore his god Appolynes,		
The dir he dight him faste y-wys;		
By-fore his god vpon the grees		
He sette him doun on ¹ his knees,	18240	and kneels down to await his death.
His deth bodily to a-byde;		
For he ne myght him fro hem hide,		
For he was man with-oute drede—		
In eche a romaunce as I rede.—	18244	
¶ Temple & chirche, boure and halle,		
The Gregeis dispoyled and robbed alle;		The Greeks rob the temples and churches;
The riche vessel of gold y-wrought,		
Off siluer also, for-zate thei noght.	18248	
Prest, ne clerk, ne sextayn		all the priests are killed;
Leffte the Gregais non vn-sclayn;		
Twenti thosand Citeseyns,		20,000 citizens are slain be- fore daybreak.
Off knyghtes & lordis, gode Troiens,	18252	
Were sclayn ther, er day spronge,		
With hidous cry & sorwe stronge.		
¶ The kynges doghter, wise Cassandre,		
Sche nynt In erthe whedir to wandre,	18256	

¹ on inserted over line.

Cassandra flees to the temple of Minerva.	But at the laste alone fled sche In-to the temple of Menerue, And seide wel offte: 'alas, alas! That euere that fight be-gonne was!'	' [lf. 269, bk.] 18257 18260
Hector's widow, ¶ Andromede,	Ector wyff, dame Andromede, Sche ran faste fro strete to strete	
with her two children,	With hir two children In hir armes; For drede of here gret harmes Sche nyste In erthe whedir to fare,	18264
when she sees Cassandra,	But as scho ran, so was sche ware Where Cassandre be-fore hir ȝede In-to the temple with gode spede,	18268
follows her into the tem- ple.	And sche afftir hir gan go In-to the temple with mechel wo. Mechel was the sorwe thei two made, Ther was no thyng that hem myght glade.	18272
By daybreak	T oward the day faste it drawes, The nyght is gon, the day dawes; Antenor and Eueas—	
Antenor and Eneas lead	In helle thei wone with Sathanas!—	18276
Pirrus and his troops to the king's palace.	Thai ledde tho sir Pirrus To the Castel of Priamus. Whan Pirrus with the Gregais Was y-comen to that Palais,	18280
They break in,	Thei brast vp dores with gret engyn, And afftirward thei wente In.	
slay all there- in,	¶ Alle that thei fond down thei sclow With-oute mercy, with sorwe y-now;	18284
especially the women,	Many a curtais ladi swete In that Palais to dethe thai bete That comen were of hye lynage, Off kynges blod In mariage;	18288
and loot all the treasure.	Thei lefft nother lowe ne hye. Thei robbed al his tresor that thei sye;	

¶ *Hic fugarunt bona palacii Regis.*

Thei smot alle that for-set, [lf. 270.] 18291
Halle, & boure, & hye toret. 18292

¶ Pirrus soght afftir the kyng, Pirrus looks
Fro hous to hous, In his byggyng; for the king,
And afftir that to the temple he ran,
And ther fond he that carful man : 18296 finds him in
Pirrus tho was glad y-now, the temple,
His swerd sone out he drow

And al to-hewe him euery bone, ¶ *Rex occi-* slays him,
Ryght be-fore the auter-stone, ditur.
That al the Auter was al by-bled 18301 and bespatters
With his blod that ther was sched. his blood.

Hectuba, that louely quene, Hectuba and
And hir doghter Pollexene, Pollexena
18304

¶ *Regina* are afraid, and
¶ *fugit.* flee;

That thei ran out of that 3erd;
Thei were aferd the Gregais to mete,
Thei ran aboute fro strete to strete.
As thei ran, wiste thei not whedir,
Thei mette Eueas bothe to-gedir :

¶ When Hectuba on him hath sight, they meet
Sche myssayde him anon right, Eneas.
Off tresoun sche him sone vmbraide : When Hectuba
18312 sees him, she
reproaches
him for having
betrayed his
lord.

‘Fals traytour!’—to him sche sayde,—
‘How myght thou, for soule synne,
So fals a tresoun to be-gynne?’ 18316

How myght thou In thi fals herte fynde,
Fals traytour, to be so vnkynde
To do thi lord suche schenschip,
That hadde done alle thi worschip ? 18320

¶ He zaff the his doghter to wyue ‘He gave thee
Be-flore alle men that were on lyue, his daughter,’
He worschepid the & loued the ay, she says, ‘he
worshipped
and loved thee,
and relied
upon thee;
In the was al his trust & ffay, 18324

- and thou
slewest him for
his goodness.
How couldst
thou do so?
But since thou
didst so, have
mercy on me,
and save us
from all
Greeks!
Eneas pities
them,
and brings
them
to an old
waste place,
Ajax, in the
temple of
Minerva,
finds Hector's
wife and Cas-
sandra,
and leads them
off.
- And thou hast made him slayn & hise [lf. 270, bk.] 18325
For his godenesse & ffraunchise!
How myght thou, man, this tresoun thenke,
For ferd In helle leste thou synke? 18328
But sithen thou hast done¹ al this wrake,
Do on me mercy for goddis sake,
That thou myght take sum merite:
Saue vs two to-day fro dispite 18332
Fro alle Gregais on godis name,
That thei do vs two no schame!
¶ Eneas hadde of hir pite,
He seyde: 'comes bothe & folewes me!' 18336
He ledde hem to an old place,
An old tour that for-saken was
Off long tyme, that hadde ben wast;
He hyed hem with mechel hast 18340
For drede lest thei were y-wraied,
And lefft hem there sore affrayed.
¶ As thei the toun thus a-boght soght,
Ajax Thelamenyus was broght 18344
In-to the temple of Menerue,
With many Gregais comen is he:
Ther fond he sitte Ector wyff
That was ful sori of hir lyff, 18348
And wise Cassandre that mochel was worth;
He broght hem bothe to-gedir forth,
The ladyes bothe with him he ledde
Ful sore wepyng & sore a-dredde. 18352
Kyng Priamus is ded & slayn,
Lord & lady, knyght & swayn,
And al that euere In Ilyon was,
By these fals traytours compas, 18356
By Antenor and Eneas;
In helle mot be her wonyng-plas!

¹ MS. *doū*.

¶ *Hic villa Troiani destruitur.*

- ¶ When thei had slayn al that ther wore, [lf. 271.] 18359
 3it wolde thei do malice more : 18360
 Thei caste al doun thes worthi wones,
 Led & tyle, sclat & stones,
 Halles, Chamberes, & toures,
 Vowes, walles, & alle her boures ; 18364
 The glorious halle so richely dyght
 Thei threwe it doun In gret dispit ;
 ¶ The Pilers pight with marbil gray 18368
 Thei pulled doun & caste a-way,
 Thei caste doun chambres hye & base.
 Tho by-gan many a blase
 To sette fir on that Cite,
 That many a myle men myght hit se. 18372
 The toures brennen, the reke vp ros,
 The toun of tounes to noght gos ;
 The sparkes sprongen In-to the aire,
 Thei brenned the schireues & the mayre 18376
 And eche a lordes riche tenement,
 Til al the toun was lorn & brent ;
 ¶ Alle saue the traytours mansions
 And alle her kynnes possessions 18380
 That the toun so foule be-swyked,—
 For on her houses thei hadde stiked
 Certayn signes that wele were knowen ;
 Thei were not therfore ouer-throwen, 18384
 As couenand was be-twixen hem ent,
 Therfore her houses was not brent.
TRoye is doune & ouer-throwen,
 Tour & bour, walle & wouen ; 18388
 Thei are alle dede & foule schent,
 And the toun is doune & brent.
 ¶ Agamenoun ¹ did do then crye,
 That euery a kyng scholde hem hye 18392

When all the
Trojans are
slain,
the Greeks
destroy all the
houses,
halls,
and walls ;

pull down the
marble pillars,

and burn the
whole town.

Only the
houses of the
traitors and
their kindred
are spared,
for they had
stuck up signs
on them.

Agamemnon
convokes a
parliament.

¶ *Hic partita sunt bona inter Reges.*

The Greeks are
to bring into
the temple of
Minerva
all they looted ;

In-to the temple of Menerue, [lf. 271, bk.] 18393
And euery a lord with his meyne ;
And brynge with hem al that thei wan

With-Inne the toun of any man, 18396

To dele as best wolde by-falle

In comune sight be-fore hem alle.

And thei did alle as he hem bad,

Thei broght with hem that thei had ; 18400

they divide
the spoil 'by
good reason.'

And so was hit deled verament

By gode resoun & Iugement

To euery a lord & knyght

Afttir his state & his myght. 18404

Agamemnon
nks to have
Cassandra for
all his trouble.

A Gamenoun, here Emperour, ¶ *Hic Agamenon*
By-sought hem, for his labour ¶ *petit Cassandra pro*
For to ȝeue him to his mede, *labore suo*¹.

For al his trauayle & his dele, 18408

The kynges doghter, Cassandre the wyse,

That sche myght be on of hise.

No man can
tell what goods
fell to every
lord ;

¶ The tonge of no man may telle,
What godis to euery lord felle ; 18412

For sicur ther ne was no kyng,

That he ne hadde as moche thing

Off riche gold & precious stones

To lede with hem to her wones, 18416

they get as
much gold
and precious
stones

As thei wolde desire & haue

Or with her tonge on any wyse craue ;

And so hadde dukes & eke knyȝtes,

Sqwyeres, ȝemen, & other wyghtes. 18420

as they desire.

Their ships
are not able
to carry all
the treasures ;
they leave yet
more.

¶ Here schippes myght not lede her tresour

That euery man hadde for his labour,

And ȝit thei lefft mochel more,

Gold, & siluer, & other tresore,

That no man wolde hond ther-on set, 18424

Ne here schippes no more ffret,

¹ On the left side in MS.

For thei hadde filled bothe schip & barge [lf. 272.] 18427

Al the while thei durst hem charge. 18428

ANtenor & Eueas

Be-soght the lordes of her grace :

“To graunte Heleyne hir lyff

And Andromede, Ectoris wyff, 18432

For thei hadde ben al-weys

To hem bothe hende & curteys ;”

‘ And whan Paris hadde Achilles sclayn

And let him ligge so foule be-sclayn 18436

In-myddes the strete to rauen & rokes,—

Scholde haue to-drawen him *with* her crokes,—

¶ These two ffor him thei be-soght

That he myght to burieles be broght. 18440

Wherfore it is worthi,

That ȝe here lyues to hem graunty.’

The kynges it graunt by comune assent,

And seyde it was gode Iugement. 18444

Heleyne¹ & Andromede

Bede tho alle those lordes swete

Off here mercy and thaire good wille,

That thei wolde not hir children spille. 18448

¶ The kynges hadde of hem gret ruthe,

Thei swor alle by her treuthe

That thei scholde hem non harm do ;

And thus saued thei the childryn two : 18452

And sithen was on a kyng In Grece,

Off riche londes & riche fece,

Off alle the londes kyng Pirrus

And of the londes of kyng Pelleus. 18456

¶ Thei ordeyned a-monges hem as blyue,

That alle that were lefft on lyue

Off ladyes, comen of genterye,

With-oute schame or vylonye 18460

Antenor and
Eneas plead
for the lives of
Eleyne and
Andromede,

as they saved
the corpse of
Achilles from
being cast to
the rooks (cp.
l. 15417 sqq.).

Their request
is granted.

Eleyne and
Andromede
plead for their
children ;

the kings
agree

to spare both.

One of them
was afterwards
king of the
lands of Pirrus
and Pelleus.

They ordain,
moreover,
that all gentle-
women yet
living

¹ MS. *Helenus*.

- are to be set at liberty, Scholde go & come & no-thing lese, [lf. 272, bk.] 18461
Or dwelle ther stille, whether thei wolde chese.
- They resolve to return home; but their departure is delayed by a great tempest, ¶ Thei ordeyned also thei wolde hom wende, 18464
Euery man vnto his frende.
But that myght not that tyme be
For gret tempest on the see;
Thei dwelled so ther alle to-gedir
A ful Monethe for that euel wedir, 18468
Thei were echon ther-of euel tened,
Thei asked Calcas: "what it be-mened
That thei no wyse the see myght pas
In-to here londes, as here wille was?" 18472
- He answers: ¶ That gret Clerk Calcas tho seyde:
'The gods of Hell are angry with you, 'For thei of helle are with 3ow euel payde;
It is the wodenesse'—he sayde—'of helle
That makes vs here so longe dwelle, 18476
For 3e forsothe haue venged noght
Achilles deth, as 3e wel oght;
3it haue 3e lefft on lyue & vn-tane
Sche that was Achilles bane,— 18480
And yff 3e wol passe of londe,
Off hir 3e mot make him offrande
For sicur: but sche to dethe gange,
3e may dwelle here wel lange.' 18484
- because the death of Achilles is not yet avenged;
P Irrus was of this an-yred,
Afftir Pollexene he enspired
And asked what was of hir be-tyd;
He seide for-sothe that sche was hid, 18488
For sche was nowher ded ne tane,
And al men wiste, that sche was wane;
And al that ost seyde sicurly,
That sche was lyuande witterly. 18492
- you must sacrifice his murderess, or you'll have to dwell here long.
Pirrussearches for Pollexena;
The kings send ¶ The kynges alle were wroth ther-fore
for Antenor. And sent afftir sir Antenore, And asked

- And asked at him : " where sche was done ? " [lf. 273.] Antenor is
Thei bad " that he scholde telle sone, 18496 asked
Where thei hadde hid Dame Pollexene where Pol-
And Hectuba, the qwene ? " lexena and
¶ He swor by god & by his face : Hectuba are
" That he ne wiste where sche wace ; 18500 hidden.
He wyst neuere, where thei were be-comen He swears
Sithen the tyme that thei were y-nomen." he does not
But thei bare him stiffly an hande, know ;
That he wiste where thei were dwellande. 18504 but they think
Antenor was sore a-greued he does.
A That the Gregais him not leued, Antenor is
He sette his wit and al his tent angry at this ;
To wete than where the ladies lent. 18508 he makes
So longe he soght fro day to day, searches
Strete by strete, & way be way, for several
And sente a-boute oueral his sonde, days,
That at the laste thei hem fonde : 18512 and at last
Bothe were In a depe bour, finds the ladies
That was vnder an old tour. under an old
¶ When he of hir hadde a sight, tower.
He drow out thanne that worthi wyght, 18516 He drags
And to Agamenoun¹ with hir he wente Pollexena out,
And made to him of hir a presente ; and sends her
And he sent hir to sir Pirrus, to Agamem-
That of hir comyng was Ioyus. 18520 non.
¶ Pollexene is taken & founden, He sends her
As a theff thei haue hir bounden : to Pirrus,
Pirrus bad " sche scholde be sent
To his fadres monument, 18524 who orders
For he wolde that sche scholde haue her to be
Hir deth vpon his fader graue." taken to his
Thei ledde hir forth by the hand father's monu-
To hir deth, wel sore wepand. 35 [j] 18528 ment, and
slain there.

¹ The MS. has *ow* very distinctly here, not *ow*.

The kings of Greece	¶ The kynges of Grece herd say [lf. 273, bk.] 18529 "That thei hadde take that worthi may Thorow Calcas the prestes rede, And that thei haue hir to the dede";	18532
come to see Pollexena.	The kynges ran hir to se, And alle that other comunalte.	
They pity her,	¶ When thei saw hir, thei seyde: "alas! That suche a ladi as sche was Off schap, of hede, & of bewte, Scholde so vile ther ded be With-oute desert or any gilt, That suche a bodi scholde be spilt."	18536 18540
and weep for her. Before the tomb she wrings her hands, weeps,	Many a lord & many a kyng Wepe wel so[re] for that swetyng. B E-fore that tombe that mayden stondes ¹ , Wryngyng bother hir white hondes ¹ , Wel reufully that lady gretis, That al hir brest that water wetis.	18544
and says: 'You slay me wrongfully!	Sche seide: 'lordynges, by god al-myght! 3e do me sle with mochel vn-right!	18548
for I am guiltless of Achilles's death.	For—by that god that maked pes!— Off that knyghtes deth am I giltles; For I was neuere occasioun Off his dethe ne enchesoun, Ne neuere 3it was at that assent That he that tyme to dethe went;	18552
But I don't fear death,	¶ But Angured me sore of his schedyng,— So helpe me god at myn endyng!	18556
for I would rather die here a virgin,	Not-for-thi the ² deth I ne drede, Thus carefully, so Crist me spede! For me is leuere In my contre Be sclayn In my virginite, That I falle not In 3oure handis,	18560
than go with you	pan ³ go with 3ow In-to 3oure landis	

¹ The abbreviations here are not *p*, but *v*.
crossed out here, and *the* inserted over line.
another hand to the left, *And* being crossed out.

² In the MS. *to* is
³ *pan* inserted by

¶ *Hic Pirrus Interfecit Pollexenam.*

- And be ther defouled & for-layn [lf. 274.] 18563 and be the
With 3ow that haue my fader sclayn. 18564 concubine of
Lette come the deth when 3e wille, my father's
For I am redi now ther-tille! murderers.
¶ Pirrus thanne his swerd out-drow I am ready for
And that ladi sone he sclow, 18568 death!
And hewe to gobetis al hir flesch, Pirrus slays
And with hir blod the tombe wesch. her,
When Hectuba, that gentil quene, cuts her to
Saw ded hir doghter Pollexene, 18572 pieces, and
And saw hir spraulen In hir blode, washes the
Saw ded hir doghter Pollexene, Hectuba, on
And saw hir spraulen In hir blode, seeing her
¶ The quene for-sothe wex ner wode, goes mad,
And felde men with stones & smot, stones and
And as an hound hem gnow & bot, 18576 bites men.
And tare here clothes & on hem spit,—
So was sche wode & out of wit.
When thei saw hir for wode so wilde,
Thei did lede hir to an Ilde ¶ *Hic Regina* 18580 She is brought
With-oute the toun—het Aulidis,— *mortua est.* to the island
And stoned hir to dethe y-wis. Aulidis, and
¶ And made ther a tombe fair & hye, there stoned
And leyde ther-Inne that quenes bodye; 18584 to death.
That standes 3it vnto this day, They make a
As sais tho men that wenden that way; tomb for her,
And beres that stede 3it the name, which is still
That thei for hir 3aff the name. 18588 to be seen.
¶ The quene is ded by these traytours fals¹,
And Pollexene, hir doghter, als,
And alle hir sones that oght were worth
Are sclayn & dede & passed forth; 18592
And Priamus, hir lord, the kyng,
Is ded also, & his hous gyng;
He is ded and his kynred,
And alle his frendis & his manred; 35 [ij] 18596
The queen and
her daughter
Pollexena are
killed by these
false traitors,
so are all her
sons,
and Priamus,
her husband,
and his whole
house,
and all his
friends and
men,

¹ MS. has a small cross at this place; cf. note on p. 548.

except the two traitors and their folk.	Is non on lyue lyuande fire	[lf. 274, bk.]	18597
But afterwards they are exiled for their falseness,	Saue thes traytours & her meyne.		
	¶ And ȝit afftirward hit schop so		
	That the traytours bothe two		18600
	For here flalsnesse were afftir demed		
	To be exiled & afftir flemed—		
with all their kindred.	With al here kyn & here lynage—		
	For her wickednesse & her outrage ;		18604
	Afftir the Gregais were I-went,		
	Wel foule were thei afftir schent.		
They help the Greeks as long as they are there, destroying the town, and annoying its people. Now the Greeks are bold and victorious.	¶ But al the while that thei were thare,		
	Thei did the Cite moche care		18608
	And halp the Gregeis to distroye		
	And alle the folk foule annoye.		
	N ow ben the Grues wonder bolde		
	And bene alle lordes,—as I ȝow tolde ;—		18612
	And al this is at here wille		
	That thei wolde haue, bothe loude & stille.		
Agamemnon orders them	Agamenoun let crye		
	Thorow alle that companye,		18616
	In tour & toun, by way & strete :		
	“ That no man scholde for no man lete,		
to be ready next morning for departure.	That thei alle at morwe be tyme,		
	Be-twix sonne risyng & the prime,		18620
	Were al redi at here naue		
	To passe forth ouer the see,		
	With alle her godis & her thing		
	That thei wole to schipe bryng ¹ .”		18624
When the sun rises, they sail off.	¶ The nyght was gon, the sonne a-ros,		
	Fro the lond the schippes gos ;		
	With alle her meyne that with hem was		
	To schipe thei wente a gode pas,		18628
	And drow vp sayl to the top ;		
	And sayled homward alle on a throp,		

¹ The MS. has another small cross at this place ; cf. note on p. 547.

Euery lord to his contre,	[lf. 275.]	18631	Every lord
With Ioye & blysse & mechel gle,		18632	returns home,
And tresour I-now ¹ for euere-mo :			full of joy,
Kyngis & knyghtes, & sqwyers also,			and with
And alle other hadde gret store,			treasures
Gold & siluer for euere-more.		18636	of gold and
¶ And thus was Troye dryuen doun			silver.
And y-lore thorow strong tresoun,			Thus Troy was
And alle the gode lordis dede,—			destroyed by
As In this romaunce men may rede ;		18640	treason,
And thus the Grues were conquerours			and all the
And wel riche with here tresoures,			good lords are
And hadde y-now for euere-more			dead,—as you
Alle that at that batayle wore.		18644	may read in
¶ And thus endis this strong batayle			this Romance.
That was of Troye saunfayle,			
That dured ten ȝere euery day,—			Thus ends the
As the romaunce ther-of doth say,—		18648	ten years' Tro-
Off Troye batayle, that fair cyte.			jan war,
Now god that died vpon the tre,			
That schede ther his swete blode			as this
Opon that blisful croys, that rode,		18652	Romance tells
For synful mannes saluacioun,			it soothly.
Graunt vs alle his benysoun,			Now God who
Gode lyff and gode endyng,			died at the
A gode soule to heuene bryng,		18656	cross,
And graunte vs of his swete grace			
Ther-In to haue a swete place !			give his bless-
¶ And he that this romaunce wrought & made,			ing to us all,
Lord In heuene, thow him glade,		18660	
And gode lyff In erthe to lede,			and especially
And heuene blysse vnto his mede ;			to him who
And graunte hit mot so be !			made this
Sayeth alle Amen, for charite ! ²	35 [ii]	18664	Romance !

¹ MS. *I. now.* ² On lf. 275, bk. is written by the same hand the rubric: *Hic Bellum de Troye finit Et Greci transierunt versus Patriam suam.* Some scribbling follows. See description of MS. in the Introduction.

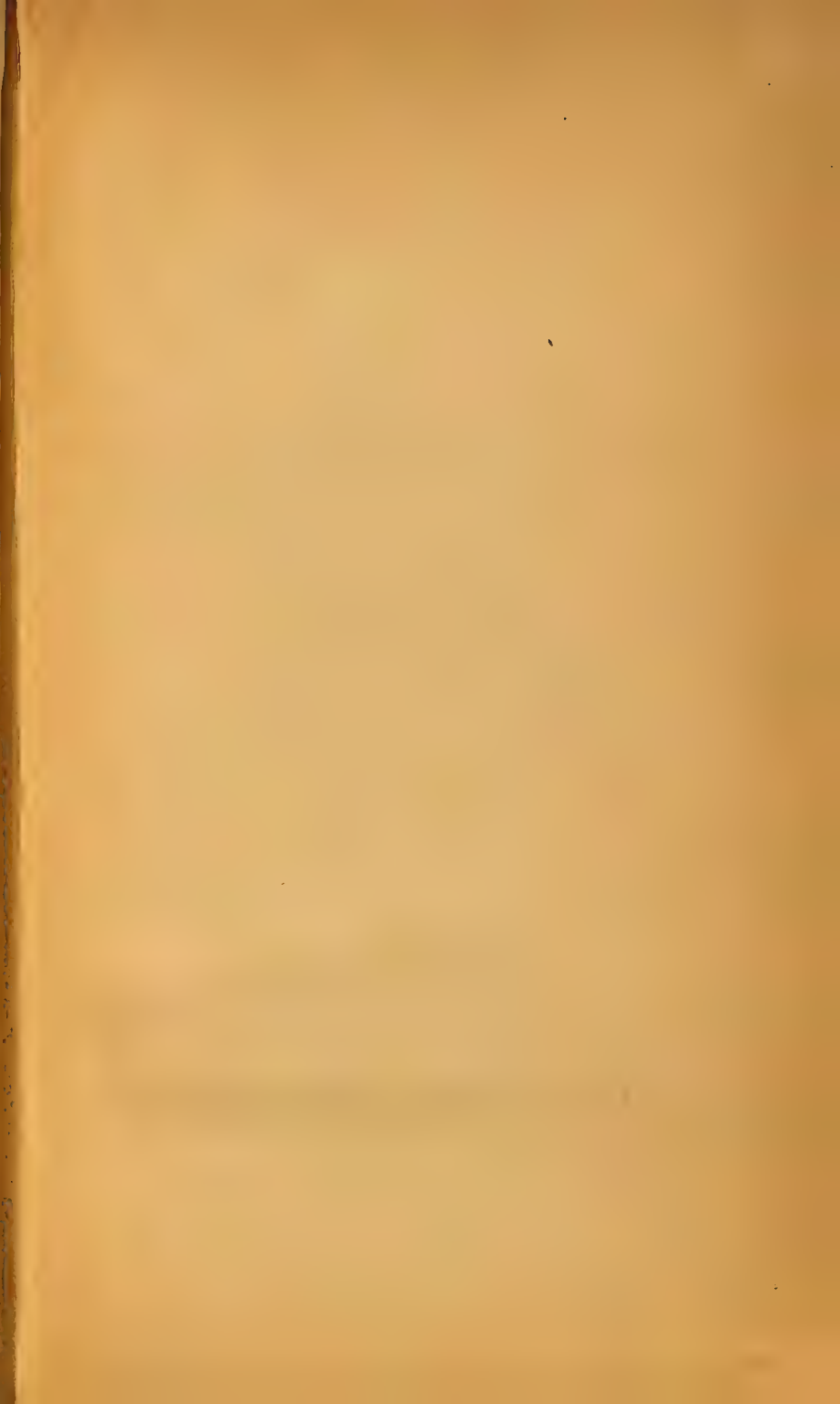
LIST OF CORRECTIONS.

- P. 92, l. 3122. *Delete full stop at end of line*
P. 135, l. 4551. *Delete [did]*
P. 141, l. 4763. *Read , instead of ;*
l. 4764. *Read : instead of ,*
P. 159, l. 5368. *Put a comma at end of line*
l. 5381. *Delete full stop at end of line*
P. 161, l. 5456. *Put a hyphen between euere and more*
P. 163, l. 5507. *Put a comma after Philon*
P. 171, l. 5804. *Put , instead of ;*
l. 5805. *Put ; instead of ,*
P. 191, l. 6474. *Delete the inverted comma*
P. 203, l. 6877. *Read lyther hynes for lytherlynes*
P. 294, l. 9992. *Read turne for urne*
P. 301, l. 10202. *Read Ne for No*
P. 340, l. 11544. *Put a hyphen between be and sped*

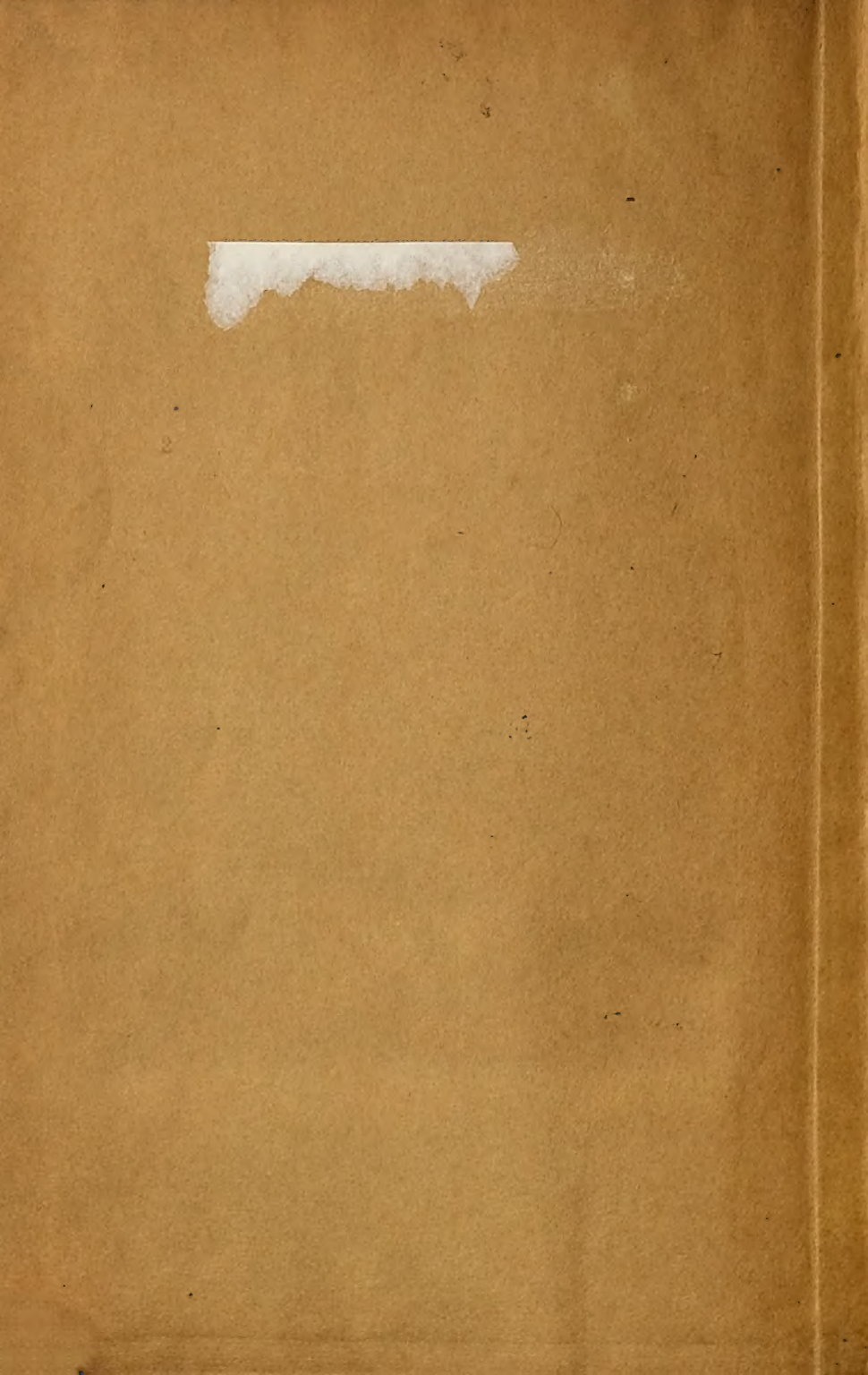
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